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THE STORY OF BILLY OWEN
JOHN GARRETTSON

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THE STORY OF BILLY OWEN



The Story of Billy Owen

An Historical Novel of the Great Oil Industry

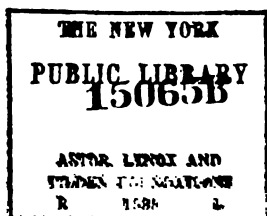
BY
JOHN GARRETSON

"And the rock poured me out rivers of oil."—Job xxix:6



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TO

W. H. JOHNSON, WHO FOR THE PAST SIX YEARS HAS BEEN MY COMPANION AND FRIEND; WHO HAS TAUGHT ME MANY VALUABLE LESSONS, AS ONLY AN OLDER MAN MAY TEACH A YOUNGER MAN; WHO HAS RIPENED WITH THE YEARS IN FINE CHRISTIAN CHARACTER; WHO HAS NEVER MISSED AN OPPORTUNITY FOR DOING GOOD; WHO HAS BEEN TRUE TO GOD, WHETHER HIS FORTUNES WERE HIGH OR LOW; WHO COUNTS HIS FRIENDS BY THE NUMBER OF HIS ACQUAINTANCES, I DEDICATE THIS BOOK IN HONOR AND LOVE.

J. G.

IR 19 FEB '36

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FOREWORD

IN writing a book, it is supposed that the author has a real and to some extent a vital message to bear. Especially is this held to be true of a book that deals with facts, as this book does,—facts that can be proven. Of course, the reader will recognize that many of the names used here are delegated names, while Billy Owen himself as well as the other characters in the story are wholly fictitious beings; but let me assure my readers that the story itself is one of real life, enacted by persons who are still living, and that all quotations are authentic.

The object of this book,—a historical novel of the great and growing Oil Industry,—is to bring before the public mind in a convincing way the fact that our Government makes many serious and grave mistakes when it appoints to public office, to deal with complicated business affairs, men who are not familiar with the business over which they are supposed to exercise a measure of supervision.

This truth holds good not only in regard to the Oil Industry but as to Indian affairs as well; and then, too, it applies very generally to all government regulations of extensive business interests and to men appointed on investigating committees.

In the platform adopted by the Society of American Indians in their Sixth Annual Conference, held in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, September 27-29, 1916, a plea was en-

tered for the closing of the Indian Bureau, that paragraph containing the following significant sentence:

"As citizens and tax-payers, struggling side by side with other Americans, we are willing to entrust our liberties and fortunes to the several communities, of which we form a part."

In another paragraph, dealing with the Federal School situation, the same report says:

"Furthermore, all Indian pupils over twenty-one years of age, having completed a prescribed course of study, should be deemed fully competent, given control of their own property, and thrown upon their own resources."

Thus, it is seen that the Indians themselves desire a chance to control their own interests, and be released from the self-appointed guardianship of the Government.

As the reader finds himself facing the facts with regard to the ruling of the Department of the Interior in oil cases, the approval of leases and so on, let him not get too excited over the injustice and unfairness of it all, but merely remember that what exists in this one great branch of our Government's business also exists in a greater or less degree in all its branches. The trend of the times in the business world is toward efficiency. Why should not the Government set an example in this direction by ignoring petty politicians and their supposed claims, and appoint to all offices only those men and women who are definitely qualified for the service expected of them?

It is with such a hope in mind that this book has been prepared and is now given to the public. If, even in a small way, it helps to accomplish this end, then will the author be most happy.

JOHN GARRETSON.

FREDONIA, KAN.,
MARCH 12, 1918.

THE STORY OF BILLY OWEN

CHAPTER I

BILLY OWEN

"ANOTHER dry hole, and the third one in succession," thought Billy Owen, as he walked away from his drilling rig in the midst of the Pennsylvania oil fields, near Bradford.

"It certainly looks as if these oil wells were playing out," he said aloud to no one in particular. "I declare, with two strings of tools worth three thousand dollars or more, and the prospect of being idle,—well, it does not appeal to me a little bit. I just believe I'll knock off for a week and study the situation."

Suiting his action to his words, Billy returned to his drilling outfit and instructed the drillers and tool-dressers to shut down the engine, pull the tools, lock up the tool-box, then to call at his house for their checks, as he intended to stop further operations for the present.

Billy, who was nearly twenty-five years old, lived with his mother. His father had died several years before, leaving to his wife a few thousand dollars which in turn would pass on to Billy at his mother's death. Having been born in the midst of the oil fields, and

having inherited from his father a string of tools, Billy, naturally, continued as a driller; and by hard work and strict economy had outfits worth three thousand dollars, about eight thousand dollars on deposit in the State Bank, and nine wells.

Going home, he wrote checks for the full amount he owed his men and handed these checks to his mother, with instructions to pay them off when they called. With a dark expression on his face, he said:

"Mother, I'm done with this field. Things are going dead wrong. Don't wait supper for me; I'm going for a walk. I want to be alone and think." And the door closed softly behind him.

Billy Owen was a fine-looking young man,—tall and straight as a young oak,—with dark wavy hair, keen brown eyes, fine clear cheeks. As he walked he seemed to spring along without effort. Soon he found himself outside the town limits of Bradford, along the valley road, leading to De Goliar, on which was situated the home of Darts,—successful dairy farmers,—where he frequently visited Mary Dart.

As Billy caught a view of the Dart home, he saw Mary, in a blue afternoon dress, sitting on the porch, reading. She did not see him for a moment, and he had time to drink in her loveliness with his eyes.

"Medium height," he mused, "just about right: light hair, blue eyes, dimpled cheeks, plump form. Oh," he went on to himself, "I wish I were in a position to ask her to marry me. But no, I must wait. I've promised myself that I must be well established in this uncertain business where the hidden treasure in the earth may mean a fair competency or poverty, before I ask her that.

"Why, hello, Billy! What are you looking so down-


hearted about? Can't you see the sun is shining? My! You look as though all the world were black. Come right up here and sit down while I get you a glass of sweet milk, and then tell me who she is who dared to turn you down."

With this, Mary disappeared into the house, returning in a moment with a glass of cold, sweet milk, which Billy promptly drank.

"Now then, out with it," said Mary.

"Well," began Billy, "you see, it's like this, Dad died and left mother enough money and the old home, which will keep her comfortable the rest of her life. I inherited Dad's tools and started drilling. For a year or two every hole I drilled was a good one. Then things seemed to go dead wrong. You see, the earlier developers of the Bradford field were fortunate in finding large areas of safe territory, but this seems to be no longer the case. If, in addition to the good wells I have, there was a further considerable acreage that looks good or even promising, it would not be so bad; but drilling three dry holes in succession, you know, has cut into my accumulation. It costs about fifteen hundred dollars or better to complete a dry hole. Then to strike failure after failure is just like throwing away money. So,—well, I've decided to quit. That's all."

"To quit!" exclaimed Mary. "No, Billy, you must never quit. You must never give up. Now, let's see: If you think the field around here is about played out, why not go out to the Indian Territory? I read in the *New York Times* the other day about a new field that is likely to be developed out there in the Indian reservation; and if you go out there early in the game, you might strike it rich, and besides, you would see real Indians."



"Where is that paper?" asked Billy.

"Wait; I'll get it."

And away she ran to get the paper. Returning, she opened it and read:

"KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI, JULY 16TH, 1904.

"It is reported that a number of men have recently found oil in the Indian lands down in the Indian Territory and that drilling operations will be started soon, if leases can be secured from the Indians.

"The Indian lands referred to here are about 250 miles south of this city. Few white people of ability are to be found there, and as the Indian is naturally lazy and not in control of his land, we do not predict any great boom in this field."

"There!" said Mary. "What do you think of that?"

"Well," replied Billy, "there doesn't seem to be much promise to that field."

"But," insisted Mary, "it will do no harm to think about it, and you might talk it over with your Uncle John, president of the Bradford State Bank. He might know something about it, for he knows all about oil, and is a good business man."

"Well, maybe I will talk it over with Uncle John," Billy agreed. "Just let me take that paper with me, and I'll stop in on my way home."

CHAPTER II

BILLY SEES UNCLE JOHN

It was well on toward six o'clock of that hot July afternoon when Billy knocked at the side door of the State Bank and was admitted by his Uncle John, who, in shirt sleeves, had evidently been trying to keep cool while writing.

Uncle John was known to the town as a good man, but severe,—severe with himself, as well as with others. He was considered rich, and conducted a “safe” bank. “Mr. John Owen can be trusted,” was the verdict of his fellow-townsmen, and that counted for much.

Mr. John Owen, as he was called by the townspeople, was a bachelor, having been disappointed in love, rumor said, years before the time of this story. The girl he loved married another and he knew nothing about it until afterward. For years he had taken no interest in affairs other than making money. He lived at the Bradford House, an old hotel, and could be seen there three times a day, at meals. He spent his evenings at the bank, and generally went to his room in the hotel at about half after nine.

Mr. Owen's brother William, Billy's father, had been a happy-go-lucky man and, while never rich, had made a comfortable living. John had always seemed to envy his brother William's happiness and never visited at his home. It is reported to be true that after little Billy was born, he stopped his sister-in-law on the

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street one day, looked at his little nephew, grunted something about "red-faced little mite," and passed on. So far as any one could discover, from that day on he had never taken more than a passing interest in his brother's son, Billy.

When, this evening, Billy found himself alone with his uncle in that hot little office back of the bank, he was confused, not knowing at first how to begin.

However, in his straightforward way, Billy told his uncle all that had occurred since his father's death: how he had worked, having at first a fair measure of success; then the months and months of labor without reward, with all the discouragements that it entailed. As he finished his story with a recital of his conversation with Mary Dart that afternoon, he handed his uncle the copy of the *New York Times* containing the article relative to the prospective oil field in the Indian Territory. Then, as his uncle neither spoke nor moved, he plunged on, dwelling on the possibility that there might be in the far West, whither he thought now of going to establish himself on a sound financial footing before returning after a while to marry Mary Dart.

For five minutes there was an oppressive silence in that little office, during which time the clock ticked loudly, and with every tick Billy thought he had failed and wished himself a thousand miles away, for as he said to himself over and over again: "I have made a fool of myself."

Finally Uncle John got up, walked over to the window, stood for a minute, looking at the sun, already low in the west, then, turning to Billy, said:

"My boy, some six or seven months ago,—to be exact, last December,—I received a letter from a man

who went from this field to Independence, Kansas, to look over the oil situation in that section of the country. Now Independence, Kansas, is not far from the Indian Territory, where you purpose to go. I have always felt as though that letter was a farfetched day-dream; but there may be much truth in it, as the writer has always been a man of sane business judgment, and not given to much speculation. Let me read you that letter."

Going into the vault of the bank, Mr. Owen secured from his private papers the letter referred to. Returning, he read:

INDEPENDENCE, KANSAS,
DECEMBER 18, 1903.

MR. JOHN OWEN,
BRADFORD, PENNSYLVANIA.

DEAR MR. OWEN:

You being a man of affairs and one to whom I have so often gone for advice, I feel like sending you an extract taken from a report of the situation here, made by a man of very extended experience, viz.:

This field will have 25,000 wells drilled in it. It has many small pools and many small wells, and of course, many dry holes. Ohio opened up on fifteen cent oil,—here oil sells at \$1.35.

This is a good oil field,—cheap to operate,—high-priced oil lasting and the future center of oildom for many years.

I mean by this field the extensions to be made far into the Indian Territory, which will be,—no one can even guess its limits.

This field will have a slow growth probably; but, nevertheless, a sure growth. This very afternoon I rode forty miles and yet we only scratched the least corner of the field.

I write because it may result in your keeping an eye on this end of the oil world because, "The drill will be extending the pools that will make up this field, scattered in spots through many portions of 2,000,000 acres or so." You will smile at this.

Yes, this is a boom letter because, first, there are many dry holes here, a good number of gas wells producing from one million feet per day. Plenty of wells showing quite small by far, the greater majority of wells producing from five to ten barrels when thirty days old and lots more dry holes to be drilled; yet it is the best we have seen for some years, and probably since Bradford was at its best.

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I even dare to predict twenty per cent of 25,000 wells dry, ten per cent gas and very small, and seventy per cent from five barrels up; but, nevertheless, the great coming field in oildom.

This letter may sound a bit strange to you, but, nevertheless, keep it and think it over.¹

As ever, yours,

B. L. STONE.

"So you see," continued Uncle John, "there is surely some promise of success out there. Independence is just north of the Indian Territory,—in Kansas; and I advise you to go to Mr. Stone. I will give you a letter of introduction to him; and he can help to locate you, and advise you where to start in. Mind you, however, I take little stock in the wild prediction that there will be 25,000 wells out there, for that would be a big field. I will help you to go out there. However, I want to tell you a story. What I am about to say to you now I have never before said to any one. I am getting to be an old man now and it is time that you should know this.

"Years ago, when I was young, I was in love with a beautiful girl. I believed that she loved me; and I made a vow with myself, just as you have done, that I would not speak to this girl about marriage until I was rich. I went about making money. Then, one day, I read in the paper that this girl was married to another man. While I was making money another man was making love to her. Billy, remember that one makes love faster than he makes money. Don't forget that. Well, I just locked my secret in my breaking heart and went on making more money. Then, by and by, you were born to my brother William; and somehow, your baby life warmed my cold heart and I said

¹ This is a correct extract from a report made by a producer, who still is operating in this field.

to myself: 'I'll make more money for William's boy. As long as I am to have no children of my own, I'll secretly adopt this boy to my heart.' And I did, Billy; I've been loving you a long time, all these nearly twenty-five years, as best I could. I knew when you had fights with the other boys. I have kept close watch of your drilling operations and your bank account, and my dream that you would turn out all right has come true. You are honorable and honest and clean. I'm going to help you.

"I made my will about a year ago, and I am going to leave you all I have,—a considerable sum, you may be sure. That's all fixed, and the money mostly invested where we can't touch it now. But when I die you shall have it. Now, to start you West, I will lend you five thousand or ten thousand dollars to get you started in the producing end of the oil business. Get as many leases as you can well handle, and to the best advantage, before you begin operations. When your money is gone, and when you need more than you now have, draw on me for it. I would enjoy nothing better than entering into this venture with you; but at my age, I must not go into partnership with you. However, you will have my hearty support. So, go home; tell your mother your plans, and before you go come in and get the letter to Mr. Stone and say good-by to your Uncle."

Billy had listened to his uncle in silence. His cheeks were wet with tears and his heart ached for John Owen. As he started for the door, after offering his heartfelt thanks, his uncle said:

"Billy, one moment—one moment, you might as well hear the rest of my story. The girl I loved—the girl I loved when I was young was Mary Danford. Mary

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Danford married George Dart; so Mary Danford Dart is the mother of Mary Dart, the girl you love. Billy, I hope you marry her some day and that you will love her tenderly. But, don't go away, my boy, until you get Mary's promise to be your wife, for if she promises to marry you, she will be true, no matter what happens, and will wait until you make good. Good-night, Billy."

Billy Owen walked home through the summer night too excited, too amazed, to remember that he had not eaten any supper.

CHAPTER III

THE HOME-LEAVING

THE next morning, at the breakfast table, Billy told his mother of his walk the afternoon before, of his conversation with Mary Dart, and his ambition to make her his wife some day; of his talk with Uncle John, and the promise of help he had received from him.

Mrs. Elizabeth Owen looked very grave during the recital of these events, for she could not bear to think of her son's leaving home. Yet, if he had made up his mind to go, she must bear up under it and give him what little encouragement she could. She had loved her husband with all her heart; and her entire married life had been one of loving service to husband and son. Mrs. Owen was of that quaint, motherly type; tall and dark, like her son, with white hair showing reverently about the temples. She had been a great reader, and since her husband's death had been studying the history of the United States; therefore, she was somewhat acquainted with the new country to which her son now desired to immigrate.

After a few moments of silence Mrs. Owen addressed her son William, as she always called him:

"William, I will leave the morning work. Let us go into the sitting-room. I have much I wish to say to you."

When they were seated, she began:

"You are a man; and a man any mother might be

proud of, my son. But now that you have made up your mind to leave home and seek a new country I feel as if I might tell you something of that which awaits you out yonder.

"Where you are going is known as the Indian Territory; and it is unlikely that Indian Territory will be admitted to the Union for several years to come. Agriculturally this Territory is not yet half developed. No doubt, there are mineral resources there, and it may be, as your Uncle says, that there is to be a boom in oil. However that may be, you are leaving home and the developed East for the undeveloped West and strangers.

"The population of Indian Territory is varied. Native Americans of assorted colors,—red, white, and black, abound. The white population is somewhat in the minority as yet, and is a conglomerate of peoples from Kansas and Missouri and the North. Some few are going there from the States of the old South, the East and from Texas. Of course, in the larger communities (there are no large cities) are some men and women of education and high moral purpose. There are also numerous adventurers and fortune hunters, against whom it will be wise to be on your guard. You will find already on the field ahead of you men of vigor and initiative, without money,—there to make fortune. Some, no doubt, are already succeeding in securing leases on much of the Indians' land. Their eyes are keen for the main chance. They are not afraid to take risks.

"However, a very considerable percentage of the population you will find uneducated, poor, and wanting in ideals and aspirations,—a shiftless lot, always in debt to tradesmen, paying an extortionate interest, liv-

ing in wretched homes, and knowing only how to raise a little cotton and corn. Yet many of these hopeless farmers are ambitious for their children.

"The Indians are numerous, slowly being civilized and educated. Many will, and are, becoming useful citizens. They are destined to become financially well-to-do; and when the reservations are broken up, it is likely that each member of a tribe,—men, women, and children,—will be given allotments of land and, in addition, considerable sums of money from the sale of unallotted lands.

"Well, my son, these conditions you will find out yonder; and railroads are scarce and poorly managed. Hotels will be mere excuses, so hardships await you. However, go and may God bless you and keep you clean and every inch a man. While I cannot offer you money, I can sign your notes at the bank for a limited amount, if you find that you need such help in addition to the aid Uncle John is rendering. Then, your health, my son,—take care of that; for to be sick with none to give you proper care, would be serious, indeed.

"And, William,—about Mary Dart. I believe that she is a good, sensible girl; but you have hardly been with her enough to know her well, and perhaps she doesn't care for you."

Here Billy's heart sank to utter depths of despair.

"However," continued his mother, "you must be guided by your heart in this matter."

"Mother," said Billy, "I did not know any mother could know so much about men and affairs as you do. It does look like a serious undertaking; but I am going to try it anyway. I'll go now and see about freighting my tools out there and find out about trains."

The next few days kept Billy busy packing his tools,

loading his drilling outfit on flat cars, and securing information as to the best route by which to travel.

News of his going had spread through the town, and many a man,—and woman too,—stopped him to offer advice and wisdom. Gossip said Billy was a fool and that he would spend all he had and all his mother had, then come home. Billy heard these things, and the hearing made him all the more determined to succeed.

The day of Billy's departure was set for Monday. It was now Saturday and he had not seen Mary since the preceding Wednesday, when she gave him the copy of the *New York Times* containing the article that was changing the course of his entire life.

Mary, with a sinking heart, heard the town-talk of Billy's going. She had learned to love him deeply; but as he had never spoken of his regard for her, she was afraid that theirs was only a warm friendship, and that his going would end even that.

All Saturday night her wide-open, sleepless eyes stared into the restful darkness, so softly thick about her bed. All night long she thought "he does not care for me. He has not been back since Wednesday, and now they all say he is going away Monday. If he could know how I love him, I'm sure he would not go without saying good-by."

Sunday morning dawned hot and clear. The work about the dairy was done and the Dart family ready to start for church, when Mary, with a tired look in her eyes, said:

"Father, I'll not go to church this morning; perhaps I will to-night, but my head aches now."

"Very well," replied Mr. Dart.

But Mary's mother slipped her arm about the girl's plump waist and whispered:

"I know just how you feel, dear," and kissed her, leaving her daughter alone on the porch.

At church that morning Billy sat, as usual, with his mother; but he missed Mary from her place in the choir. He had meant to go see her before this, but his heart failed him and he had put it off, hoping to walk home from church with her. "Why had she not come? Was she indifferent to him? Did she not care for him?" were questions constantly running through his mind throughout the opening of the service.

The sermon that morning was based upon the passage of scripture found in Genesis 29:20: "And Jacob served seven years for Rachel; and they seemed unto him but a few days, for the love he had to her."

The pastor, as he began his sermon, seemed to be looking straight at Billy.

"Good men," he said, "as they grow more mature in judgment become more and more sympathetic and grateful toward youth. It would be hard for us to conceive of any one who could look unmoved upon these two cousins, Jacob, the son of Rebecca, and Rachel, the daughter of Laban. Here we have the freshness and beauty of the morning. The touch of mystic humanity is in it, the profound and tender feeling of kindred is there.

"Now Jacob is a wanderer and exile from home because of his misdeeds. Rachel is at the hard task of a shepherd's daughter; and we can imagine her appreciation of the young man who rolled the stone from the well's mouth, and who, that memorable day, watered the flocks for her. Then the record tells us that Jacob kissed his cousin Rachel and lifted up his voice and wept. Now whether he wept because he kissed her, or whether he wept because he did not kiss her again,

I am not sure. However,—considering the ties of blood, the joy of kinship, the instinctive gladness and tenderness of concordant hearts, the religious awe and delight of unnamed and unconscious love that took possession of them both,—I think that Jacob wept for joy.”

Though the sermon continued for forty minutes, Billy heard no more of it. His mind had gone out to Mary completely, and that unnamed love became a living fire burning in his breast.

As soon as the service was over he hurried home and all that afternoon he kept repeating to himself the words he would use that evening in asking Mary to become his wife.

When evening came and church-time arrived, it found Billy slipping into the gallery to see if Mary was in the choir, and if she was, he determined to walk home with her; if not, he would go to her house at once. The service had not yet begun and he seated himself, waiting for the choir to appear. As they came in, he saw that she was not there, so he started to leave, when he felt a hand resting on his arm. Turning, he saw her seated beside him.

“Mary,” he whispered, “I am leaving in the morning.”

“Let’s go home,” was all Mary whispered in return.

They both slipped out quickly, and soon they were walking slowly toward Mary’s house, under the bright stars of a summer night.

Billy and Mary talked of many things that evening; but much of the time they were silent, for they found in the silence golden thoughts that words could not express.

As he was leaving to go home, Billy took the girl's hand in his and said:

"Mary, there is much I would like to tell you to-night, but words fail me. You know that I am leaving in the morning at 10:10, that I hope to make good and secure a fortune, returning in a few years at best, and,—Mary, if you will wait—" Here his voice failed him, but he staggered on—"if you will wait——"

Then suddenly he felt Mary's hand tremble in his, by the light of the stars his eyes saw her cheeks bathed in red, while the eyes of his heart showed him her love for him, and he gathered her in his arms, kissing her again and again.

Releasing her suddenly, he was gone, his cheeks wet with tears of joy, even as were also Jacob's.

Monday morning Billy bade his Uncle John good-bye in the little office behind the bank. Then he went directly to the station to meet his mother in a last farewell. A crowd had come down, to wait for the train and to bid him Godspeed; and, with the crowd, came Mary, her cheeks rosy, her eyes shining, and a knowing smile about her mouth.

The train pulled in; friends shook his hand in good-bye; his mother kissed him again and again; and hat in hand, he stood holding Mary's hand; then he squeezed it hard before climbing aboard the last coach, where he remained standing on the rear platform as long as the station and Mary were in sight.

CHAPTER IV

A NEW COUNTRY

As the town of Bradford faded into the distance, Billy entered the train, and found his section in the Pullman, which would be his home until St. Louis should be reached the following afternoon.

Alone with his thoughts, he reviewed the past week, which had been so full of new and wonderful events. Occupied with his meditation he hardly looked at the country through which he was passing, until he found himself seated in the diner, riding backward.

His dinner ordered, Billy had time to look out; and as his eye swept the scene through the window of the moving train, awe and wonder filled his soul. He was now passing through eastern Ohio, having already entered the great Corn Belt, through which he would ride all night and nearly all the next day.

The day was far spent, and golden sunshine flooded the rich foliage of the cornfields, reflecting back to Billy's eyes a restful color of deep, rich, velvety green. As far as the eye could see,—south, north, and east,—there was nothing but corn. An ocean of corn it seemed. Here and there, a few miles apart, he caught glimpses of fine, large farmhouses, big barns, ample yards, and an appearance of prosperity. Cows had come up through lanes of corn to barnyard gates, ready for supper and milking. Men were removing harness from sweat-stained horses, which had their noses

buried deep in cooling water-troughs. Chickens were fluttering across farmyards, answering the call of women dressed in neat gingham, who were throwing out handfuls of grain. Long shadows were being cast by trees over on the distant ridge,—silent forerunners of approaching night. The world seemed at peace, and the only noise to be heard was the onrushing train. As the shadows deepened, the smell of the summer night was wafted through the screened windows, filling Billy's heart with the memory of other summer nights, spent on Mary Dart's porch. Yet, there he was, placing miles and miles behind him as he was being carried through county after county of cornfields toward a new and strange country.

Having finished his dinner, Billy left the diner, pausing in the vestibule to look again at the evening scene. The train was running northwest; and as he looked, he saw the sun poising above the horizon, looking back upon the world like a great, red, evil eye before, with a sudden dip, it sank below the skyline. A mantle of darkness spread its garment o'er the earth, silvered by a new moon in the western heavens.

Billy went back through the train to the observation platform and there for hours he sat, listening to the conversation of other travelers, but too full of wonder and awe and his new thoughts to join in the talk.


Seeking his berth, he retired to awaken next morning,—still riding through a sea of corn.

Reaching St. Louis, Billy just had time to look through the great Union Station; see the bowery in the front of it, where all kinds of fakers and saloons held forth; get his dinner, and catch the train for Kansas City, having purchased his ticket by that route.

Arriving at Kansas City, Billy was amazed to find himself in the midst of a great crowd, in an old wooden station entirely too small for the volume of business it seemed to be doing. Asking a policeman for directions in finding the city, he climbed a long flight of stairs and walked through an inclosed passage,—roofed over like an old-fashioned bridge,—coming out several hundred yards away, on the side of a cliff, where a street-car was waiting for passengers. The car wound around the cliff and up the hill toward the city. All the way up-town he had a splendid view of the rocky face of the cliff, crowned by large and unsightly billboards, evidently erected for advertising purposes rather than beauty.

Kansas City impressed Billy with the idea that he had at last reached the “heart of the West,” for the people had a freedom and cordiality that he had never witnessed in the East. Remembering the stories he had heard of robberies, hold-ups and bad men, Billy made sure his money was safe and in an inside pocket, then, after inquiring for a hotel and being recommended to the Kupper, he took himself thither for a good wash. Here he left his grips and started forth to see the town. This city, as it appeared to him, seemed to have been originally built as a small town in a valley; but outgrowing the valley, the city had climbed the hills to the east and west. Buildings stood apparently on top of one another, as if on stilts, each keeping the building directly above from slipping back into the valley. All about there was an atmosphere and air of thrift and hustle that caused him to realize that he was really in the midst of a live town.

The second day Billy returned to the Union Station, by way of the “cattle chute” route, and started on the



last lap of his journey, which was to land him in the Indian Territory. For hours the train traveled over the rolling prairie of eastern Kansas. A blue haze seemed to be hanging, as if suspended by some great invisible thread, just below the skyline in every direction. Here and there a patch of corn, scorched by hot winds and sun, tried bravely to lift its sea of tassels, as might a tired regiment of soldiers after being badly beaten in battle by a superior force. The train stopped at all stations, and, as the day wore on, it seemed as if there were a thousand little towns. Girls in ill-fitting clothes and boys in big hats and soft shirts met the train at the stops. Here and there a flea-bitten dog rolled in the dust in the shade of the depot, trying to gain relief from his tormentors; but a deadly sameness spread over the face of the earth.

Finally, the brakeman announced that the next stop would be Bartlesville, Indian Territory. Evening was coming on, and Billy stepped out on the rear platform. As he watched the receding rails, they looked like two long shining silver snakes, for the ties were merely laid on top of the ground; and the entire track zigzagged off toward the north, like a path made by a drunken man.

Reaching Bartlesville, Billy left the train and found himself in a small and straggling village of about fifteen hundred people. He was directed to the Right Way Hotel, which proved to be a two-story structure, evidently in great danger of falling over on its side. A long porch stretched across the front of the building and here sat cowboys and Indians, their chairs tilted back against the wall in lazy fashion. In front a few men were pitching horseshoes, while in the distance a young man was evidently breaking a cow-pony to ride,

Billy's room was hot and ill-smelling, being right over the kitchen. There was a bed of doubtful cleanliness; a washstand with a cracked mirror above it; a washbowl and pitcher, and a small towel. These, with two chairs and a strip of rag carpet, comprised the furnishings of his new quarters, where he must stay for some time to come.

The following day was spent in meditation; and a deep sense of homesickness forced frequent walks through the streets of this overgrown village,—houses scattered here and there over the prairie lands. Very many of these domiciles were small, entirely without architectural beauty, and apparently thrown together at the least possible cost. By a chance conversation with a newly-found friend, Billy learned that the government did not permit the Indians to sell any of their land, no matter what price should be offered; but for the purpose of encouraging town building, a certain portion of land was set aside and a sort of premium offered of a lot to whomever would put a dwelling-place thereon. Therefore, speculators and others would throw together these little twelve-by-fourteen boxes, which were generally without pantries or clothes-presses,—simply a subdivided box upon an enlarged scale.

The town was without either water or sewerage system and almost entirely lacking of sidewalks.

After supper,—which in itself was not half bad, if there had only been a little service,—Billy, as was his custom, started out with the intention of attending evening service. He found a church building,—a frame structure, which looked much like a large packing box with a small vestibule built onto the side supporting a crazy tower, from which a bell rang forth its cracked call to worship. This proved to be the Methodist

Church, South,—the first of its kind Billy had ever been in. The preacher was tall and ungainly, with really kind gray eyes, but he seemed to labor under the impression that God was very deaf. It turned out that the preacher was a "local preacher," studying under the direction of his conference and looking toward ordination in the years to come. After church Billy wrote a brief note to his mother, telling her of his safe arrival; while to Mary Dart he wrote a long letter full of heartache and homesickness.

During the night there was a slight thunder shower,—enough to settle the dust,—for which Billy was thankful when the next morning, he walked west from town. Finally, he stood on the high mound, from which he had a good view of the line of hills in the Osage domain and the surrounding country.

From the mound he could count twenty-six oil wells, located on the town lots in Bartlesville; and at the hotel he was told that this was the very center of the new oil field now being developed in the Indian Territory. From this point of observation he was overlooking this metropolis of the Cherokee nation, a town of about fifteen hundred population, the center, they predicted, of what was to be a wide area of human activity and destined by nature to be in great measure the industrial and, to a certain extent, manufacturing center of the Great Southwest. For twenty-five years or more Bartlesville had been a trading post, furnishing supplies to the northern part of the Osage, Cherokee, and Delaware nations. Altogether, the atmosphere seemed to Billy vibrant with enterprise; and in the activities of the early morning, everything betokened energy, push, and a promise of advancement, notwithstanding the then unpretentious surroundings.

Upon inquiry at the Bartlesville National Bank, where Billy deposited his draft for seventy-five hundred dollars, having reserved five hundred dollars for freight and other expenses, the president told him that, besides the twenty-six wells he counted from the mound, there was one good well located on an Indian allotment drilled by the allottee, which well the Government did not permit him to operate, simply because he was an Indian, although he was a young man of good education and promise. There were also about thirty wells scattered along the east edge of the Osage domain, being situated on what is known as the "Foster Lease." The banker also told him that the portion of the Cherokee domain around Bartlesville was a very promising home for farmers and presented fine opportunities for dairymen and vegetable gardeners, and for the raising of wheat, oats, hay, alfalfa, millet, potatoes, and fruit which could be grown in abundance.

"But," said Billy, "while this may all be true, I am, however, looking for leases. I want to get into producing oil as soon as possible. What about my chance for securing leases?"

"I fear the game of oil producing with seventy-five hundred dollars cannot be played here. This is a country far different from what we have been accustomed to. You can lease a thousand acres at seemingly a very small price; but you better look into the cost of production and marketing,—also the Government's attitude,—before starting drilling. I do not want to discourage you, but it will take lots of money out here to make money. Come in any time, and if I can be of service, let me know. I want to hear how you get on."

Billy left the bank and arranged to have a shed constructed in which he could store his drilling outfit when

it arrived; and then determined to secure a sufficient number of leases from the Indians so as to commence his operations on a safe basis. He realized that in most oil fields not more than one lease in ten had proven profitable; therefore, he must not venture to confine himself to less than that number of leases, so that when a lease yielding a good production was finally drilled, it would in a short time repay any losses sustained in testing the non-paying leases.

CHAPTER V

B. L. STONE

It was a sultry Monday morning. Mr. B. L. Stone sat at his desk in Independence, Kansas, reading the mail. There was a mass of letters of one character and another,—some regarding possible leases, others from the Indian agent at Muskogee, declining to give information in regard to leases that had been sought. One letter that he opened held his attention for some time. It was a letter from his friend, Owen, of Bradford, Pennsylvania,—written in his own peculiar style,—which began:

DEAR STONE:

William Owen, known in these parts as Billy, has started for the Indian Territory to take a hand in the search for oil. He is a rugged fellow and has the sticking faculty and so may win out if the knocks are not too hard. He bought his ticket for Bartlesville, Indian Territory, and ought to have arrived there by the time this letter reaches you. If you can go down there and hunt him up, I will appreciate it.

By the way,—that letter of yours quoting those wild statements about a coming oil field of twenty-five thousand wells sounds like a day-dream. However, if it is a fair prophecy of the future, let Billy in on the "ground floor."

I am, sir, your servant,

JOHN OWEN.

Mr. Stone meditated over this letter for the greater part of the day and finally decided to go to Bartlesville and look up this nephew of his old friend.

When Billy came down-stairs the next morning he

found a stranger waiting to see him. It proved to be Mr. Stone, to whom he had a letter from his Uncle John, which he promptly delivered. The stranger put it in his pocket without reading, grasping Billy's hand in a cordial hand-shake.

As Billy looked at Mr. Stone, he saw a man of medium stature, with black, curly hair, kind gray eyes, and a fine face, which expressed refinement and culture,—giving one confidence at once.

When they were seated comfortably on the hotel porch, Mr. Stone said: "William, you are an oil man and have had considerable experience. Conditions out here are new and rough, and I counsel you to guard yourself carefully against all strangers. Go personally to inspect your leases and do not take the word of any one in these parts until you have fully satisfied yourself that he can be trusted. There is no power of taxation; hence, all development of roads and bridges can only be done by popular subscription. It will be expensive to get oil on the way to the refineries, because of these conditions; but I am a believer in the future of this country and this field." Continuing, he said: "You will find, young man, that it is God's law that the watching man gets everything. The man who is nearest and looks keenest gets all and sees all; and it is right.

"The mountains get the first gleam of the sun; and then the light gets down into the valleys by-and-by. What a wonderful thing to witness the mountain receiving the first kiss, the first glance, the first visitation! The sun is nowhere visible in himself, but the light is there; and I have seen that light brightening over snowy Pikes Peak, like the camp of a great giant who has been asleep there all night; and down yonder, in Ute

Pass, night, dying night, lingering night, fog and cloud and raw damp, and up there heaven. And then,—down, down, down,—all those bits and beams and rays of light, shooting into fog and cloud and chasing them away, and last of all the folks in the little houses down yonder, waking up and saying: ‘It’s morning,—morning!’ But it has been morning an hour or two on Pikes Peak. Yes, the mountains first; and just so the watchful man. Go personally, with eyes open, and pick leases wisely, feeling your way slowly.”

Billy was greatly charmed and pleased with this new friend and promised to visit him some day soon. For the present, he felt that he must get down to work. So, after spending the day together, Mr. Stone returned to Kansas and Billy made plans for his leasing.

CHAPTER VI

EXPERIENCE

BILLY hired a rig in which to drive over the country for the next few days. The rig was an open spring-wagon, which was craftily hitched to a pair of wild-eyed cow-ponies. The process of "hitching-up" was most interesting. The ponies stood like statues while the harness was put on, then, lamb-like, they were led forth into the open and faced in the general direction the driver desired to go. Finally, with one man at their heads, another holding the reins at the rear, a third slipped the wagon-tongue into the neck-yoke, while two assistants snapped the tugs into place, as the animals reared straight up and plunged forward at a gallop; as they plunged, the driver leaped into his seat beside Billy, who had been cautioned to get in before the hitching-up process began. For four or five miles they sped out over the undulating prairie, without speaking. In this distance they had forded Caney River and another stream, which, like all streams in that country, had very high, steep banks.

By and by the ponies seemed to sense the fact that they had a day's work before them, and settled down to that steady trotting gait for which they were noted, and which they kept up hour after hour, seemingly without tiring.

"Well," said the driver, at length breaking the silence, "my name is Lowery,—Jim Lowery. I ain't

much to look at and ain't had no schoolin' to 'mount to nothin', but I just know this prairie by heart, and can steer you where you want to go."

Up to this moment Billy had, with his left hand, been holding firmly onto the side of the seat, while with his right hand he kept his hat somewhere near the top of his head. Relaxing at the sound of the driver's voice, he turned to look at his companion, and saw a man of powerful neck and shoulders, long hair, laughing blue eyes that looked out over a mass of red whiskers, which covered nearly his entire face.

"My name is William Owen, and I've come out here from Pennsylvania to get into the oil business at the producing end. I want to secure leases; so just take me anywhere and everywhere about here."

"See here, Owen," spoke Lowery, "don't you know that there are durn few leases you can get? Why, the Government ain't selling none of this here land to nobody and these Injuns, they lease to every feller what comes along. Some of them has as many as six and seven leases on their land already. You better look this up before blowing in much money; but then, 'tain't none of my business nohow."

The remarks made by Lowery,—although somewhat incoherent,—added to what the banker had said, caused Billy to ask questions later. He had many talks with all sorts of people and learned that the Government thus far had issued regulations prescribed by the Secretary of the Interior, that were amended July 10th, 1903, governing the sale and leasing of Indian lands in Indian Territory. Certain Indian lands are such as the Indians select as their allotment and are practically owned and leased by them, being restricted only by the rules and regulations governing the same under con-

ditions prescribed by the Secretary of the Interior. No lease of such land for any purpose was valid except the contract be approved and signed by the Secretary of the Interior.

Billy also learned that, in the prescribed regulations, experience of the oil-land developers and owners during the past history of the business was entirely set aside by the Government officials; and, furthermore, that inasmuch as some of the white population that heretofore had come to the Indian Territory had been undesirable citizens elsewhere and had left their former places of abode for the good of those communities, the Government officials were inclined to misjudge the oil men by reason of the guilt of other men. The fact that the landowner in the other sections of the country had always received his full share of oil, as per terms of contract, and looked upon the oil man as his benefactor, did not seem to have weight in the minds of the Government officials.

The above opinion was so universally expressed by Billy's new-found friends and advisers that he felt it a necessity to visit an attorney for advice.

In selecting an adviser, he sought out one who had the reputation of being the best informed on the subject and the proper man to give wise counsel. Stepping into the office of M. M. Baylor, Attorney, and introducing himself and the subject matter which he wished to discuss, the following conversation occurred:

"Mr. Baylor, my name is Owen,—William Owen, of Bradford, Pennsylvania. I have called to-day to secure your advice in reference to obtaining leases of Indian lands, for the purpose of establishing myself in this Territory as an oil producer,—a business in which I have had considerable experience."

"Mr. Owen, I'm glad to meet you," replied Mr. Baylor, "and I will be glad to advise you, or furnish any information that I possess; but let me say right here that I am unable to render very efficient service at this time, except, perhaps, to prepare you for what may follow by saying that your past experience in securing leases, even though along lines and customs well established in other states, will be of little avail to you here. Now proceed."

"Why, Mr. Baylor, you realize, of course, that the oil business is a business of great magnitude, and millions of acres have been leased and developed,—the land-owner and operator working elsewhere in perfect harmony. Surely, the Government will be guided by the well-established rules of the industry."

"Mr. Owen, you have in your own language repeated the sentiment that has been expressed to me almost hourly for the past many months, often by the best-advised operators from other fields. However great a shock it will be to your patriotism, I am forced to say to you that the Government officials have neither selected individual operators nor attorneys familiar with the business, as their advisers. They are proceeding,—or perhaps, I might say, are proposing to proceed at some time,—according to their own shrewd ideas of the business, which apparently they consider as being conducted by the Standard Oil Company and other rich agents."

To say that Billy was somewhat upset by this information would be putting it very mildly, to say the least; however, he determined to approach the matter from still another angle.

"Mr. Baylor, I have shipped my tools to this point and have come here with what means I have, with the

idea of making this my future home. I have had considerable experience,—can furnish the best recommendations and I am here, as I assume the other producers are, for the purpose of making an honest living by the development of lands, which, in themselves, are of little value until made very valuable by the oil man's experience and well-established reputation for progressiveness. It is impracticable for me to do other than to proceed to procure leases to be developed; therefore, thanking you for these hints of the discouragements to be met in the business, let us canvass the question of how to procure leases and have them approved by the Department,—Department, I believe, being the proper term to be applied to the Secretary of the Interior and his subordinates."

"Well, Mr. Owen, let me say first, that just at this time the Interior Department Branch Office, located at Muskogee, is not receiving leases for consideration, but, rather, expects to do so in the not too remote future. A goodly number of operators are now taking leases on forms that have been prescribed, taking the chance of having them considered as soon as the Department is ready to do so."

"But," asked Billy, "is there no way of getting a list of the leases already made?"

"No," replied the attorney, "that information is not given. Furthermore, the Indians are prone to lease to,—and take pay for,—their lands from several different parties."

"Then, Mr. Baylor, I understand, do I, that if I procure leases, there is no certainty that the Indian will make an oath that he has not leased heretofore?"

"Well, Mr. Owen, you may get the Indian's oath, but this will not secure you against being imposed upon by

many of the allottees; however, this precaution will be of some assistance to you if you have determined to proceed and select leases. At least, it will be a wise thing to do in that case."

"But," said Billy, "if others are already in the field selecting leases, and I delay until after the Department is ready to consider them, I will, naturally, be unable to secure those that look now to be the most desirable; therefore, after the manner of the oil operator, I will take my chances with the rest."

"How much land do you desire to lease before commencing operations?"

"I should say not less than ten leases, by reason of the fact that none of the oil fields in the past, excepting the Bradford field, would warrant the selection of less than ten leases in different directions, with a probability of finding one or two leases sufficiently productive to be remunerative; that is likely to be true in this field, I imagine."

"I see," said Mr. Baylor, "and I assume from the fact that you have already shipped your machinery and tools to this field, that you desire to proceed as soon as possible in the development of your leases; but I must warn you that the process of securing approval of a lease from the Interior Department is very slow. It is quite probable that any lease that you may take at this time will not be available for you to drill inside of many months and possibly a year."

"Why, this sounds very strange to me. It is to the interest of the landowner to have the property drilled as early as possible. I cannot conceive that there will not be modifications of this custom of delay. It is impracticable for a person, situated as I am, to start into business here in this way."

"Very true, Mr. Owen, but as your attorney, it is my duty to throw out all these precautionary statements, and then I will proceed to serve you as best I can, knowing that I have explained everything to you. Have you studied the form of lease prescribed for this field?"

"No, Mr. Baylor, I have not, but of the very many forms of leases which I am more or less familiar with, heretofore used, we have never found any of them especially objectionable; simply a contract between the lessor and the lessee."

"Very true," said the attorney, "but you have a new situation confronting you. Let us go over the form of lease for the Creek nation. First, you sign an application for a lease which contains a description of the land and is attached thereto; and accompanies the lease. Then the lease is made in quadruplicate. The lease contains nothing that is especially objectionable excepting first, the terms of drilling, wherein you agree to exercise diligence in the sinking of the wells for oil and natural gas on the lands covered by this lease; and you further agree to operate the same in a workmanlike manner to the fullest possible extent. Then when the lease is surrendered by you, you are *"Not to remove therefrom any buildings or improvements erected thereon by the said party of the second part,"* but said *"buildings and improvements shall remain a part of the said land"* and become the *"property of the owner of the land,"* as part of the consideration for this lease; however, you are permitted to remove all machinery, casing, and other like items. Then, as a part of the terms of this lease, you agree that any sub-lease, assignments, or transfer of this lease or any other interest therein, *cannot* be directly or *indirectly* made without the *written* consent thereto of the lessor and

the Secreatry of Interior having first been obtained and that any such assignment or transfer, or attempted assignment or transfer, without such consent, shall be void."

"I declare, Mr. Baylor, this surprises me. I am not a capitalist, and do I understand that I am forbidden by the terms of the lease to secure help in developing it? I might find after I had drilled two or three wells on as many leases that my capital was exhausted and that some of the other leases I had looked very promising and I would want to proceed to drill on these. But what would I do? From what you say, it might take a long time for me to secure the consent to take in a partner."

"What you say, Mr. Owen, is quite true. It will take a very considerable amount of money, besides experience, for a man to do business in this country. I am aware of the conditions that exist elsewhere; that a man with moderate means, plus machinery, experience, and a good reputation, can proceed and secure sufficient credit to win success; but, as I have said before, this field is under the management of our Government."

"Supposing, Mr. Baylor, that I have entirely exhausted my resources and have not produced a paying lease or paying leases, then I could cancel the other leases and go to work for somebody else or leave the country, couldn't I?"

"No, my friend, you will have to give a bond to the Government, guaranteeing that you will develop each one of the leases; therefore, after the consent of the Secretary of the Interior, you cannot surrender any of them, without first securing his consent to the surrender; but I assume that you could get his consent, provided you can make a sufficient financial showing

to secure the lease in the first place; and then the bond,—I aimed to say, so that you would understand it, that before any lease is considered, you must make a financial showing of your ability to develop these leases to the satisfaction of the Department. The bond in itself, no matter how acceptable it may be, will not be considered a sufficient guarantee. The bond in this case at the present time is about fifteen hundred dollars for each and every moderate-sized lease; so, you see, ten leases would require fifteen thousand dollars. Then, Mr. Owen, you will note that in taking the leases you must have two witnesses; and that the signatures, both of yourself and your witnesses, must be written in full. For example,—if a man's name is Theopolis J. Van Buren, it must not be abbreviated to read 'T. J. Van Buren'; and you must also make sure that the name of the notary is not where the Secretary of the Interior will be expected to sign his consent; in no case must you secure or be interested in more than forty-eight hundred acres of leases in the aggregate. This will not materially affect you now, but possibly in the future when you incorporate a company; some member of the said company might hold a share or more of stock in some other company, or companies; and they, in the aggregate, might own forty-nine hundred acres of leases. You see what I mean. Every stockholder in each company is required to make an oath as to what he owns, and should it be found that he is interested in companies where the aggregate of their holdings is greater than forty-eight hundred acres of leases, all the companies will be unable to transact further business with the Department until this supposed and assumed fraud upon the Indian is corrected. As this is an important matter to be always remembered, let me

read you the exact language of the regulation: 'These applications shall state specifically with what other business firms or corporations the lessee is interested, either directly or indirectly, in oil and gas, or other mining lease of lands in the five civilized tribes.'

"The Secretary also requires that the lessees shall satisfy the Department that the leases are taken in good faith for actual operation and not speculation; and that the lessee has the business capacity and financial ability to carry out all the terms of such a lease."

"Well, Mr. Baylor, as my attorney, it might be wise for me to give you a statement of my financial resources and backing. First: I am a practical man in all branches of trade, can drill my own wells, and plan out all the economies possible. Now, in addition to my machinery, delivered here with freight paid, and some money on hand, I have seventy-five hundred dollars in the bank. I also have a banker,—who is interested in me,—ready to loan me at any time ten thousand dollars. My mother can assist me in securing my notes up to a few thousand dollars. I consider this a good basis for entering a new oil field. This would be so considered in other fields of operation. Now, if I understand you correctly, if in my financial statement, for the purpose of securing leases and for the purpose of securing bonds in addition, I am obliged to show that I owe this money, although it is loaned to me, without any terms of payment, by a relative who has my success at heart, I do not know that I am the kind of a man the Government desires to have develop Indian lands. You surprise me, Mr. Baylor, by the statement that thrift and enterprise,—considered everywhere as an asset up to a certain degree,—are completely discounted by the Government in this field. Per-

haps, it is wise for me to secure a copy of form, if you have one to spare, and also a form of the bond; and then we can adjourn this interview until some time next week, at which time I will call again after having had time to meditate upon these amazing features and this unexpected turn in my affairs."

As Billy went on with his investigations, he became more and more familiar with the situation. He discovered, to his own satisfaction, that the Government had utter lack of confidence in all oil men and viewed them as a class with grave suspicion, because some men in past years had exploited the Indians. The Government had already gone to such an extreme to further prevent this vicious habit that it had become poisoned toward the motives of the white man.

This, naturally, developed a frame of mind that precluded any confidence between the Government officials and oil operators and producers. Thus, the formation of plans was greatly hindered and the situation was hard to relieve. For years the oil men in the business of production had been leasing directly from the farmers in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and,—more lately,—in Kansas. They had developed the method and term of leases which had proven mutually satisfactory between all parties concerned; and these leases were so drawn that there was no record to be found that a farmer ever lost any oil delivered to his credit to the pipe lines.

Billy read and reread and reread again and again the lease form as issued by the Government; and finally suggested to a number of friends in the oil business that they might submit some proposed changes in the form of lease, asking the Secretary to grant them such relief as would come from such wise changes. These men,

out of patience with the whole situation, told Billy to draw such modifications as he deemed advisable and they would back him in praying for their consideration.

As a result of this conference, Billy spent several days in his dismal room going over the form of lease and rewriting it. When he had finished this task, he presented his findings to his friends and read them the proposed changes. The first change suggested was to obviate drilling a lease as fast as "possible,"—instead of word "possible" substituting the word "practicable." Thus, section by section, they reviewed the entire form of lease.

All the men present fully realized,—to a degree at least,—that a small well might be drilled on a lease and perhaps on a second and even on a third lease, but it would take a very considerable amount of money to proceed to drill these leases as fast as "possible;" and yet, the leases would be of sufficient value so that one would neither desire to abandon them or forfeit his bond requiring further work. The property, therefore, could neither be forfeited without ruin or be sold because of the assured long delay in getting the consent of the Secretary of the Interior for its transfer. Then, even if that approval should be granted, no transfer could be executed unless the purchaser first showed himself to be of very strong financial ability. So, the more Billy and his friends studied the lease, the greater was their perplexity, especially when they found that it was "subject to the rules and regulations that may hereafter be made by the Secretary of the Interior." Judging from the rules that had already been made, they were at a loss to know what new ones they might insert for further guidance, as it was becoming evident that the

rights and convenience of the producer were not being taken into consideration.

Billy found a confusion of opinions expressed by those to whom he presented his views, having in mind a form of lease that would make it possible for him to do business and, naturally, he was much discouraged as he faced the future. These men claimed that the Secretary of the Interior had withheld consent from the Standard Oil interests to extend their pipe lines from the Kansas field, eighteen miles north, to the Bartlesville field. So, all output of the wells was, of necessity, being shipped out in tank cars. Then too, the Indian Territory oil was selling at a much lower price, by reason of this most unjust discrimination. Year by year the Standard Oil interests had gradually extended their lines for a distance of fifteen hundred miles, reaching all the way from the Atlantic Coast to the southern Kansas line, just north of the Indian Territory; and they had up to this point been able to secure such rights as were necessary without applying to the Secretary of the Interior. Always, heretofore, the very first thought was in proceeding to develop a new field or pool, pipe lines must be extended to the field and wells as fast as possible.

At this time it was shown that the Standard interests were buying and refining sixty-seven per cent of all oils produced east of California and north of the heavy oil produced near the Gulf of Mexico. It was further shown that they exported about eighty-three per cent of all oil sold in foreign countries. They claimed that the prejudice existing in Washington against the combination seemed to blind the authorities to the fact that this pipe line was the only one that could serve the producers of Indian Territory oil at

this date. Thus, newcomers, like Billy, could not believe it possible that this state of gross injustice could long continue.

Now, Billy was well known for his level head; but the conditions that confronted him at this time seemed insurmountable and unbelievable. There was no retreat for him. He had shipped his machinery and tools to Bartlesville; his bridges were all burned behind him. His pride would be seriously hurt and the Townsfolk back in Bradford would wag their heads and say: "I told you so," while Mary Dart might have reason to feel that her affection and judgment had been misplaced if he should return home, confessing failure to cope with the new and unreasonable situation. On the other hand he faced the apparent purpose of the Government not to allow a man to enter into a contract with an Indian without being in the financial position demanded of the much larger moneyed interests that make it a business to enter into Government contracts for building breakwaters, dredging harbors and rivers, and constructing public buildings. Of course he knew that these interests were able to show great financial strength and were also able to furnish satisfactory bonds. This was a new experience to an American youth, trained in the schools and colleges and proficient in the business to which he was devoting his talent and ability.

Discouraged and disheartened, Billy turned to his Uncle John for advice in the following letter:

DEAR UNCLE JOHN:

Conditions confronting me here at this time place me in an awful predicament, and I am seeking your advice.

I find, after careful study of the entire situation, that the Secretary of the Interior is assuming that all business done with the government wards, i.e., the Indians, must be with men able

to enter into contracts, backed up by a very considerable financial ability.

To take leases, I must make a sworn statement of all ready money I have to invest in the business; and beside this, I must give bonds sufficient to insure much more work than I can possibly hope to do with my own means. They will make no allowance for the money you are so willing to help me to; in fact, I would have to show that money as an indebtedness, even though you did not expect me to refund it until I am amply able to do so.

So, before taking leases and submitting them to the Secretary's agent at Muskogee for his recommendation and approval, I would appreciate your counsel and wisdom in the matter.

Affectionately, your nephew,

WILLIAM.

At the same time Billy wrote his mother rather fully of his trials and experiences, but throughout the letter sounded the note of strong purpose to fight on, even in the face of these discouragements.

While awaiting a reply from his uncle, Billy spent the time in a careful study of the surrounding country and conditions in general, trying as best he could to recover from the shock he had sustained by reason of the existing state of affairs. As he walked about and rode over the Territory, he became interested in the habits, customs, and pastimes of the Indians. He noted their laziness, and mentally wondered if any race could ever hope to become useful citizens without first forming a habit of industry. He jotted down in his note-book many interesting facts that he hoped to develop later.

In due time he received the following answer from his Uncle:

DEAR WILLIAM:

It is utterly impossible that our Government should not do justice to all her citizens. I feel that you must be mistaken. See what the German government and other governments do for their people. Surely, we can trust the right to prevail. My advice is,—take your leases and file them for approval with such a straight,

manly statement of your financial condition as you can make. Remember my loan is yours as long as you want it, and I have not said how much more you can rely upon. The amount you may ultimately draw on me for depends very largely upon yourself and your ability to meet and conquer the present situation. Keep your nerve, Billy, and remember Mary Dart and her faith in your sure success.

YOUR UNCLE JOHN.

Acting upon the advice of his Uncle, relying upon the older man's more mature judgment and feeling that the situation was so unusual as to warrant his ignoring the advice of his new-found friends, Billy proceeded at once to secure what, in his judgment, seemed the best leases available. He discovered that there were many Indians,—in fact, the largest number of them in this section, living in "the hills" about sixty miles east of Bartlesville, especially the "full bloods." He also found that every child, as well as all the adults, had allotments held for them, which made it impracticable to attempt to get leases on any very large percentage of the land that looked the most inviting to him. However, he secured some ten leases and his attorney, Mr. Baylor, attended to having them properly drawn up. Then Billy bided his time to file them for approval. He also took the precaution to have the lessor make an oath, on a special contract, that he had not leased his land to any one else. So, when the time came for his leases to be filed, he merely made the best financial statement he could, including in his assets all his machinery, tools, property, and past experience.

But, notwithstanding all the precautions taken, there were rumors constantly reaching his ears to the effect that some of his leases had been taken by other people. Therefore, he sent Mr. Baylor down to Muskogee, at the time when the leases were permitted to be filed for

consideration, to ascertain from the Department as to the validity of the title of the various leases. Disappointment awaited him again. The Government official at Muskogee flatly refused the attorney permission to search the records, look at the maps, or be advised in any way as to whether these leases had other claimants or not.

CHAPTER VII

IN THE MEANTIME

DURING the weeks and months of Billy's trying experiences in the new country, Mary Dart was constantly thinking of him, and by letter endeavoring to cheer him on to success.

There were days and days when she failed to receive even so much as a post card from him; but when she could endure no more, she went to see Mrs. Owen, who, with all the womanly tact at her command, talked to Mary as only the mother of the boy can talk to the woman she believes her son will one day marry.

Those hours in Mrs. Owen's sitting-room were as golden days to Mary, for she heard again and again all about her lover from the mother, who adored her son and had faith in his great ability. She told Mary of her dreams for Billy; of his faithfulness to her always; and emphasized the point that a boy who is always kind and good to his mother is most likely to be kind and good to his wife. She told Mary of Billy's college days and how he wrote long letters to her, reviewing all of the events of school life, and how she often visited the college that she might understand college life and atmosphere, the better to enter into her son's joys and sorrows.

While it is true that Billy had not by any direct word let Mary know of his failure to begin operations at once

in the new oil field, she had gleaned these facts from between the lines in his letters. From what Mrs. Owen often said she knew that Billy was sorely tried and disappointed. Often, too, when she went into the Bradford State Bank to cash her father's cream checks, Mr. John Owen would call her back into the little office and ask about Billy, and in turn would let drop some word he had received in business letters from his nephew.

One day when Mary was in the office with Mr. Owen, he said to her:

"Mary, I have dreamed great dreams for Billy. He is one young man in a thousand to give up his home and his girl, going fifteen hundred miles from home to achieve success, when he might have stayed at home and married you and settled down. He is a choice man, and you are to help him to do great things in the world and become a useful citizen. Now, out there, I think, Billy is having a struggle. From his letters I judge that all is not smooth sailing, and I believe he must be homesick. But I'll bet you he sticks it out and wins,—yes, wins."

Mary believed in Billy, and with her faith strengthened in his ability to win, she went home and wrote him the following letter:

DEAR BILLY:

How cold and unfeeling those formal words seem! I wish I could put feeling into them with pen and ink as I could with the touch of my hand; but as I cannot, I must trust you to realize just how much they mean.

Life with us goes on much the same day after day as it did when you were here. The only difference being the joy of anticipating your letters and the heartsickness of disappointment when I do not receive one. Every day I look,—and look often in vain,—but sometimes you do not forget your lonely Mary back East. Your letters all tell me that things are not going as you wish in your business; but, as you never complain, at least to me, I can

only guess that you are having a hard time to accomplish your desire. But, dear boy, remember that the best things always come after long and often hard struggle, and I believe in you and know you will succeed some day. Therefore, you must never lose heart. Then, every night when I kneel by my bed for a moment of prayer before retiring, I ask the dear Heavenly Father to help you and protect you and keep you true to high and pure ideals. Then, often I find myself praying as if you were my earthly picture of God and I linger on my knees long into the night. At first, dearest, this startled me, but gradually I came to believe that it was not wrong to think of you in the same high and holy way I think of God, at least, as long as I know you are good and upright; for I find that God wants all of us to reflect Him as much as possible; and surely we can only successfully reflect Him as we continue to do right and be good. Forgive me, dear boy, if I seem to preach but you will understand,—won't you?—just how lonely I am and just how much your success and your future is linked to me.

As long as I am secure in your love, as long as I know that some day I can stand by your side as your wife to help you, just that long will I continue to be happy. And I can wait years and years, if necessary, for our marriage, so long as I know it will some day be true.

So do your best. I am sure, with your splendid college training and fine mind, that you will win, no matter what the trouble.

Why don't you write me about things out there? I will be happy beyond expression if you will send me long letters about men and events, for you may not realize how limited my acquaintance with big things is since you have gone out into the big world.

Dear Billy, God bless you and keep you.

Affectionately,

MARY.

After Billy had read this letter several times, he had a new idea. For months he had been making notes and as he was waiting for the Department to act and his time was largely wasted, he would put these notes into form and send them to Mary. She would keep them and some day they might be of value as information.

Just a few days before this he had listened to a great sermon on the "Larger Education," which opened his

mind to the wonderful preparation of the earth; and he now determined to write down his impressions and make an effort to remember as much of the sermon as he could, sending this to Mary for her consideration.

CHAPTER VIII

THE LARGER EDUCATION

DEAR MARY:

Your letter just received; and your request regarding men and events out here causes me to write you rather a long letter this time. It is true that things are not going as smoothly with me as I might wish; but it will all come out in the end for the best. I am waiting for word from the Department of the Interior, which passes on all leases, and like all Government departments, there is just so much red tape to be gone through with. These men who fill Government offices seem to feel very, very big and self-important, and there is nothing a humble citizen like myself can do save wait,—and then wait some more,—on their good time and pleasure in the matter.

Well, one Sunday recently, I dropped around to the Presbyterian Church. They have a new minister, a clean-looking young man, fresh from the schools; and if the sermon I heard him preach is a fair sample, he will have me for a regular member of his congregation. His theme was in general, "The Larger Education," and his text as I noted it down: "But go ye and learn what this meaneth."

He started out with the general statement to the effect that when the Lord speaks, it is well for the universities of the world to stop, look, and listen,—bringing to bear the point, that truth never changes, the

forms of expressing truth may change and if men fail to get into God's real path of truth and see with His sun-glorious vision, they are in danger of missing all that is best and truest. Along this same line he spoke of music that only hidden ears could hear, and of sights that only hidden eyes could see. Let me quote from my notes:

We ask for a dew drop; God gives an abyss of wonder and beauty. We ask for a single ray of hope; He flashes love's unfading rainbow. We ask for dear human friendships; He gives the society of angels, of the noble living and the noble dead.

Well, don't you see how that awoke in me great thoughts and linked me first with you and mother; then with my dear sainted father so that I could feel the presence of all three about me in the pew.

Continuing, the preacher said:

We all live in a schoolhouse. It is called by some the "World." In this schoolhouse we live and love and work and weep and die. The little schoolhouse out on the prairie of this Indian Territory exists alone for the purpose of showing students how to find the way, physically, mentally, socially, and morally; and just so this great schoolhouse, called the World, is for the same, though larger, purpose. Education is the magician whose golden hammer breaks down the four walls of the class room, sending the scholar forth to behold the limitless horizons of the world, and all that is within them.

By this time I was sitting up and listening. I am glad I learned to write shorthand, for I can here give you almost word for word, the best parts of this remarkable discourse.

What unspeakable splendors lie hidden within this handful of dust, called the human body!—splendors the animal cannot enjoy. After all, broadly speaking, this wonderful universe, vast and broad and deep and high, is a handful of dust which God en-

chants. For instance, let your thoughts turn back through time, and you see in the far-off yesterday the globe, a fiery mass of nebulous matter. The next stage as we step this way consists of myriads of similar atoms, roughly outlined in a rugged cloud-ball, glowing with heat and rotating in space with inconceivable velocity. Then we behold the transformation of this cloudless mass into solid earth. But how? Well, the Divine Artificer, through mutual attraction and chemical affinity, caused two of the myriads of atoms to fall in love with each other. And sober science assures us that the very moment those two atoms were married the victory of our earth's evolution was won. So, you see that all the human romances through all the human years owe their origin to the first pair of romantic atoms, joined in wedlock by the priestly hand of Infinite Love and All-Wise Intelligence.

Now, the simple truth remains, that we could not have known all this about the varied magnificence of our world schoolhouse had not the angel of education come and said: "Follow me, and I will show you the grandeurs of your world house." The furniture was all here; but no man to admire it and no woman to adorn it. Stars sparkled in the blue roof above; flowers bloomed in the green carpet below; fires burned in the deep craters within; oceans washed the untrodden shores around. But there were no human eyes to see, no trained human brain to appreciate all this. For millions of years the stars and animals and physical forces were growing and waiting for man to proclaim: "I am thy Master."

From this point on the preacher suggested the following thoughts to me, which I will here set down as best I can and I trust that you will keep this letter, as when that day comes to gladden our hearts in marriage I want to read this over and talk with you about it.

Taking this idea, then, of the schoolhouse stretching everywhere around us, we discover that it is merely waiting for our eyes to look in upon it and appropriate its beauties and its materials for our joy and wealth and happiness.

For instance, evolution teaches us that the earth was created millions of years ago, perhaps as many as thirty million years ago. The evolutionists who accept

the theories of the Greek philosopher, Aristotle, as modified by Lamarque and Darwin, seek to prove that man's original ancestor was a mere egg or germ; and that by a process of evolution the egg has advanced in the scale of being until its descendants have finally assumed the form and dignity of man.

The geologists, through a scientific study of rock formation and the strata of the earth, are persuaded that the earth originally was a molten mass thrown off by the sun, assuming finally a spheroidal shape as it whirled through space. They calculate that untold ages were required for the growing surface of the globe to have cooled sufficiently to receive the first deposit of sediment that forms the lowest stratified rocks. And, arguing from the same evidences, geologists fix the age of man variously from twenty thousand to one million years.

For convenience in the study of ancient remains, the geologists have divided history, that is the history of primitive man, into three ages, called the Stone Age, the Bronze Age, and the Iron Age. Then they have divided the Stone Age in two, making the Old Stone Age and the New Stone Age, *i.e.*, the Paleolithic and the Neolithic. During the Paleolithic Age, which reaches back hundreds of thousands of years,—man is conceived as a savage being, living in caves, eating wild fruits and uncooked food, drinking the blood and eating the flesh of animals. He had various weapons, made of chipped flint, and such implements as awls, needles, daggers, fishhooks, and harpoon heads, made from bone. The Neolithic man, whose age is placed anywhere from ten thousand to one hundred thousand years before Christ, grew less rude, learned to make fires by friction, and built himself houses of wood and

foliage. His weapons were of polished flint. He had achieved the arts of weaving and pottery. Over the graves of his dead he built dolmens, cromlechs, barrows, and carins. In the Copper Age, whose period is also unknown, man first became a metal worker. From this state of culture he advanced to a stage of alloys, making vessels and cave utensils of bronze.

Then, there were the English cave discoveries, about the middle of the Nineteenth Century, when England was pronounced the cradle of the human race; and following this period came the discovery of some seventeen human skeletons in a cave near Aurignac, France. These discoveries led to great study along geological lines. In this cave in France was found reindeer horns, sea-shells perforated as though by beads, bones of the rhinoceros, reindeer and other animals. The solid contents of one mound are estimated at twenty million cubic feet, or more than equal in bulk to the great pyramid of Egypt. Burned articles of copper, mica, sea shells from the gulf of Mexico, and obsidian from the Mexican mountains have been found.

The Aztecs, who dwelt in Mexico for untold ages before the Spanish conquest, had a civilization perhaps as old as that of Thebes and temples that rivaled those of Karnac in Egypt. The fabulous history of the Aztecs reaches back thousands of years before the dawn of history. Similarly, the Cliff Dwellings in Arizona and New Mexico point to the extreme antiquity of the aboriginal American. The legendary writings of the Zuni Indians give an account of the universal flood and of the Creation that is unequaled by the literature of the ancients.

There is no agreement among scientists as to the cradle land of the human race. Here again science

is at odds. Those who contend for the multiple origin of mankind assume that each of the four primary divisions of the race,—Ethiopian, Mongolian, Caucasian, and American,—had its Adam and Eve. The original home of mankind has been variously located in southwestern Asia, Africa, India, China, east Java, and England. Until quite recent years, the oldest remains of man were thought to be the mummies found in the Egyptian tombs. But there were discovered in 1892, in the late Pliocene deposits of the Silo River in Java, the bones of a human race that are thought to be the oldest remains of man. The cranium of the man of this race would indicate that he was little above the orang-outang in intellect.

Professor Cole comes largely to the same thought as that of the geological thinkers by way of astronomy. He says, in effect, that the poles of the earth move in a circle. In about twenty thousand years the North Pole will return and point to the same pole-star. The Southern Hemisphere is in the middle of its ice age now, having about fifty times the ice of the Northern Hemisphere. Toward the end of this glacial period at the beginning of the present age, summer, as the great weight of the ice-cap was removed, there was a shift of the earth's strata, which forms the floor of the northern zones with tidal waves and tremendous downpour from the heavens, changes, which are in accord with the common tradition of a flood. If the astronomical explanation is correct, we have a measure of later geological time and know the period of the various ice ages of the planet.

What a wonderful preparation has been made for man! How God has moved to make all things for man's enjoyment and success! From the ice ages down

through time the needs of the race have been met. For instance, the human race needs salt; and salt abounds in plenty. Then, the hills of God are filled with iron, copper, and gold and silver. Science now produces aluminum from the earth, and they claim that something like eight to ten per cent of the earth's surface is aluminum; and it has been stated that the wonderful durability of some brick is due to the fact that thirty-three per cent of some clays is aluminum.

In Egypt too, there were discoveries. Pottery has been found in the alluvium, thirty feet below the base of the statue of King Rameses,—in the valley of the Nile,—which is sunk nine feet, four inches below the surface. Geologists contend that this alluvium accumulated at the slow rate of three and one-half inches during each century, and that the bones buried at the depth of thirty feet must have lain there at least 11,600 years before Christ.

Then, in the shallow parts of many Swiss lakes have been found ancient wooden piles, which are thought to have supported villages. Since implements of stone have been dredged up from the sand and mud into which these piles were driven, the assumption is raised that these piles, with their theoretical villages of wooden houses, belong to the Stone Age. Indeed, the historian, Herodotus, tells us of a Thracian tribe that dwelt five hundred and twenty years before Christ in what is now Ramillies, whose habitations were built on platforms raised above the lake and resting on piles, the platforms being connected with the shore by narrow causeways. The Swiss geologists have dug into the internal structure of the deltas of the Tiniers, a torrent that flows into the lake of Geneva. Three layers of vegetable soil were cut through. The first, having an average thick-

ness of five inches, contained Roman tiles and coins and is said to belong to the Roman period, representing an antiquity of sixteen to seventeen centuries. The second layer, six inches thick and lying at a depth of ten feet, contained unvarnished pottery and a pair of bronze tweezers, indicating the Bronze Age. The third layer, six inches thick and nineteen feet deep, contained rude pottery, pieces of charcoal, broken bones and a human skeleton. An age of five to seven thousand years is accorded this.

Now, so far as the evidence of antediluvian life has been disclosed, they do not indicate an antiquity of man on the western hemisphere at all comparable to that indicated by trustworthy observations in Europe and Asia. According to geologists, however, there is a strong presumption that mankind existed in North America prior to the last glacial age, that is to say ten to eighty thousand years ago. Indeed, the preacher held in his hands a shell which he declared was reputed to be not less than ten thousand years old; and this shell was picked up not over fifty miles north of Kansas' southern line in the eastern part of the state. In the gravel deposits at Trenton, New Jersey, which are conceded to be of glacial origin, supposedly paleolithic implements have been discovered in the undisturbed strata deep below the surface.

Then, the mounds found in the basin of the Mississippi River, and especially in the valleys of the Ohio and its tributaries, indicate an unknown antiquity. Some have served for temples; others for outlook and defense; and yet others for burial. Judging by the forms of the skulls that have been recovered, the unknown people by whom these mounds were constructed were of Toltec or Mexican race.

Then steam was harnessed, and electricity used for the service of man. We have the telegraph, and the telephone is beginning to be used in larger ways than ever dreamed of, while the talking machine is a novelty at this time, which bids to reveal wonderful progress through the years to come. Underneath the surface of this town and this domain is the oil which through centuries has been preparing for man and his use. Wonderful, is it not?

I tell you the soul that discovers no strip of beauty, no stretch of loveliness, no glint and no gleam in the world's dusty everydayness, is being ingloriously defrauded of one of the highest and holiest privileges of life. Listen to the Master as he says: "Go ye and learn what this meaneth." The world is full of wonder, full of love, full of beauty. Here a bird wings and sings; yonder a star shines and wheels. Here a lily holds the kisses of dewdrops in its unspoiled whiteness; yonder the sun shines upon the evil and the good. Seeing this wonderful beauty, be thou clean-hearted, clean-handed, and clean-tongued, and you shall see God."

Mary, I left that church with a new sense of God's greatness and a new reverence for what he hath wrought. And when I think of the time when the Silurian beach was the only land above water in the area of the United States and Canada,—stretching from Maine in a long beach across east and west to Montana; south and north, a great waste of water; deep bays and great gulfs in the ocean beds; one of the deepest where Kentucky and West Virginia join; a hump in the sea bed south of Cincinnati; and another great depression in Missouri, Kansas, and the Indian Territory; it awes me and I feel like falling on the ground

before His Majesty and expressing my humbleness in being allowed to even drill for the oil which all these periods was forming.

At some future time, perhaps, I will be able to write you more fully about the evolution of oil. Let this letter be a basis of future information along this line.

Surely, we discover, if we listen reverently and attentively to Christ's voice, that mercy is greater than sacrifice; that truth is more wonderful than fiction; that the reality surpasses the dream; that goodness is vastly superior to greatness and that *Love* will outshine brilliancy in the Day of Days.

Dear Mary, if this letter is too long or too dry, just say so, and I will not burden you again in this manner; but if you enjoy it, I will be glad to send more, which will deal with other wonderful and interesting topics, which appeal to me every day out here in this great country, which is so new and raw.

My love for you grows warmer each day; and while the day of our meeting to part no more cannot be foretold, I take courage in your trust and faith in me.

Affectionately,

BILLY.

CHAPTER IX

A COMPANY IS ORGANIZED

NEARLY two years had elapsed since Billy arrived in Bartlesville to enter the "Oil Game" in the new field.

His hardships and inability to operate leases, because of the Rules and Regulations with regard to such operation, had made him a cautious and painstaking oil man. His experiences had made him really invaluable to the local operators; and his friends felt that he was the type of man much needed in the field.

Somewhat discouraged, Billy went to Independence, Kansas, to consult with his Uncle John's friend, B. L. Stone.

To Mr. Stone he told his story, describing the location of his leases and making it clear that he had lost nearly all his money, having on hand only eight hundred dollars, which amount he needed for personal expenses and board.

After considerable discussion and a careful survey of all the facts in the case, Mr. Stone said:

"William, my judgment is that you have filed on some very important leases. If your leases should be approved by the Department, you will then be in a position to make considerable money. Now, if I were you, I would endeavor to interest Eastern capital and form a company, of which you will be an officer, putting in your tools and machinery, your leases and your ex-

perience and general knowledge of the Territory as your share, holding a sufficient number of shares of stock in the company to amply protect you for all your time, labor, and money already expended."

After a considerable discussion of ways and means in the formation of a company, Billy returned to Bartlesville and proceeded to the organization of a company.

First,—he wrote to Mary, telling her frankly of his troubles; and, with the new enthusiasm which he had received from Mr. Stone, he wrote in glowing terms of the company about to be organized; and concluded the letter with renewed expression of joy that, though they had been separated now nearly two years, the prospects were good that their wedding might take place the following winter.

After this letter was sealed and laid aside, Billy wrote the following letter to Mr. George C. White, a man of "means," who lived in Bradford and had known him all his life.

BARTLESVILLE, INDIAN TERRITORY,
JUNE 25, 1906.

MR. GEORGE C. WHITE,
BRADFORD, PENNSYLVANIA.

MY DEAR MR. WHITE:

As you are aware, I came to this field for the purpose of engaging in the producing business. Past experience has given me a general idea of how to succeed in this, my chosen occupation, provided oil leases that promised to be productive could be secured. I came to conquer; and I am conquered,—that is, I came with experience, a moderate amount of money, and, you will

grant, health, strength, and energy. I found conditions here somewhat disconcerting by reason of the Government attempting regulations of the oil business within the Indian Territory Field. I had faith that this Government, of which you and I are a part, would, in some way, bring about modifications of Rules and Regulations which would permit me to do business; and, under that faith, inspired by native patriotism, I selected a body of leases, sufficient in number to seemingly insure success in the development of some one or more of them.

I will not go into details of how the Government has continued to issue new Rules and Regulations that have forced me to lose every dollar invested without any fault of my own. The leases taken are very promising, but the last Rule and Regulation requires that I shall put in the bank five thousand dollars for each of the ten leases taken, and that each unit of five thousand dollars must remain in the bank to be spent on the individual lease. In addition to this, a bond must be given to insure compliance with these Rules and Regulations. There is an effort being made to have this rule rescinded by reason of its very unreasonableness; but, as each change has been more exacting, there may only be, if rescinded, some other equally harsh regulation issued in its place.

The theory of the Government is based upon their custom to deal with men or corporations of wealth to bid for government work, wherein large sums of money are required to qualify the bidding. They do not seem to comprehend the oil business, or have confidence in men of limited financial ability. If I had a hundred thousand, I would feel perfectly secure in my undertaking. You understand my financial standing. This

is not the poor man's Mecca, but the rich man's opportunity to become richer.

Besides this being a most promising oil field, at this present time, they are apparently opening up a field in Illinois which sounds attractive to me. There we can do business as is the custom of business men.

I feel that it is safe for any whom I influence to join me in this enterprise to develop leases here or in Illinois, if that field proves more attractive. My reason for this opinion is that with a sufficient additional capital put in and subscribed we can take the position of the man with money and overcome the difficulties, which, as an individual, I am unable to cope with.

Now to the subject matter of this letter.

I desire to organize a company of sufficient capital to accomplish the purposes referred to. You and I have mutual acquaintances whom I believe would have confidence in our judgments and will join us in this enterprise, if properly presented. I suggest we organize a company with one hundred thousand dollars, capital; that I be permitted to subscribe for twenty-five thousand, putting in, to apply on the same, my tools and such money as I can raise; and that the company, by reason of the situation, will take my notes for the unpaid portion of my subscription, to be paid out of my share of its profits; and that you get others to join you in taking seventy-five thousand dollars of the stock and paying the money in as fast as it's needed for the expenses of developing the business.

Without going into further detail, I will await with interest your reply to this proposition, which I trust will prove attractive to you.

Most sincerely,

BILLY OWEN.

BRADFORD, PENNSYLVANIA,

JULY 6, 1906.

MR. WM. OWEN,

BARTLESVILLE, INDIAN TERRITORY.

MY DEAR BILLY:

Your letter came at an opportune time. I find a good number of people are anxious to invest in the Indian Territory Field but are puzzled as to how to do so, by reason of the facts that you have stated. We all have confidence in you. You have met the conditions and frankly stated why you have not succeeded. Your failure, in dollars and cents, has paid you back in experience, provided you can secure a combination strong enough to overcome the difficulties. I have already consulted with several; and I find that Mr. Chas. DeHart, S. P. Mundy, Geo. R. Davis, Louis O. Rogers, Samuel P. Baker, and Frederick R. Lane will put in ten thousand each and I will take the remaining fifteen thousand, which leaves twenty-five thousand for you under the conditions mentioned, which seemed to all acceptable.

To save time, I would suggest that we organize the company here, and file the proper papers for doing business in Indian Territory. There are others who would join if it would seem wise to increase the amount of capital stock; but I have only visited those who have known your father and you and made sufficient money in this field so that they understand perfectly what an oil investment is.

Trusting that I have proceeded along the lines you desire, I am,

Most cordially, your friend,

GEORGE C. WHITE.

A COMPANY IS ORGANIZED

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BARTLESVILLE, INDIAN TERRITORY,

JULY 18, 1906.

MR. GEORGE C. WHITE,

BRADFORD, PENNSYLVANIA.

MY DEAR GEORGE:

Your favor of the sixth gives me great pleasure. While I had hoped to get into business for myself, and, in this respect, follow the example set by my father, I found obstacles which I could not overcome. I find that in this field, more than in any other I have known before, others have been induced to follow the course that we are proposing now; and, very generally, business is being conducted by corporations instead of individuals. At this time, perhaps, I should make clear to you and our Associates the nature of the Rules and Regulations which I have seen fit to criticize because it hardly becomes one in my position to criticize our friends at Washington and I would not do so except that I think that it is wise for the universal mind of the oil producing fraternity to seek to right the wrongs that confront us, that our patriotism may not be dimmed through ignorance of men who seem to think an officer in Government service is not a servant of the people.

That I may not be open to the charge of being conceited in my judgment, I am going to quote from a communication submitted to the President of an eminent committee representing the Mid-Continent Producers' Association. I will send you a copy of this communication. I assume that you will read it at your leisure. This letter will be sufficient to be read at a meeting of our Associates. The letter is dated at Washington, D. C., June 19, 1906, and I will brief it as follows:

TO THE PRESIDENT:

SIR:

The law authorizes an Indian allottee to lease his allotment for oil and gas mining purposes, such lease, however, not to be valid until approved by the Secretary of the Interior.

On March 20th, 1905, the Secretary of the Interior issued regulations prescribing the form and conditions of the leases. A bond is required, obligating lessee to comply with every condition of said lease.

Under the reasonable belief that leases would be approved upon compliance with such regulations, leases were taken of a greater portion of the lands in the oil district of the Cherokee and Creek Nations. Large sums of money were expended in securing these leases.

On May 22, 1906, the Secretary of the Interior issued new regulations reading into leases already taken most arbitrary conditions ("Form B" and "Form C"), providing that if, at any time, the Secretary of the Interior is satisfied that the provisions of any lease, or that any of the regulations heretofore, or that may hereafter be prescribed, have been violated, he shall have the authority, after ten days from notice to the parties, "TO CANCEL AND ANNUL SUCH LEASES WITHOUT RESORTING TO THE COURTS AND WITHOUT FURTHER PROCEEDINGS; AND THE LESSOR SHALL BE ENTITLED TO IMMEDIATE POSSESSION OF THE LAND."

This provision authorizes an arbitrary cancellation of the lease, the confiscation of the lessee's property, *without any process of law*.

To the man who, relying on the regulations of March 2nd, 1905, spent his money in good faith, is really said: "To secure the approval of your lease, you must give the Secretary the right of forfeit same at will. If you do not agree, your lease will not be approved. You will lose your leases and the money you have paid for them. Surely, such demand cannot be justified."

The holding by an individual of one share of the capital stock of a corporation which has leases aggregating forty-eight hundred acres would absolutely preclude the taking of any further leases in the name of the individual, or the holding of stock in another corporation engaged in the oil business.

We, the committee, further request the elimination from the regulations and lease form of all provisions prohibiting the assignment, transfer, and sublease be made to any person or corporation that has approved leases of lands aggregating forty-eight hundred acres.

The right to sell or assign a lease, or interest therein, is needed by a small operator. The development of the lease and the preser-

vation of the oil require the expenditure of large sums of money. The producers with small capital must borrow this money or else dispose of an interest in his share. To do either, he must have the right to assign.

A rich corporation or individual can easily comply, but it shuts out the man of small means.

Without further argument from myself, I think this fully substantiates my criticisms of the officials as well as explains why I was innocently led into the loss of what, to me, is a large sum of money; and it excuses me for feeling a keen sense of the injustice of the situation. I assume that any of your associates can secure a copy of the lease forms through the Department of the Interior and also the copy of "Form A," "Form B," and "Form C."

On June 7th, a petition was circulated, addressed to the Honorable Secretary of the Interior and signed largely by producers of this field, which covers practically the points that were rewritten in Washington in the communication to the President. I also inclose you a copy of this petition.

Previous to this time, another petition was addressed to the Secretary of the Interior, setting forth that in the Eastern oil fields, "More than seven millions of dollars' worth of oil annually, or twenty-five thousand barrels daily, is turned over to the lessors as a royalty; and this vast income is invariably received without a dollar's risk or expenditure on their part."

Now you understand, of course, that the lease developer is not in the Territory with any design of speculation, but to pursue his vocation in a legitimate manner according to his previous customs and refers with pride to what he has already accomplished.

The petition herein referred to was presented to the

President at a personal interview with him; and was referred by him to his Secretary of the Interior.

The Secretary had previously rejected a modified lease, which had been approved by his first assistant, who was a man of sound judgment.

The result of these and other efforts only seemed to cause the head of the Interior Department to persist in his seeming purpose of not changing his methods of dealing with the oil man.

Perhaps I should make no further explanation as to what led up to my loss in this field, but, naturally, I am anxious, as far as possible, to defend my supposed reputation for conservatism.

Kindly consult with our associates and send me suggestions as to the officers who will be elected by the Board to more directly manage this business for them; and please forward your ideas as to the name for our corporation. I naturally assume, with our limited number of stockholders, that each stockholder will be a member of the Board of Directors.

Cordially yours,

WILLIAM OWEN.

BRADFORD, PENNSYLVANIA,

JULY 25, 1906.

MR. WILLIAM OWEN,

BARTLESVILLE, INDIAN TERRITORY.

MY DEAR BILLY:

We have carefully gone over the subject matter of your last letter and think we understand the situation quite thoroughly. What we did not clearly comprehend before you made quite plain. We are glad you restate

your confidence in the field and we are willing to permit you to work out the problems.

Instead of asking for your approval of your various questions taken up and disposed of in our conference, we assume that they will be satisfactory to you, and if not satisfactory, kindly wire us at once such changes as you desire to suggest.

First, the name of the Company:

We decided upon "The Pit Oil Company," taking the first letters of Pennsylvania, Indian and Territory, "Pit"; the Board of Directors to consist of the stockholders, as had been heretofore decided upon; the officers to be yourself, as President, S. P. Mundy as Vice-President, and they have honored me as Secretary and Treasurer.

Not hearing from you upon arrival of this letter, we will proceed to have the papers fully completed and filed, proper certificates made for filing in Indian Territory and Illinois, that you be free to do business in those two fields.

For the present, until the business reaches magnitude as makes it undesirable to have a bookkeeper in the field, I will have the books kept in my office here in Bradford.

We will forward you sufficient money from time to time for your use; and as you check these moneys, kindly send vouchers at stated periods and requests for funds as required; and, also all papers that need to be signed by the Secretary. The By-Laws will authorize doing business under the above regulations.

Trusting that our action will meet with your approval, I am,

Cordially yours,

GEORGE C. WHITE.

BARTLESVILLE, INDIAN TERRITORY,
AUGUST 2, 1906.

MR. GEORGE C. WHITE,
BRADFORD, PENNSYLVANIA.

MY DEAR GEORGE:

Thank you and Board for the prompt, businesslike manner in which you have proceeded. Your actions are in accord with my views.

Am pleased to report that the regulations of the Secretary of the Interior requiring five thousand dollars to be deposited with each lease filed for consideration, together with a certificate of the banker with whom the money is deposited that it was held by him for the purpose of being used on that individual lease, etc., has been rescinded. The proposition was so drastic, that, at least in one action, the producers have caused a reconsideration.

Inasmuch as our money will not be dissipated in accordance with the above requirements, I deemed it wise to start over again and try and forget that I lost the original leases and the money put into them, as well as my time, by reason of the very unjust regulation named.

I will proceed to take about ten leases and file them for the consideration of the department with the necessary bond. I will state here that we now have only to put up a bond for fifteen thousand dollars instead of an individual bond for each lease. It will probably take about a year to get these leases approved, as the "mills grind slowly" in the department.

The reports from Illinois continue to be favorable to that field; therefore, as soon as the above leases are filed, I will go to Illinois and it is possible that we can build up a fair production there; I will hope to

make some money before the approval of the leases here, which will need to be drilled probably about fifteen months hence. It would be a great hardship to be waiting here at expense for that length of time; and in Illinois we can do business as has been the established custom from the beginning of the industry; and I hope will always be the custom in every other field hereafter.

Unless I hear from you to the contrary, I will proceed to carry out the above policy and report from time to time. In the meantime, kindly send me a draft for five thousand dollars for present use.

Cordially yours,

WILLIAM OWEN.

CHAPTER X

HABITS AND CUSTOMS OF THE INDIANS

BARTLESVILLE, INDIAN TERRITORY,
AUGUST 10, 1906.

DEAR MARY:

Your letters and cards cheer me greatly. Such faith and confidence as you manifest toward me is most wonderful. My "ups and downs" have been fast and furious. The past three years seem like a hundred. However, at last, after two months of hard work the "Pit Oil Company," with yours truly as president, is actually in the field of operation.

I am sure that you have forgiven me my short letters during these busy weeks and, as I promised you some months ago, I will now endeavor to review the Indian situation as I find it and as I have studied it. For much of what I here write you, I am indebted to the Bureau of American Ethnology.

As perhaps you already know, Indian affairs are conducted under the Administrative Bureau in Washington by local Indian Agents. This agency system was gradually developed to meet the various exigencies arising from the rapid displacement of Indian tribes by white settlers.

During the colonial period the spread of trade brought a large number of tribes in contact with the French and the English, and each nation strove to make allies among the natives. Their rivalry led to the

French and Indian War and its effects were felt as late as the first half of the Nineteenth Century. When the Revolution began the attitude of the Indians became a matter of importance, and plans were speedily devised to secure their friendship for the colonist and to thwart English influence. One of the means employed was the appointment of agents to reside among the tribes living near the settlements. These men were charged to watch the movements of the Indians and, through the maintenance of trade, to secure their good will toward the colonists. As the war went on, the western trading posts of the British became military camps, which drew the colonial troops into a hitherto unknown country. Conditions arose which necessitated new methods for the control of Indians, and in 1786 Congress, to which the Articles of Confederation gave exclusive right and power to manage Indian affairs, established two districts,—a northern district, to include all tribes north of the Ohio River and west of the Hudson River and a southern district to include all tribes south of the Ohio River. A bonded superintendent was placed over each and power was given to him to appoint two bonded deputies. Every tribe within these districts laid claim to a definite tract as its own territory and these tribal districts came to be recognized as tribal lands. The old trading posts became in time industrial centers and the Indians were called on to cede the adjoining lands.

The right of way from one post to another was next acquired. As settlers advanced more land was secured and so rapidly were the tribes constrained to move westward that it became necessary to recast the districts established in 1786. The plan of districting the country under bonded officers was continued, but on

a new basis,—that of tribal holdings, or, as they came to be called, reservations, which were grouped geographically into superintendencies, each presided over by a bonded superintendent, who was directly responsible to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs at Washington. The reservations were in charge of bonded agents, who reported to the district superintendents. This plan continued in force until about the middle of the Nineteenth Century, when the office of superintendent was abolished and agents became directly responsible to the Commissioner. For more than eighty years the office of agent had been almost exclusively filled by civilians. The powers of the agents had expanded until both life and property were subject to their dictum. While many men filled the difficult position with honor and labored unselfishly for the welfare of the Indians, others abused their trust and brought discredit upon the service.

President Grant, in 1868-69, sought to remedy this evil by the appointment of army officers as Indian agents, but Congress in 1870 prohibited "the employment of army officers in any civil capacity." The President then appealed to the religious denominations to suggest candidates for Indian agencies, and, to facilitate this arrangement, the reservations were apportioned among the various denominations. The plan led to the amelioration of the service through the concentration of the attention of religious bodies upon particular tribes, thus awakening an intelligent interest in their welfare.

About this time commissioners were appointed to visit and report on the various tribes; and in this way many facts and conditions, hitherto unknown, were brought to the knowledge of the Government authori-

ties and the public. As a result, new forces were evoked in behalf of the natives. Industrial schools were multiplied, both on and off the reservations; Indians became agency employees; lands were allotted in severalty; and, through citizenship, legal rights were secured. These radical changes, brought about within the two decades following 1873, led up to the act of March 3, 1893, which permits the abolishment of agencies where conditions are suitable, giving to the bonded superintendent of the reservation school the power to act as agent in the transaction of business between the United States Government and the tribe.

The adoption of the Constitution in 1789 brought about changes in the administrations of Indian affairs at Washington. On the organization of the War Department, the management of the Indians passed from a standing committee of Congress to the Secretary of War. By the act of March 1, 1793, the President was authorized to appoint "temporary agents to reside among the Indians." The act of April 16, 1818, inaugurated the present policy; the President nominates and the Senate approves the appointment of all Indian agents. The office of Indian Commissioner was created by the act of Congress of July 9, 1832; and by an act of June 30, 1834, the office of Indian Affairs was transferred from the War Department to the Department of the Interior, where it still remains.

An opinion long prevailed in the minds of the people that the Indians north of Mexico were,—previous to and at the time Europeans began to settle that part of the continent,—virtually nomads, having no fixed abodes, and, hence, practicing agriculture to a very limited extent. Why this opinion has been entertained by the masses, who have learned it from tales and tradi-

tions of Indian life and warfare as they have been since the establishment of European colonies, can be readily understood, but why writers who have had access to the older records should thus speak of them is not easily explained when these records, speaking of the temperate regions, almost without exception notice the fact that the Indians were generally found from the border of the western plains to the Atlantic, dwelling in settled villages and cultivating the soil. De Soto found all the tribes, visited from the Florida peninsula to the western part of Arkansas, cultivating maize and various other food plants.


The salaries of Indian agents range from one thousand dollars to three thousand per annum. The employees under the agent are clerk, interpreters, police, farmers, carpenter, blacksmiths, laborers, watchmen, engineers, and physicians, besides the school employees. A large proportion of these employees are provided in accordance with treaty stipulations. The salaries range from two to twelve hundred dollars per annum.

To the aboriginal inhabitant of this continent civilization entails the overturning of his ancient form of government, the abolition of many of his social usages, the readjustment of his ideas of property and personal rights, and change of occupation. No community of natives was devoid of a social organization and a form of government. These varied; some tribes being much more highly organized than others, but all possessed rules of conduct which must be obeyed, else punishment would follow. Native organization was based on kinship, which carried with it the obligation of mutual protection. The tribe, wherever it chanced to be,—whether resting at home in the village, wandering on the plains in pursuit of game, or scattered in quest of

fish on the rivers or sea,—always preserved its organization and authority intact, whereas the organization which civilization imposed on the native is based on locality, those living within certain limits being, regardless of relationship, subject to common laws and having equal responsibilities; mere kinship warrants no claim, and the family is differently constituted. In the tribal family husband and wife very often must belong to different units. According to the custom of the particular tribe the children trace descent through their father, and belong to his gens, or through their mother and are members of her clan. Modern civilization demands the abrogation of the clan or gens, and children must inherit from both parents and be subject to their authority, not that of clan or gens.

Most of the common occupations of tribal life are wiped out by civilization. Intertribal wars have ceased, and war honors are no longer possible; the herds of buffalo and other animals are gone, and with them the hunter and the makers of bows, arrows, spears, and other implements of the chase. The results of generations of training are of little avail to the civilized male Indian.

Under tribal conditions, woman held, in many cases, a place in the management of tribal affairs. Upon her devolved partly the cultivation of the fields, the dressing of skins, the making of clothing, the production of pottery and baskets, the preparing of food, and all that went to conserve the home. Civilization puts an end to her outdoor work and consigns her to the kitchen and the washtub, while the white man's factories supply cloth, clothing, pots, pans, and baskets; for none of the native industries can survive in competition with machinery. Woman, moreover, loses her importance in



public affairs and the independent ownership of property that was her right by tribal law.

No group of peoples on the continent was destitute of religious beliefs based on the idea that man, in common with all created things, was endowed with life by some power that pervaded the universe. The methods of appealing to this power varied with the environment of the peoples, but the incentive was the desire for food, health, and long life, while the rites and ceremonies inculcated certain ethical relations between man and man. As among all races, priestcraft overlaid many of the higher thoughts and teachings of native religion and led to unworthy practices. Nevertheless, the breaking down of the ancient forms of worship by the many changes and restrictions incident to the settlement of the country has caused the natives much distress and mental confusion. It is not surprising that it has been a slow and difficult process for the aborigines to accept and conform to such radical changes of organization, customs, and beliefs as are required by civilization. Yet, many have done so, showing a grasp of mind, a power to apprehend the value of new ideals, and willingness to accept the inevitable, and evincing a degree of courage, self-restraint, and strength of character that cannot fail to win the admiration of thinking men. The younger generation, born under the new conditions, is spared the abrupt change through which their fathers had to struggle. Wherever the environment permits, the employments of the white race are now those of the Indian. In one branch, the Eskimo, change has come through the introduction of the reindeer. Already the Indian is to be found tilling his farm, plying the trades, employed on the railroads, working in mines and logging camps,

and holding positions of trust in banks and mercantile houses. Indians, of pure race or mixed blood, are practicing as lawyers, physicians, and clergymen; they have made their way in literature and art, and are serving the public in national and state offices, from that of road master to that of legislator. The school, the missionary, and the altered conditions of life are slowly but surely changing the Indian's mode of thought, as well as his mode of living, and the old life of his tribe and the race is becoming more and more a memory and tradition.

The aborigines of North America had their own systems of education, through which the young were instructed in their coming labor and obligations, embracing not only the whole round of economic pursuits,—hunting, fishing, handicraft, agriculture, and household work,—but speech, fine art, customs, etiquette, social obligations, and the tribal lore. By unconscious absorption and constant inculcation the boy and girl became the accomplished man and woman. Motives of pride or shame, the stimulus of flattery or disparagement, wrought constantly upon the child, male or female, who was the charge, not of the parents and grandparents alone but of the whole tribe. The Iroquois are particularly attentive to the education of the young people for the future government of the state, and for this purpose admit a boy, generally the nephew of the principal chief, to the council and solemn feast following it.

The Eskimos were most careful in teaching their girls and boys, setting them difficult problems in canoeing, sledding, and hunting, showing them how to solve them, and asking boys how they would meet a given emergency. Everywhere there was the closest associa-

tion, for education, of parents with children, who learned the names and uses of things in nature. At a tender age, they played a serious business, girls attending household duties, boys following men's pursuits. Children were furnished with appropriate toys; they became little basket makers, weavers, potters, water carriers, cooks, archers, stone workers, watchers of crops and flocks; the range of instruction being limited only by tribal custom. Personal responsibilities were laid on them and they were stimulated by the tribal law of personal property which was inviolable. Among the Pueblos cult images, and paraphernalia were their playthings, and they early joined the fraternities, looking forward to social duties and initiation. The Apache boy had for pedagogues his father and grandfather, who began early to teach him counting, to run on level ground, then up and down hill, to break branches from trees, to jump into cold water, and to race, the whole training tending to make him skillful, strong, and fearless. The girl was trained in part by her mother, but chiefly by the grandmother, the discipline beginning as soon as the child could control her movements, but never becoming regular or severe. It consisted in rising early, carrying water, helping about the home, cooking, and minding children. At six the little girl took her first lessons in basketry with yucca leaves. Later on decorated baskets, saddlebags, bead-work, and dress were her care.

On the coming of the whites, a new era of secular education, designed and undesigned, began. All the natives, young and old, were pupils, and all the whites who came in contact with them were instructors, whether purposely or through the influence of their example and patronage. The undesigned instruction can-

not be measured, but its effect was profound. The Indian passed at once into the iron age; the stone period, except in ceremony, was moribund. So radical was the change in the eastern tribes that it is difficult now to illustrate their true life in museum collections.

An account of the designed instruction would embrace all attempts to change manners, customs, and motives to teach reading and writing in the foreign tongue to acquaint the Indians with new arts and industries, and to impress or force upon them the social organization of their conquerors. The history of this systematic instruction divides itself into the period of (1) discovery and exploration, (2) colonization and settlement, (3) Colonial and Revolutionary times, (4) the growth of the national policy, and (5) the present system.

Parts of the area here considered were discovered and explored by several European nations at dates wide apart. All of them aroused the same wonder at first view, traded their manufactures for Indian products, smoked the pipe of peace, and opened friendly relations. The Norwegians began their acculturation of Greenland in the year 1000. The Spanish pioneers were Ponce de Leon, Narvaez, Cabeza de Vaca, Marcos de Niza, De Soto, Coronado, Cabrillo, and many others. The French appeared in Canada and in the Mississippi valley and were followed by the English in Virginia and New England, the Dutch in New York, the Swedes in New Jersey, the Quakers in Pennsylvania, and the Russians in Alaska. Instruction, designed and undesigned, immediately ensued, teaching the Indians many foreign industrial processes, the bettering of their own, and the adoption of firearms, and metal tools and utensils. Domestic animals (horses, donkeys, cattle, sheep,

goats, poultry) and many vegetables found congenial environment. It was thought these and other practical lessons that the missionaries came to Christianize young Indians and bestow on them an education were more successful instructors than they knew. By the subtle process of suggestion, the inevitable action of mind upon mind, the Indians received incalculable training in all arts and the fashion of living. Failure to accomplish the most cherished object of the missionaries grew out of the great distance which separated the two races and of the contrary influences of many of the whites who were first on the spot, not from lack of zeal or ability.

The Roman Catholic clergy were at first the most efficient agents of direct instruction; besides carrying on their proper missionary work, they exerted themselves to mitigate the harsh treatment visited on the Indian. In the Sixteenth Century the expedition of Narvaez to Florida was accompanied by Franciscans under Padre Juan Juarez; and the appearance of Cabeza de Vaca in Mexico prompted Fray Marcos de Niza's journey to the north as far as Zuni, and of the expedition of Coronado, who left Fray Juan de Padilla and lay brother in Quivira on the Kansas plains as well as a friar and lay brother at Tiguex and Pecos, respectively, all designed to be killed by the natives. The subsequent history of the Southwest records a series of disasters to the immediate undertakings, but permanent success in practical education.

In 1567 the agricultural education of the Indian was tried in Florida by the Jesuit Fray Rogel, who selected lands, procured agricultural implements, and built commodious houses.

Early in the Seventeenth Century Franciscan mis-

sions were established among the Apalaches and neighboring tribes, afterward to be abandoned, but forming the first link in the chain of causes which have brought these Indians through their minority under guardianship to mature self-dependence. Concentration for practical instruction was established in California by the Franciscans. The results achieved by the missions in the Southwest were chiefly practical and social. Domestic animals, with the art of domestication and industries depending on their products were permanently acquired. Foreign plants, including wheat, peaches, and grapes, were introduced; gunpowder was adopted in place of the bow, and new practices, good and bad, came into vogue. The early French missions in North America were among (1) the Abnaki in Maine, (2) the Huron in Ontario, Michigan, and Ohio, (3) the Iroquois in New York, (4) the Ottawa in Wisconsin and Michigan, (5) the Illinois in the Middle West, and (6) the tribes of Louisiana. Bishop Laval founded a school at Quebec for French and Indian youth; Father de Smet planted the first Catholic mission among the Salish tribes; and Canadian priests visited the natives on Puget Sound and along on the coast of Washington.

One of the objects in colonizing Virginia, mentioned in the charter of 1606 and repeated in that of 1621, was to bring the infidels and savages to human civility and a settled and quiet government. Henrico College was founded in 1618. The council of Jamestown in 1619 voted to educate Indian children in religion, a civil course in life, and in some useful trade. George Thorpe, superintendent of education at Henrico, gave a cheering account of his labor in 1621. Many youths were taken to England to be educated. William and Mary College was founded in 1691, and special provi-

sions were made in the charter of Virginia for the instruction of Indians. Brasserton Manor was purchased through the charity of Robert Boyle, the yearly rents and profits being devoted to a boarding-school foundation in William and Mary College. In Maryland no schools were founded, but the settlers and Indians exchanged knowledge of a practical kind. The interesting chapter of Indian education in New England includes, during the Seventeenth Century, the offering of their children for instruction; the translation of the Bible (1646-90) into their language, by Eliot; the founding of Natick; the appointment of a superintendent of Indians (Daniel Gookin, 1658-86), and the provision for Indian youth in Harvard. The spirit and methods of instruction in the Eighteenth Century are revealed in the adoption of Indian children by the colonist, the founding of Moor's Charity School, Bishop Berkeley's gift to Yale, the labors of Eleazer Wheelock (1729), and the founding of Dartmouth College in 1754. In New York and other Northern States large sums of money were appropriated for the instruction of Indians and in Princeton College special provisions were made for their education.

After the establishment of the United States Government, the following Christian bodies either instituted secular day- and boarding-schools among the Indians or continued those already in existence; and these schools have borne a large part in Indian education: Roman Catholic and Moravians, from colonial times; Friends (Orthodox), 1795; Baptist, 1807; American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, 1810; Episcopal, 1816; Methodist Episcopal, 1816; Presbyterian (North), 1833; Old School Presbyterian, 1837; Methodist Episcopal (South), 1844; Congregational

American Missionary Association, 1846; Reform Dutch, 1857; Presbyterian (South), 1857; Friends (Hicksite), 1869; United Presbyterian, 1869; Unitarian, 1886; Miss Alice C. Fletcher affirms that the missionary labors among the Indians have been as largely educational as religious. Until 1870 all Government aid for this object passed through the hands of the missionaries.

On July 12, 1775, a committee on Indian affairs was appointed in the Continental Congress, with General Schuyler as chairman, and in the following year a standing committee was created. Money was voted to support Indian students at Dartmouth and Princeton Colleges. After the War Department was created, in 1789, Indian affairs were left in the hands of its Secretary until 1849, when the Department of the Interior was established and the Indian bureau was transferred thereto. General Knox, Washington's Secretary of War, urged industrial education and the President was of the same mind. In his message of 1801, President Adams noted the success of continued efforts to introduce among the Indians the implements and practices of husbandry and household arts.

The first petition of an Indian for school among his tribes was made by David Folsom, a Choctaw, in 1816. The Ottawa, in their treaty (1817) and in their address to President Monroe (1822) stipulated for industrial and literary education. In 1819 a first appropriation of ten thousand dollars was made by Congress for Indian education, the superintendents and agents to be nominated by the President. In 1823 there were twenty-one schools receiving Government aid; and the number was increased to thirty-eight in 1825. The first contract school was established on the Tulalip

Reservation, Washington, 1869, but it was not until 1873 that Government schools proper were provided. In the beginning there were only day schools, later boarding school on the reservation, and finally boarding schools remote from them. The training in all these schools was designed to bring the Indians nearer to civilized life with a view of ultimate citizenship by enabling them to assimilate the speech, industrial life, family organization, social manner and customs, civil government, knowledge, modes of thinking, and ethical standards of the whites. The change to agriculture and sedentary industries had a profound effect in developing a sense of continuous responsibility. A school was established at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, in 1879 by Captain R. H. Pratt, U. S. A., for the purpose of educating Indian boys and girls by separating them from their tribal life so as to prepare them to live and labor in contact with white people. To this end they are taught in the school as far as the high school grade and instruction is given in mechanical trades and domestic work. In order to facilitate association with the white population the "outing system" was adopted, by which pupils are permitted to go out during vacations to earn money. Boys and girls are also placed in families where they may work for their board, and perhaps more, and attend school. Thus, the young Indians are trained in home life and associate with white children. Contract schools were abandoned June 30, 1900; the religious societies have since taken care of their own schools, and the appropriation for Indian education is applied under the law entirely to Government schools. About one hundred students receive higher instruction in Hampton Institute. One of the latest experiments is that of Reverend Sheldon Jackson,

in connection with the introduction of domesticated reindeer into Alaska. These are allotted to mission and other schools, and instruction in the care and use of them is a part of the training.

The present scheme of education adopted by the Indian Office is to teach the pupils English, arithmetic, geography, and United States history; and also to train them in farming and the care of stock and in trades, as well as gymnastics. This requires the maintenance of day, boarding, and training schools; 253 now in all, with twenty-three hundred employees, involving an annual expenditure of nearly five million dollars.

Allotment of land has been the means of sending Indian children to district schools with white children. Indian teachers are being employed and parents are coming to be interested.

While on some reservations there are still Indian children who never saw a school, the great mass have ceased to be indifferent. The results of a century's efforts are immeasurable. Indians now take their places beside whites in many of the industrial pursuits and in the higher walks as well. The best evidence that the Indian is capable of civilization is the list of those who have succeeded. The Government has been stimulated, advised, and aided all along by associations of benevolent men and women who have freely given their time and means for the education and uplifting of the Indians, with various motives; some seeking the preservation of tribal life, arts, and customs; some their extinction.

The Indian conceived of the earth as mother, and, as mother she provided food for her children. The words in the various languages which refer to the land as

"mother" were used only in a sacred or religious sense. In this primitive and religious sense land was not regarded as property; it was like the air, it was something necessary to the life of the race, and therefore, not to be appropriated by any individual or group of individuals to the permanent exclusion of all others. Other words referring to the earth as "soil" to be used and cultivated by man, mark a change in the manner of living and the growth of the idea of a secular relation to the earth. Instead of depending on the spontaneous products of the land, the Indian began to sow seeds and to care for the plants. In order to do this he had to remain on the soil he cultivated. Thus, occupancy gradually established a claim or right to possess the tract from which a tribe or an individual derived food. This occupancy was the only land tenure recognized by the Indian; he never of himself reached the conception of land as merchantable, this view having been forced on his acceptance through his relations with the white race. Tecumseh claimed that the Northwest Territory, occupied by allied tribes, belonged to the tribes in common, hence, a sale of land to the whites by one tribe did not convey title unless confirmed by other tribes. Furthermore, among most of the Algonquin tribes, at least according to Dr. William Jones, if land were ceded to the whites, the cession could not be regarded as absolute, *i.e.*, the whites could hold only to a certain depth in the earth such as was needful for sustenance. Each tribe had its village sites and contiguous hunting or fishing grounds; as long as the people lived on these sites and regularly went to their hunting grounds, they could claim them against all intruders. This claim often had to be maintained by battling with tribes less favorably situated. The strug-

gles over right to hunting grounds were the causes of most Indian wars. In some tribes, garden spots were claimed by clans, each family working on its own particular patch. In other tribes the favorable localities were preëmpted by individuals regardless of clan relations. As long as a person planted a certain tract the claim was not disputed, but if its cultivation were neglected any one who chose might take it. Among the Zúñi, according to Cushing, if a man, either before or after marriage, takes up a field of unappropriated land, it belongs strictly to him, but is spoken of as the property of his clan, or on his death it may be cultivated by any member of that clan, though preferably by near relatives, but not by his wife or children, who must be of another clan. Moreover, a man cultivating land at one Zúñi farming settlement of the tribe cannot give even of his own fields to a tribesman belonging to another farming village unless that person should be a member of his clan; nor, can a man living at one village take up land at another without the consent of the body politic of the latter settlement; and no one, whatever his rank, can grant land to any member of another tribe without consent of the Crown and certain other clans.

During the early settlement of the country absolute title was vested in the Crown, by virtue of discovery or conquest, yet the English acknowledged the Indians' right to occupancy, as is shown by the purchase of these rights both by Lord Baltimore in 1635 and by William Penn in 1682, although colonizing under royal grants. The Puritans, however, coming without royal authority, were necessitated to bargain with the Indians. Absolute right to the Indian lands was fully stated in a proclamation by George III in 1763. In

1783 the Colonial Congress forbade private purchase or acceptance of lands from Indians. On the adoption of the Constitution the right of eminent domain became vested with the United States; and Congress alone had the power to extinguish the Indians' right of occupancy. The ordinance of 1787, relative to all territory northwest of the Ohio, made the consent of the Indians requisite to the cession of their lands. Until the passage of the act of March 3, 1871, all cession was by treaty, the United States negotiating with the tribes as with foreign nations. Since then agreements have been less formal, and a recent decision of the United States Supreme Court makes even the agreement, or consent, of the Indians unnecessary. The tribes living in Arizona, California, Nevada, New Mexico, and Utah came under the provisions of the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, most of the Pueblos holding their lands under Spanish grants. All Indian reservations have been established either by treaty or by order of the President, but in both cases the Indians' tenure is that of occupancy only. "They may not cut growing timber, open mines, quarry stone, etc., solely for the purpose of sale or speculation. In short, what a tenant for life may do upon the lands of a remainder-man, the Indian may do upon their reservations, but no more." In a few cases reservations have been patented to tribes, as those of the Five Civilized Tribes, and a limited number of tribes has had their lands apportioned and received patents for individual holdings, yet, no general change in the Indian land tenure took place until the passage of the severalty act in 1887. This act provided for the allotment to each man, woman, and child of a certain portion of the tribal land and the issuance of a patent by which the United States holds the allotment

in trust, free of taxation and encumbrance, for twenty-five years, when the allottee is entitled to a patent in fee simple. On the approval of their allotments by the Secretary of the Interior, the Indians become citizens of the United States and subject to its laws. Seventy-three tribes already hold their lands under this tenure.

When the War Department was created by Congress under the act of August 7, 1789, among the duties assigned to it were those "relative to Indian Affairs." In 1824 a Bureau of Indian Affairs was organized in the War Department, with Thomas L. McKenney as its chief. The place was offered him at a salary of sixteen hundred dollars, but with the assurance that the President would recommend the organization of an "Indian Department," with a salary for its head equal to that paid the auditors. The functions of the bureau were thus defined in the letter of appointment addressed to Colonel McKenney by John C. Calhoun, Secretary of War, dated March 11, 1824:

To you are assigned the duties of the Bureau of Indian Affairs in this Department, for the faithful performance of which you will be responsible. Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Miller are assigned to you, the former as chief, the latter as assistant clerk. You will take charge of the appropriations for the annuities and of current expenses; and all warrants on the same will be issued on your requisitions on the Secretary of War, taking special care that no requisition be issued, but in cases where the money previously remitted has been satisfactorily accounted for; and on estimates in detail, approved by you, for the sum required. You will receive and examine the accounts and vouchers for the expenditure thereof, and will pass them over to the proper auditor's office for settlement, after examination and approval by you; submitting such items for the sanction of this department as may require its approval. The administration of the fund for the civilization of the Indians is also committed to your charge under the regulations established by the department. You are also charged with the examination of the claims arising out of the laws regulating the

intercourse with Indian tribes, and will, after examining and briefing the same, report them to this department, endorsing a recommendation for their allowance or disallowance. The ordinary correspondence with the superintendent, the agents, and sub-agents, will pass through your bureau."

Colonel McKenney had had large responsibility in connection with Indian affairs as superintendent of Indian trade from April 2, 1816, until the United States Indian trading establishment was abolished by act of May 6, 1822. His connection with the Bureau terminated September 30, 1830, by his dismissal, according to his "Memoirs," on political grounds. Samuel S. Hamilton held the position for about a year, and was succeeded by Elbert Herring.

By the act of July 9, 1832, there was created in the War Department the office of Commissioner of Indian Affairs, at a salary of three thousand dollars, who, subject to the Secretary of War and the President, should have "the direction and management of all Indian affairs and all matters arising out of Indian relations." Mr. Herring received appointment as Commissioner, July 10, 1832. Up to the present time (1906) there have been twenty-eight commissioners of Indian Affairs, the longest term of office being a little less than eight years.

On June 30, 1834, an act passed "to provide for the organization of the Department of Indian Affairs." Under this enactment certain agencies were established and others abolished and provisions were made for subagents, interpreters, and other employees, the payment of annuities, the purchase and distribution of supplies, etc. This may be regarded as the organic law of the Indian Department.

When the Department of the Interior was created

by act of March 3, 1849, the Bureau of Indian Affairs was transferred thereto, and hence, passed from military to civil control. As now organized, there is a Commissioner of Indian Affairs (salary \$5,000) an Assistant Commissioner (\$3,000), a private secretary to the Commissioner (\$1,800), and a force of 175 clerks, including financial clerk, law clerk, chiefs of divisions, bookkeepers, architect, and draftsmen, besides thirteen messengers, laborers, and charwomen.

The finance division has charge of all financial affairs pertaining to the Indian Bureau. It keeps ledger accounts, under nearly one thousand heads, of all the receipts and disbursements of appropriations and other funds for the Indian service, aggregating in late years to more than ten million dollars annually; remits funds to agents and other disbursing officers; attends to the purchase and transportation of supplies for the Indians and the work of the warehouses where the supplies are received and shipped; advertises for bids and prepares estimates for appropriations by Congress. The Treasury Department has estimated that between March 4, 1789, and June 30, 1907, Government expenditures, on account of Indian service, aggregated \$472,823,935.00. The Indian Office is trustee for more than thirty-five million dollars in the Treasury of the United States *belonging to Indians*, on which interest accrues at four per cent and five per cent.

The Field Work division has charge of all matters relating to irrigation; prosecutions for sale of liquor to Indians; assisting Indians to employment; and kindred subjects.

The Land division of the office has charge of everything pertaining to the landed interests of the Indians,—allotments, patents, leases, sales, conveyances, ces-

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sions of land, or reservation of land for Indian use, railroad rights of way and damages; contracts with Indians for the payment of money; guardianship of minors; settlement of estates; trespassing on Indian reservations, and the removal of white persons therefrom; taxation; citizenship and adoption into tribe, and all legal questions growing out of relations between Indians and whites.

The Education division has supervision of Indian school matters, records of school attendance, making plans for school buildings, including their lighting, heating, and sewerage; the selection of school sites, and issuance of regulations as to the general management of the schools; prepares and supervises bonds of disbursing officers, and has charge of all matters relating to the appointment, transfer, promotion, etc., of employees in the agency and school service.

The Indian Territory division supervises all matters relating to the Five Civilized Tribes in Indian Territory, except railroads, telephones, and pipe-lines; also all timber matters except in the case of the Menominee reservation, which is in charge of Land Division.

The Accounts division audits the cash and property accounts of agents, school superintendents, and other disbursing officers; has the disposal of unserviceable property; the collection and expenditure of funds coming into the hands of agents from sales of agency property or produce or from other sources; the issuance of livestock, implements, and other supplies to the Indians; sanitary statistics; census; and the preparation and issuance of regulations for all branches of the service.

The Superintendent of Indian Schools inspects the school personally, supervises methods of instruction,

prepares the course of study, both literary and industrial, recommends text-books, and arranges for general and local Indian school institutes.

The File division briefs, registers, indexes, and files all incoming correspondence, and indexes all the outgoing.

The Miscellaneous division has charge of business connected with Indian traders and field matrons, leaves of absence granted clerks, the printing required by the office, including the annual report, and other supplies needed.

Five special agents and seven school supervisors report to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs their inspections of the work in the field. The employees under the jurisdiction of the office number about five thousand.

On the whole, the Indians incline strongly toward all forms of religious excitement. This is demonstrated not only by the exuberant development of ancient religious forms, but also by the frequency with which prophets have appeared among them who taught new doctrines and new rites, based either on older religious beliefs, or on teaching partly of Christian, partly of Indian origin. Perhaps the best known of these forms of religion is the Ghost-dance which swept over a large part of the continent during the last decade of the nineteenth century. But other prophets of similar type and of far-reaching influence were numerous. One of these was Tecumseh; another, the famous brother of Tecumseh; another, the seer Smohall, of the Pacific Coast; and even among the Eskimos such prophets have been known, particularly in Greenland.

A natural result of land cessations by the Indians to the United States Government was the establish-

ment of reservations for the natives. This was necessary not only in order to provide them with homes and with land for cultivation, but to avoid disputes in regard to boundaries and to bring them more easily under control of the Government by confining them to given limits. This policy, which has been followed in Canada under both French and English control, and also to some extent by the colonies was inaugurated by the United States in 1786. It may be attributed primarily to the increase of the white population and the consequent necessity of confining the aboriginal population to narrower limits. This involved a very important, even radical, change in the habits and customs of the Indians, and was the initiatory step toward a reliance upon agricultural pursuits for subsistence. Reservations in early days, and to a limited extent more recently, were formed chiefly as the result of cession of land; thus, a tribe in ceding land that it held by original right of occupancy, but with the consent of the Government, as it was generally expressly stated in the treaty defining the bounds that the parts so reserved was "allotted to" or "reserved for" the given Indians, thus recognizing title in the Government.

The setting aside of reservations by treaty was terminated by the act of March 3, 1871, which brought transactions with the Indians under the immediate control of Congress and substituted simple agreements for solemn treaties. By sundry subsequent laws the matter has been placed in control of the President. Reservations established by executive order without an act of Congress were not held to be permanent before the general allotment act of February 8, 1887, under which the tenure has been materially changed, and all reservations, whether created by executive order, by act of

Congress, or by treaty, are permanent. Reservations established by Executive order under authority of Congress are those which have been authorized by acts of Congress and their limits defined by Executive order and subsequently confirmed by Congress. The Indian titles which have been recognized by the Government appear to have been (1) the original right of occupancy, and (2) the title to their reservation, which differs in most cases from the original title in the fact that it is derived from the United States. There have been some titles, and a few of them still exist, which the Indian Bureau deems exceptions to this rule, as where the reservation was formed by restricting the original areas or where reservations have been patented to tribes by the Government. Examples of the latter class are the patents to the Cherokee, Choctaw, and Creek nations. In a few instances the Indians purchased the lands forming in whole or in part their reservations. The construction given to these by the Indian Bureau and the courts is that they are not title in fee simple, for they convey no power of alienation except to the United States, neither are they the same as the ordinary title to occupancy; they are "a base, qualified or determinable fee," with a possibility of reversion to the United States only, "and the authorities of these nations may cut, sell, and dispose of their timber, and may permit mining and grazing, within the limits of their respective tracts, by their own citizens." The act of March 1, 1889, establishing a United States court in Indian Territory, repealed all laws having the effect of preventing the Five Civilized Tribes in said Territory (Cherokee, Choctaw, Chickasaw, Creek, and Seminoles) from entering into leases or contracts with other than their own citizens for mining.

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period not exceeding ten years. As a general rule, the Indians on a reservation could make no leases of land, sales of standing timber, or grants of mining privileges or rights of ways to railways without the authority of Congress. On the other hand, it was obligatory upon the Government to prevent any intrusion, trespass, or settlement on the lands of any tribe or nation of Indians unless the tribe or nation had given consent by agreement or treaty.

The idea of removing the Indians residing east of the Mississippi to reservations west of that river was a policy adopted at an early date. The first official notice of it appears in the act of March 26, 1804, "erecting Louisiana into two territories, and providing the temporary government thereof." By treaty with the Choctaw in 1820 they had been assigned a new home in the West, to include a considerable portion of west Arkansas, with all that part of the present Oklahoma south of the South Canadian and Arkansas Rivers. In 1825 President Monroe reported to the Senate a formal "plan of colonization removal" of all tribes then residing east of the Mississippi, to the same general western region. In accordance with this plan the present Oklahoma, with the greater portion of what is now Kansas, was soon after constituted a territory, under the name of "Indian Territory" as permanent home of the tribes to be removed from the settled portions of the United States. Most of the northern portion of the territory was acquired by treaty purchase from the Osage and Kansas. A series of treaties was then inaugurated by which, before the close of 1840, almost all the principal Eastern tribes and tribal remnants had been removed to the "Indian Territory," the five important southern tribes,—Cherokee, Creek, Choctaw,

Chickasaw, and Seminole,—being guaranteed autonomy under the style of "nation." By subsequent legislation Kansas was detached from the Territory, most of the emigrant tribes within the bounds of Kansas being again removed to new reservations south of the boundary line. By another and later treaty, lands within the same Territory were assigned to the actual native tribes,—Kiowa, Commanche, Wichita, Cheyenne, etc.,—whose claims had been entirely overlooked in the first negotiations, which considered only the Osage and Kansa along the eastern border. Other tribes were brought in at various periods from Texas, Nebraska, and farther north, to which were added, as prisoners of war, the Modoc of California (1873), the Nez Perces of Oregon and Idaho (1878), and the Chiricahu Apache of Arizona (1889), until the Indian population of the Territory comprised some forty officially recognized tribes.

An unoccupied district near the center of the Territory, known as Oklahoma, had become the subject of controversy with intruding white settlers, and was finally thrown open to settlement in 1889. In 1890 the whole western portion of Indian Territory was created into separate territory under the name of Oklahoma. In the meantime, under provisions of an allotment act passed in 1887, agreements were being negotiated with the resident tribes for the opening of the reservation to white settlement. In 1906 a similar arrangement was consummated with the five autonomous tribes of the eastern section, or Indian Territory,—the Cherokee, Creek, Choctaw, Chickasaw, and Seminole,—together with the several small tribes in the northeast corner of Indian Territory.

According to the report of the Commissioner of In-

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dian Affairs, the number of reservations in the United States in 1906, including the nineteen (Spanish) grants to the Pueblo Indians, was 161, aggregating 52,013,010 acres.¹

Dear Mary, I have given you a rather long and perhaps tiresome history of the Indians in this country, but in the main, I think, it will be interesting to you and, as a matter of information, very valuable.

I expect to go to Robinson, Illinois, this fall and will make my plans accordingly, keeping you in touch with all my movements.

As ever and always, I am,

Affectionately yours,

BILLY.

¹The author wishes to acknowledge his debt of gratitude to the Smithsonian Institution for much of the information embodied in the foregoing chapter.

CHAPTER XI

LET THERE BE LIGHT

THE three years of Billy's residence in Bartlesville had been active with civic improvement.

The town was growing rapidly, many substantial buildings being erected in the growing business section, and some few nice homes were going up in the community. The population was increasing almost by leaps and bounds. Much oil had been "drilled in," and big companies with ample capital were operating large acreage in the Territory.

This growth and improvement naturally brought a number of Eastern families to the town, with whom Billy found a congenial atmosphere. Heretofore his evenings had been spent very largely in his room; now, however, he was being invited out to social affairs and because of these events, becoming interested in the moral development of the community, identifying himself with the Methodist Church, into which had been merged the South Methodist.

He had also rented a small office on the top floor of the Reeler building. From his office he could see the wonderful improvements being made.

As a town, Bartlesville was only six years old. The lean-tos and shanties were fast disappearing. It had grown from fifteen hundred to nearly four thousand in population, with a volume of business equal to a city ten times its size. Bartlesville had already acquired a

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brick plant, modern ice plant, electric light and power plant, gas plant, waterworks, glass plant, boiler shops, zinc smelter, eight lumber yards, planing mill, two tank shops, oil well packer manufactory, steam laundry, main sewer system, a new fifty thousand dollar hotel, a new twenty thousand dollar modern school building, together with her new churches, two newspapers, many lodges, and a brass band of twenty pieces.

At this time Billy began to realize that he was becoming a part of a fine new city. On deposit in the three National banks was some one million dollars; and all kinds of modern stores had been equipped and opened. Sidewalks and pavements were being laid as fast as possible.

So rapid had been the development of the oil business that Billy began to recognize that oil vies with gold as a word to conjure with. Over one hundred oil companies had their headquarters in Bartlesville now, while hundreds of other companies throughout the Territory and in Kansas made this the natural center of oildom for the Middle West. The assessed valuation of this new city had already reached \$1,400,000.00, while the pipe lines' runs for the past six months had reached approximately ten million barrels. More increased production from new works was recorded here than any oil field in the world. And still there was over two million acres available in Cherokee Nation. Statehood was now being predicted for 1907, with which would come improved conditions.

As Billy sat in his office and reviewed this condition, he realized that millions could be made, and he decided not to wait longer, but at once to secure more leases here, and to go to the Illinois field and get a good foothold there. So he wrote the following letter to his

associates in the Pit Company before starting for Robinson, Illinois:

BARTLESVILLE, INDIAN TERRITORY,

SEPTEMBER 10, 1906.

MR. GEORGE C. WHITE,

BRADFORD, PENNSYLVANIA.

MY DEAR GEORGE:

For the past two months I have confined my correspondence to simply making reports, sending leases for signature, etc., thinking it wise to finish the lease taking before filing the data thereto.

I am inclosing you herewith a list and location of the nine leases which I have selected with as much care as possible. They are now on file at Muskogee and in due time will be forwarded for approval to Washington.

Perhaps it is proper to say that the Indian Agent at Muskogee, being in closer touch with the producers, is disposed to give us favorable consideration as far as the rules and regulations of the department will permit him to do. I will proceed to Illinois and report to you from there, leaving matters here in the hands of the Attorney of our company.

Cordially yours,

WILLIAM OWEN.

Arriving at Robinson, Illinois, Billy proceeded to secure a number of attractive leases and to begin drilling on them at once, so that the company might begin to get some revenue from actual production. For a month he was busy day and night with these matters, when he dispatched the following letter to his company:

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ROBINSON, ILLINOIS,
OCTOBER 4, 1906.

MR. GEORGE C. WHITE,
BRADFORD, PENNSYLVANIA.

MY DEAR GEORGE:

I find that this field has already obtained a production of about ten thousand barrels a day and that it is quite promising. By reason of the delays of the department in granting pipe lines freer rights to extend into Indian Territory until after there is a large production already obtained, prices there are rapidly shrinking; but I hope that the Secretary of the Interior will see fit to encourage the piping of oil to the market for the benefit of the Indian, even if they have no desire to benefit the white man.

Oil in this field is now selling for sixty-four cents a barrel, and in Indian Territory for thirty-nine cents a barrel, while they are nearer the tidewater (the Gulf) than we are the Atlantic, and the quality of the oil is about the same. The companies in Indian Territory who had sufficient money to comply with the rules and regulations of the department and by reason of the very good field that there exists have already accumulated over twenty-two million barrels of oil in iron tanks that the pipe-line people have constructed, besides losing a great deal that has gone to waste. The difference is largely by reason of free pipe-line privileges, which are not enjoyed on the Indian lands. Pennsylvania oil is only about the same distance from the Atlantic Coast as the Indian Territory oil is from the Gulf, and yet brings \$1.19 more per barrel. Therefore, I assume that in due time these barrels must be overcome and the Indian Territory oil bring a better price.

The Indian Territory field, which extends up into Kansas to the north is going by the name of the "Mid Continent Field," therefore, hereafter I will use that name in referring to it. I shall proceed to drill at once on one of the leases obtained here and soon start on the second lease; and will report results. Am feeling quite hopeful.

I would like the Board of Directors there to pass a resolution of approval of the leases taken to date, that such approval may be on file in the Secretary's books.

Cordially yours,

WILLIAM OWEN.

The days passed rapidly for Billy, and the Thanksgiving season arrived. As he reviewed his experiences, he felt that he had a great deal to be thankful for, and so on Thanksgiving Day attended the public services held in Robinson, where he listened to an address which made a deep impression on him. Going to his room he wrote his fiancée:

ROBINSON, ILLINOIS,
THANKSGIVING DAY, 1906.

MY DEAR MARY:

Perhaps there is no man on earth more thankful today than I.

You are so a part of all my plans and dreams that I feel I must write you a long letter, thus giving expression to my feelings.

This morning I attended church. The sermon was delivered at a union service by a fine-looking, white-haired New England minister who is spending the winter here with his daughter.

Reverend Moses Fuller has evidently lived beyond

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his allotted three score and ten years, but he does not materially show it. During his lifetime there has been marvelous changes in the civilized portion of the earth, and it seemed peculiarly fitting that he should choose a subject inspired by the surroundings in this country.

His text was: "Let There be Light," and in his introductory remarks he called attention to the wonderful advancement made in the progress of science in the development of railroads, steamships, electricity, the telegraph, telephone, printing press, gasoline motor power, and oil. He further called our attention to the thousands of inventions for the application of power and how the world had become a vast whispering gallery by the intercommunication of nation with nation.

Coming directly to this text he said:

The revelations by means of telescope show us that there are very many millions of suns like the one shining upon us from the heavens above. But for us the origin of light is the sun, on which we depend for existence, the light of which is stored up in all things we use to produce heat or through the processes of heat can set free this borrowed light from the sun.

In the earlier history of mankind, it is possible, the idea of fire came from volcanoes, but the process of developing fire was unknown to us. From the development of fire we first obtained light, and made use of it by the burning of firebrands and coals; ultimately, small sticks were bound together and dipped into the oil from animal or plant life. These sticks would give better light than heretofore known, and by the use of which followed the evolution of the candle and of a porous substance or reed being placed in oil, followed the evolution of the lamp. As early as two hundred and eighty-five years B. C. they had a very considerable light house as a result of the development of the candle and lamp up to that period. The changes during the next over two thousand years in the methods of producing and using light had been very slow.

Dr. Fuller recited how in his boyhood days he assisted his grandmother in dipping candles, a process which consisted of taking wicking, tied on a stick at the

top with sufficient weight at the bottom to hold it straight and dipping it into the melting tallow, repeating the operation after it had cooled sufficiently, until enough of the tallow had formed on the wicking to complete the candle.

At this time the oil that was principally used in lamps was obtained from the whales. When he was about twelve years old, there was a very explosive fluid compounded, called "camphene," which gave a somewhat better light. He personally knew Mr. Greenlough, who invented a process of making camphene non-explosive. After his father had reached the age of manhood the first matches were invented, viz., in the year 1827. They proved a wonderful convenience in the lighting the oil and candle wicks.

In 1857 a small quantity of earth oil was obtained, but not until Drake well was struck, near Titusville, Pennsylvania, in 1859 did they begin to produce earth oil in any considerable quantities. During that year, two thousand barrels were produced. Comparatively speaking, when we realize the wonderful benefit and enjoyments of our present lighting systems to those of even sixty years ago, we naturally feel that the world lived in darkness until that period and we are not surprised that our sainted Lincoln obtained the rudiments of his education by the lights of a pine-knot in the absence of better lighting.

Probably the earliest history of burning gas comes from the land of Parsees, where natural gas escaped from the ground, and could be lighted and kept burning. This was so strange a phenomena it probably resulted in the worship of it by the "fire worshipers."

Since the year 1860, there has been a continuous and wonderful development of light. We are to-day

enjoying its privileges, which are so marvelously different as to almost be equivalent to a new creation. It is well for us to meditate and be thankful for these greater privileges of light which we enjoy, and which so far transcend the privileges which our fathers enjoyed.

The sun had been shining for a long period of time on the vegetation or other substances which during the ages had been transformed into coal and oil and gas, thus, storing the light from that great orbit until the fullness of time has come for its liberation by the works of man. The borrowed sunlight is thus set free at night as well as by day, through the many processes that produce light. To feel the thrill of thankfulness that he of the older generations experienced, you will need to in your imagination go to the city years ago and behold its darkened streets and imagine the inmates of the houses groping around from room to room, carrying a candlestick with a smoking wick and the father of the family reading his Bible by holding the candle close to his Book. In his boyhood days, he recalled the necessity for a lantern in the barnyard for some purpose and his son remarked: "Father, that lantern is not as good as a lightning bug in the daytime," which very nearly described the facts of the situation.

The balance of his discourse was more especially directed to the causes which inspired it, viz.: the oil and gas of our locality. He stated that they were practically one, for in burning the oil, it was liberated into gas, which is as the oil in the coal, liberated into gas when we burn coal-gas. A large percentage of the gas used in our cities and households is directly from oil. Oil is largely used in producing our electricity,

which is a process for gathering the sunlight properties from the air.

Here Dr. Fuller referred to the Indian Territory, where our company holds leases and where we expect to do big business, and his words at this point appealed to me especially, because I have lived there for the past three years.

In his study of the phenomena of the existence of oil and gas in the sands that are lodged principally in the Cherokee shale, he called our attention to the fact that this formation lies from 850 to 1300 feet beneath Bartlesville, having a thickness of approximately 450 feet; that this shale rises gradually as it goes east until it comes to the surface in less than sixty miles and in the vicinity there are very extended coal fields located in it. In that general locality formerly, it was very swampy country wherein vegetation, by reason of the climate of those days, grew very rank, and as it, and its foliage fell into the water in enormous quantities the water became impregnated with carbon and in some way it was also impregnated with sulphur and formed a sort of a pickle which prevented the decay of this vegetation but caused it in due process of time to turn into coal. Undoubtedly, throughout the district where this shale extended and which afterwards became buried to a greater or less depth by the later formations where was a great growth of a similar vegetation, from which possibly a great accumulation of seaweeds, oil, and gas in this field had its origin.

The heat of the earth and the pressure at the same period possibly brought about the above result, producing, as it were, a cousin to the coal, having the same various properties.

You can imagine the further application of the subject in his closing remarks, but the sermon seemingly inspired all who heard it with a feeling of deep and reverent gratitude that He who watches over the destinies of men has permitted us to live in this age and at this time, surrounded by the blessings and privileges which we enjoy, and are so prone to forget. Surely, we are living in an age that should inspire a constant spirit of thankfulness.

How I wish I could have been home to-day. I get desperately homesick every now and then. The families I have seen together to-day around their table, as I could look in upon them while walking after dinner, caused a loneliness which is hard to express. I hope somehow to arrange to be in Bradford for a few days at Christmas time.

Good-by for this time, dear heart.

Lovingly and affectionately,

BILLY.

During the next two weeks Billy was very busy completing three wells and getting his properties in good shape, after which he wrote his company.

ROBINSON, ILLINOIS,

DECEMBER 15, 1906.

MY DEAR GEORGE:

I have already completed three wells with a gross daily production of one hundred and eighty-two barrels and am beginning to feel happy in my work, which is quite a contrast to my first year's experience in the Middle West. I hope to finish up another well before Christmas, and pay a visit to Bradford. At that time we will talk over the business interests and consult you

as to our policy as to greater or less activity in drilling.

Cordially yours,
WILLIAM OWEN.

Billy's joy knew no bounds when he received a brief letter from his associates.

BRADFORD, PENNSYLVANIA,
DECEMBER 20, 1906.

MR. WILLIAM OWEN,
ROBINSON, ILLINOIS.

MY DEAR BILLY:

We congratulate you upon the progress you are making, and assure you that we shall be delighted to have you visit Bradford for the holidays, at our expense.

Cordially yours,
GEORGE C. WHITE.



CHAPTER XII

CHRISTMAS AT HOME

THE early morning of December 22, 1906, was very cold. A leaden sky at daybreak was threatening snow. Billy stood almost alone on the familiar station platform at Bradford. The Eastern express was fading in the distance. The station agent brushed by without recognizing the silent figure; and Billy realized that after an absence of a little more than three years he was a stranger.

Walking uptown, he passed the stores, just being opened for the day's business by clerks too sleepy to notice the stranger, whose head seemed buried in a greatcoat. A sense of loneliness settled over Billy as he walked on toward home and mother.

Reaching the house, he unlocked the front door with his key, which all this time had been on his key-ring, and stepped softly within the hall. From a partly open door at the end of the hall gleamed a light, and the smell of freshly made coffee was wafted to his nostrils.

Suddenly it dawned upon Billy that he had not written his mother of his anticipated visit; so he walked stealthily to the open door and looked in.

The kitchen table was spread with red-and-white checked table-cloth and set for one. At the table sat his mother, reading the Bible, as was her custom before eating breakfast. A hand shaded her eyes from

the glare of the lamp. Billy could see that his mother had changed but little, save that her hair was fast growing white.

Pushing the door open gently and loosening his coat, he stood, hat in hand, within the welcome circle of light and said:

"Mother."

Mrs. Owen sprang from her hair, knocking the old Bible to the floor with a crash. Then, seeing Billy, she rushed over, putting both arms about his neck, kissed him, and wept softly upon his shoulder. Billy dropped his hat and gently stroked her silvered head, murmuring his love for her into her listening ear.

When Billy, having removed his coat and an extra place having been prepared, sat at the table and ate as might a hungry boy, while his mother hovered over him, plying him with hot biscuits, bacon and eggs, and many, many questions.

They talked as only a lonely mother and a noble son can talk in hours made sacred, after long separation, and it was nearly noon when Billy at last reached the office of his Uncle John, in the rear of the Bradford State Bank.

Uncle John looked up with a glad smile on his face as Billy entered and after greetings were over, Billy reviewed all his experiences since leaving home. He told his Uncle of the new leases near Bartlesville, of the remarkable growth not only of the town but of the surrounding towns, and of the wonderful prospects of oil in the future.

"Well," said Mr. John Owen, "my friend Stone hit it right, after all. I never would have believed it though. However, I think you are on the right track, and the men associated with you are good honorable

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oil men. If you do not have too much bad luck, you will be able to pay me back that fifteen thousand dollars within a few years; but don't let it worry you. And, Billy," he continued, "if I were you, I would get married while you are home. The company pays you a good salary, and you would be better off if you had a wife to take care of you."

"I've been thinking about it, Uncle John," replied Billy, "but I have not made good yet. I have not money ahead, and our company's business, while it looks very promising, is still more or less of a gamble. But I will be tempted nevertheless. I'll have to see what Mary thinks about it. Guess I'll go out there now."

Snowflakes were falling thick and fast as Billy left the bank. He buttoned his greatcoat tightly about his neck, and pulling his hat down, started down the valley road to De Goliar, toward Mary's home.

The early darkness of the cold, gray December day had fallen, and as Billy faced the storm, his mind was busy with thoughts too intimate to be recorded.

Mary was watching for him. His mother had telephoned her that he would likely be over, and Mary had pleaded with his mother to have him stay for supper. So when Billy reached the steps, shaking the snow from his coat, the door opened and, framed in a flood of golden lamp-light, stood Mary, radiantly beautiful. Billy sprang forward and folded her in his arms with a hungry hug, and thus they stood until Mrs. Dart's voice, feeble from sickness, called from an adjoining room:

"Mary, I feel cold air. Is a door open somewhere?"

Mary closed the door, drawing Billy in, and took

him into her mother's room, where Billy was amazed to find Mrs. Dart an invalid.

That night Billy and Mary went over their lives and their future, and while Billy was ready to forget his pledge to himself, as was also Mary, she made it clear to Billy that it was necessary for her to remain at home to care for her mother, and look after the family. So Billy once more must leave Bradford alone.

As Christmas fell on Friday, Billy planned to start for Illinois Saturday, to be on hand for business early Monday morning. Mary insisted that he must bring his mother out for Christmas Day, which he promised to do.

Christmas Day dawned bright and clear and cold. Nearly a foot of snow covered the ground, and all the world seemed peaceful and pure underneath a blanket of white. Sleighbells could be heard passing the house. Children's happy voices filled the air with merrymaking as, with shining new sleds, they hurried toward the hill. Billy, from the sitting-room window looked with boyish delight upon the scene. Going to his room, he took from underneath the bed a box, and for the fifth time looked at the great sealskin coat he had purchased for his mother; and from the dresser drawer, he looked for the fiftieth time at the large diamond ring he had for Mary. At eleven o'clock sleighbells stopped in front of the Owen home and Billy called upstairs:

"Mother, I have a team and sleigh out in front; so, if you are ready, we will go to Mary's house."

Mrs. Owen came downstairs clothed warmly in her old cape, but Billy smiled and took it off, then slipped the great sealskin coat on; and turning his mother about, kissed her, shouting at the top of his voice:

"Merry Christmas!"

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Mrs. Owen was surprised, amazed, delighted, and could hardly see the cutter for looking at her wonderful Christmas present.

Reaching Mary's house, the Owens were ushered into the large living-room where stood a Christmas tree, all wonderfully trimmed. And Uncle John Owen was there smiling and very happy. There were presents for every one, big and little, and such a dinner as Billy thought he had never tasted before.

That night when Billy kissed Mary good-by, again promising that as soon as possible he was to come for her, he slipped the splendid diamond ring on Mary's finger. Her delight knew no bounds; and they lingered long over their farewell, until Mrs. Owen called out that it was time to go home.

Saturday morning found Billy at the office of his business associates going over details of the Pit Oil Company, after which he started, with heavy heart and a deep sense of loneliness, for the West.

CHAPTER XIII

CONTINUED OPERATIONS

THE brief rest and visit at home put new life into Billy; and he returned to his Illinois leases refreshed and more determined than ever to succeed as fast as possible, in keeping with good business judgment.

During 1906, the year Billy actually secured production in the Illinois field, there were completed wells numbering 3,283 and 490 dry holes or gas wells, with an initial production of 113,012 barrels and the promise of greater things for 1907. In 1906 the total production of petroleum in barrels of forty-two gallons each reached in the Illinois field, 4,497,000. Much drilling was going on and 1907 looked like a big year. For the same year, 1906, the Mid-Continent field, including both Kansas and the Indian Territory, produced 27,718,648 barrels. While in the United States, a total of 126,493,936 barrels was reported, 1906 was known as the year of many freak wells, and as Billy studied the situation, he found that many small pools of large promises failed to materialize.

In March, McCandless & Company, of Butler, struck a well near Petersville, that county, which started at forty-five barrels an hour. The pool proved to be small. On the Workman farm, Ellsworth district, Tyler County, West Virginia, the Southern Oil Company got a large producer; but subsequent drilling developed

a congested area. A white oil well was struck on the Mengert farm, Richland County, Ohio, in January, which created a sensation by its size, starting at 250 barrels. It was surrounded by dry holes later. On Rays Run, southeastern Ohio, Tibbens & Withington obtained a producer starting at ninety barrels an hour and three days later was making over one thousand barrels. The pool on being developed offered only small wells.

In West Virginia the most important event was the opening of the Lincoln County Berea field, by the Big Creek Development Company. The well was located on the S. Workman farm and was not large, but it led to the development of a large field. Rowells Run, territory in Calhoun County, was extended by the Carter Company's strike on the Bee farm; Ritchie County's salt sand fields attracted considerable attention; and on McKim Creek, Pleasants County, a shallow field was drilled over.

In the Lima fields work was principally in Wood, Hancock, and Sandusky Counties and not out of ordinary in results.

Wayne and Wolfe counties, Kentucky, had some development and wildcat tests were failures.

The work of abandoning wells was active in Indiana, as well as in drilling new ones, but the production declined. The principal work was in Delaware, Grant and Jay counties.

Illinois was an important factor in production during this year. At the close, the producing area had been extended from Casey to Bridgeport, in Lawrence County, a deep sand at fourteen hundred feet was found. D. T. Finley's 250 barrel well, in Crawford County, opened the Robinson pool.

The feature of Oklahoma during the year was the development of the Glenn pool, which was discovered by Robert Galbreath and Frank Chesley in December, 1905. It proved to be a rich pool of large extent. During the year 110 wells were drilled, and seven thousand acres proven as oil territory. Arrangements were made for building pipe-lines by the Gulf Refining Company; and the Texas Company, Kansas, was featureless except for gas operations.

The increase of production in the Mid-Continent during 1906 was 9,705,153 barrels, over 1905.

In Texas no new pools were opened and less oil was produced. The production for the year came from the same pools as reported in the previous year, with the exception of a small amount from Hoskins Mound.

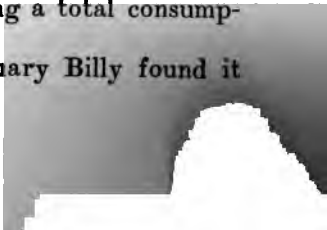
Jennings, Welsh, and Anse la Butte furnished the nine million barrels produced in Louisiana this year, with a small amount for Caddo. In the latter district a good well was struck the latter part of the year. Considerable drilling had been done for gas in this district in former years and shows of oil had been obtained, but this was the first of the oil operations.

There was a slight increase in the petroleum production of California in 1906, owing to the decline in the wells and the failure to strike gushers. Some extension of the pools was made and water was reported in Kern County field.

Work in Wyoming was practically at a standstill during the year 1906.

The consumption of fuel oil increased, and at the close of 1906, in the United States, 10,290 miles of railroad were using that fuel, giving a total consumption of 15,577,677 barrels.

During the latter part of January Billy found it



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imperative that he return to Bartlesville, and there were constantly reaching him from his attorney, Mr. Baylor, rumors that extensive drilling was going on south of Sapulpa, which was a town about seventy-five miles south of Bartlesville; and he determined to see this new field while back on a business trip.

ROBINSON, ILLINOIS,
FEBRUARY 4, 1907.

MY DEAR GEORGE:

We have completed four more wells on the two leases, which are about the same grade of producers as those already reported heretofore.

I regret to inform you that it is necessary for me to make an early visit to Bartlesville and possibly spend several weeks there. The Secretary of the Interior has issued a regulation that each lessor must go before a United States Commissioner and certify that he wishes leases on his allotment to be approved by the Secretary, the Indian having been paid for his lease many months since, and, having spent the money, is very liable to give us trouble,—that is, he is liable to cause us to buy the leases over again. A friend of mine had taken a body of leases from some Indians living "in the hills," who had spent \$138.00 in trying to get these Indians to go before a United States Commissioner but they refused to do so. He, having paid a good price for these leases, had no alternative but to make a sworn statement to the department of his efforts and to the fact that the leases had cost him about three thousand dollars, but, notwithstanding this, the Secretary of the Interior refused to approve the leases and they were cancelled. I will do the best I can and report. In the meantime, our business here will be in the hands of my foreman.

Cordially yours,
WILLIAM OWEN.

In Bartlesville Billy found a mass of business awaiting his attention; and much of it necessitated frequent trips to Muskogee with his attorney, getting tangles straightened out and filing new leases.

He also discovered that in dealing with Indians first-handed they were, in this section of the world, a lazy lot, generally speaking. The Osage nation was wealthy,

and large sums of money were received by individual Indian families, which they did not properly value, and therefore used carelessly. It was rather a shock to Billy to discover that the Indians here did not work; they never made baskets; they never worked on beads or rugs; nor did any of the numerous things he had always supposed Indians did everywhere.

Billy recognized that sooner or later the Government must face the problem of dealing with its wards as a body of men and women which does not work; will not work; and generally hold, in spite of the adequate educational advantages, that labor is not for them nor their children. He was surprised to find that the Indian never even keeps milch cows because of the slight labor involved in milking them.

He discovered that there were about sixteen hundred full-blood Osages, with about half as many of mixed blood; and that they held about 2,800,000 acres of land, not a single foot of which is tilled by a full-blood. Some seventy per cent of the children of these Indians died before they were a year old by reason of the impunity of their blood. He found out that they were, as a rule, excepting the Osages, a genial people, created by God as creatures of forests and fields, and very hard to civilize and turn into the useful paths of the white man.

He found that the Cherokee and Delaware Indians were very largely educated; and he noted that he had never seen one of their children bare-footed. They dressed well, were always civil and were a rather likable people, but the younger generation was given to adopting the white man's vices, carrying them even to greater excess. They would get extremely drunk; and

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many a bootlegger became almost fabulously rich at their expense.

Much of the whisky and beer was shipped into the Territory by trains or overland from Joplin, Missouri,—a zinc and lead mining center in southwest Missouri, noted at this time for its many saloons and much out-lawry.

BARTLESVILLE, INDIAN TERRITORY,
APRIL 16, 1907.

MY DEAR GEORGE:

I am happy to report that, after a considerable time and expenditure of money, I have secured the consent of each lessee to have his lease approved, although it seems like a great farce to be forced to do this, after having paid for the lease many months ago and having it taken upon the very strenuous lease regulations furnished by the department, and drawn up with great care by our Attorney.

I will now return to Illinois, hoping not to be called here again until some of these are approved.

The present price of Mid-Continent oil is forty-one cents per barrel; of Illinois oil, sixty-eight cents; and of Pennsylvania oil, \$1.78. This is an advance of two cents, four cents, and twenty-three cents per barrel, respectively, for the above districts.

I regret to say that the rules and regulations being made by the Secretary do not indicate any greater confidence in the oil men and are creating more, rather than less, dissatisfaction on every side.

Most cordially yours,

WILLIAM OWEN.

Returning to his field of operations in Illinois, Billy discovered that a very considerable amount of new productions was being brought in; and believing that 1907 might be a big year in this field, with great excitement and many hungry investors, he worked hard all summer bringing in wells on his leases and making all necessary improvements, so as to be able to sell out when the opportune time should arrive.

ROBINSON, ILLINOIS,

NOVEMBER 28, 1907.

MY DEAR GEORGE:

I have not written for some time by reason of the fact that my monthly reports have covered all that was necessary to say to keep the Board informed of our progress.

We have completed twenty-one wells, nineteen of which are producers, and two we have abandoned. The production of this field is now sixty thousand barrels a day. The production of the Mid-Continent is 110,000 barrels, and rapidly accumulating.

The influence that was brought to bear by the committees and others upon the President is reputed to be the cause of the resignation of the Secretary of the Interior; and the appointment of a new Secretary in his place. This gave hopes that the rules would be modified and that business might be done in the Territory in accord with the customs of business men not under direct Government control.

The Senate of the United States sent a representative number of Senators to inquire into the conditions of which the oil producers have so strenuously complained. They held hearings in various cities in the field, and it is understood that they favored much more generous treatment of the lessees, but the spirit of that report never was adopted by the Secretary.

There is a fair demand for production in the Illinois field, and when the proper time comes I think we had better sell at once that I may give my undivided time to developing Mid-Continent leases when they are approved. Our success in Illinois has been such that it should net us a very handsome profit, which, taken with the money that the stockholders have paid in, should

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make us eligible to do business with the Indian. Unless the Board otherwise direct, I will at the proper time negotiate a sale of our Illinois properties and before concluding such sale, will submit for consideration such offer as we may obtain.

Cordially yours,

WILLIAM OWEN.

CHAPTER XIV

A FOURTH OF JULY STORY

DURING the winter of 1907 and 1908 Billy made several trips to and from Robinson to Bartlesville. He planned again and again to return home and visit, if only for a day or two, but each time his plans were interfered with by important business matters, and the spring of 1908 was fast approaching, with great pressure of affairs resting heavily upon him. It had been over two years since he spent Christmas at home; and Mary's mother had grown weaker and more exacting, so that Mary, worn with the duties of home and the long delay in her anticipated marriage, was growing somewhat impatient and weary. Her letters were brief and, while affectionate, did not breathe the same confidential certainty as in former years. Billy tried as best he could to hearten her, and wrote her often of his business matters, for he had little time for anything else; and indeed, thought of little else. To be sure, he was constantly thinking of the day when Mary should be his, but side by side with this thought was the other thought which seemed to dominate his very being; the thought of being well-to-do before he entered into the marriage relation.

As the winter wore on, he had many offers for his property, some of which were very attractive, but when the deal seemed about to be finished, it turned out that the people offering good prices were not finan-

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cially responsible; and all the work went for nothing.

Early in April, however, he succeeded in convincing several men that he had a really valuable number of leases; and that the wells were already producing more than making expenses and paying all salaries. To these men he explained the necessity of his return to the Territory, where he held leases as yet undeveloped and so closed the sale. After the sale was made, he wrote his associates, as follows:

ROBINSON, ILLINOIS,
APRIL 9, 1908.

MR. GEORGE C. WHITE,
BRADFORD, PENNSYLVANIA.

DEAR GEORGE:

I have negotiated the sale of our Illinois property, subject to the approval of the Board, for sixty-eight thousand dollars. The price is not as much as I would like to report, but oil at sixty-eight cents a barrel does not warrant high prices being paid; therefore, I recommend the sale and, for further reason, I deem it advisable for me to be in Bartlesville as much as possible from now on. The parties to whom we are selling have given me three days upon which to accept their offer and the matter is in the bank in escrow. Unless you send me a wire that the action is not approved by the Board, I will close the matter up within the allotted time.

Very truly yours,

WILLIAM OWEN.


After completing the sale of his property, Billy returned to Bartlesville and began at once to attend to his leases, their approval by the Department, and such items as were necessary in keeping his rights alive. As he went about the town, he was both amazed and delighted to see how fast the city was growing. Street-car tracks were being laid on the main street, which now was dignified by the name of "Broadway." The entire amount of money necessary to further this enterprise was being furnished by home men and without

a bond issue. This car line was to connect with Dewey,—named after Admiral Dewey,—and a thriving small town some few miles distant, where a large Portland Cement Company was now in full operation.

The Dewey Portland Cement Company was the first of its kind to be built in Oklahoma, and was completed in February, 1908, with a capacity of about twenty-five cars of finished cement per day. The factory area comprised some forty acres, and was electrically equipped throughout, having a 5,000-horsepower generator and motor poser; all apparatus driven by four 650-horsepower Snow gas engines. The wonderful amount of gas being found in this region promised other large enterprises for this neighborhood, as fuel at two and three cents per thousand cubic feet was a very attractive proposition to investors.

During Billy's absence in Illinois, Indian Territory had become the State of Oklahoma, taking its name from the western half of the territory, known as Oklahoma Territory. With statehood came great numbers of people of all kinds and degrees, and marked industrial and other development.

In trying to arrive at an estimate of the resources and advantages of Bartlesville and Washington County,—of which Bartlesville was the county seat and largest town,—Billy found himself embarrassed by the wealth of data, the multitude of interesting facts, all of which had grown at a fast pace, by far too fast a pace for a record of their growth to be kept. Eight years before, Bartlesville had a population of seven hundred, now he found it a city of nine thousand, with a total assessed valuation of five million dollars. Here farming, mining, and manufacturing along with oil production was keeping every man busy who could



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work. The soils were rich; natural gas provided the best and cheapest power for fuel and factories on earth. Indeed, natural gas was so cheap for fuel that a letter written about this time is here reproduced for the readers' benefit.

THE HENRY OIL COMPANY

1318 Marquette Building,

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS,

MAY 11TH, 1908.

MR. HOWARD SHARP,

SECRETARY, BARTLESVILLE COMMERCIAL CLUB,

BARTLESVILLE, OKLAHOMA.

DEAR SIR:

Referring to your valued favor of May 8th, inquiring for a proposition for natural gas, would say this Company owns a large body of gas down on the Caney River in and around Section 18, Township 24, Range 14, with 112 million of gas developed thereon at the present time, and could double this amount in ninety days.

If your people will build a pipe-line to the locality above mentioned, we will sell them at $1\frac{3}{4}$ cents per thousand cubic feet at the well, or we will deliver it in pipe-line to factories in Bartlesville at $2\frac{3}{4}$ cents per thousand cubic feet, providing the minimum delivered shall be not less than ten million cubic feet per day, and the maximum twenty million cubic feet per day, with a guarantee that the parties would take gas for a long term of years, as we could not afford to build a pipe-line unless we were assured of a regular income for a long time.

If you are in a position to close a deal on about this basis, with proper guarantees, and will write us at your earliest convenience, our Mr. Henry will come and see you in regard to the matter.

Yours very truly,

THE HENRY OIL COMPANY,

ROBERT L. HENRY,

President.

Dictated RLH/C.

Aside from this remarkable growth in and around Bartlesville, the entire eastern portion of this new State seemed to be booming. South of Sapulpa a great pool of oil was discovered, named the Glenn Pool. Men

everywhere went wild as the production in the Glenn Pool reached over ninety thousand barrels per day and the pipe-lines could not take care of it. Great iron storage tanks were built to take care of the over-production. These tanks cost about ten thousand dollars each, having large capacity. Indeed, "tank farms" were necessary,—a "tank farm" being an entire farm of eighty or one hundred-sixty acres, covered with these tanks built as close as one hundred yards to one another.

Sapulpa was experiencing a boom, but owing to the lack of hotel accommodations, Tulsa, to the north, was receiving a great growth. Here a fine hotel had been erected, and this little town was fast outgrowing its fondest dreams.

Indeed, 1907 was in some respects a banner year in the oil business. Illinois came into greater prominence and its production was largely increased by active work in the discovered pools. The Honey Creek pool and the small Duncanville pool were developed, as well as the Lawrence County fields. A number of wells were started in the Texas Panhandle, and the shows obtained led to the future discovery of pools in that locality.

Caddo was given considerable work, but was not important as a producing field, the output for the year being less than one thousand barrels.

After Billy had studied the situation carefully,—having visited the Glenn Pool,—he concluded that the time was now ripe for the Pit Oil Company to begin drilling on their leases; and so he wrote to his Company, inclosing a letter addressed to the Board of Directors for their consideration at the forthcoming annual meeting. This letter made it unnecessary for him

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to attend the meeting in person and, after sending it, he went about getting ready to drill.

BARTLESVILLE, OKLAHOMA,
JUNE 12, 1908.

TO THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS,
PIT OIL COMPANY,
BRADFORD, PENNSYLVANIA.

GENTLEMEN:

After selling our Illinois property and attending to various matter pertaining thereto, I returned to this place.

I am pleased to report that the leases have been approved; and now bear the signature of the Secretary of the Interior.

Perhaps I should report that revised rules and regulations were issued, dated April 20th, 1908. I make special note of certain requirements and conditions which should be understood by the Board. "No lease, or any interest therein, by working or drilling contract or otherwise, or the use of such lease, shall be sub-let, assigned, or transferred directly, or indirectly, without the consent of the Secretary of the Interior."

We took our leases on the form requiring ten per cent royalty, but had to consent to the royalties being one-eighth before securing approval. The Secretary assumes the right to add a further increase on royalty, or in the case of a transfer of a lease, to require that a sworn statement be made showing the profit made on that individual lease, and to insist that we pay such portion of that profit as he may designate to the lessor in addition to the payment for the lease and the royalty paid. Otherwise, he reserves the right of refusing to consent to transfer. Each lease must stand on its

own basis, that is, if we should drill a dry hole on six leases and should get a paying hole on the seventh lease, the Secretary refuses to take into consideration the money we have spent on the six leases, but requires that the profit on the seventh lease is rightfully subject to division with that allottee, even though we may have lost money taking the seven leases together.

Reserving authority to further increase the royalty and also reserving the privilege of dictating as to a division of the profits make the transfer or sale of a property almost impossible at this time; but, there is a strong effort being made to get the Secretary to change the above rules, which are too *un-American* and *unreasonable* as to be kept in force for any considerable length of time; therefore, I recommend taking a risk of operating leases that we now have approved.

On May 22, 1906, the Secretary approved of amendments of which the following is known as No. 7, viz.:

Financial statement made by an officer of the company showing the amount of capital stock issued and actually paid in, and money available for mining operations; that the lease is taken in good faith and not for speculation and re-sale. Also, statement showing five thousand dollars net, set aside for developing the particular lease and where the same is deposited, together with certificate from such depository of the fact of such deposit, but not as to the intentions of the depositor.

I have referred to this remarkable requirement heretofore, and have stated that it was so unreasonable that it had to be withdrawn, but not until I had lost my former leases. I quote this here because the spirit of all rules and regulations practically required that all leases should be re-sold; therefore, the Secretary as-

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sumes authority to exact any penalty that he may see fit in case of a re-sale.

From the same regulations of May 22nd, I quote (See page 4 of Regulations):

This amendment shall be applicable to all leases heretofore approved, as well as those that may hereafter be approved.

This latter provision is still in force as to all provisions issued that have not been withdrawn.

The selling price of Mid-Continent oil is now forty-one cents per barrel, the present production of this field is about 130,000 barrels per day.

A very strong and united effort has been made to secure reasonable changes in the rules and regulations issued by the Department. I will now refer especially to those which practically prevent the marketing of oil properties and thus destroy their value. It seems most unjust that any authority should have the power to prevent the exchange or disposal of one's rightful possessions by governmental edicts in times of peace.

About twenty of the leading producers appeared before the Secretary of the Interior and asked, among other modifications, that sales of and transfers of oil property could be made to responsible parties without dividing the possible profits on such property with the lessor who has already received payment for his lease at a stipulated price and an agreed royalty, which is payable from all oil or gas produced from the property during the lifetime of the lease. The Honorable Secretary replied in writing, saying: "I will not change this regulation."

Another request was made that the Secretary withdraw his rule that he be allowed to increase at will the royalty agreed to be paid on each lease in the con-

tract when it was taken. You readily see that, without any fixed royalty, the lease would not be marketable. His reply in writing to this request was: "I shall not change or modify this regulation."

Notwithstanding these discouragements and others, it is generally believed that ultimately the Secretary will be defeated through the Courts, or otherwise, in his purpose for maintaining his most absurd position as above quoted. This has been the case in several other experimental rules like the one which caused me to lose the money that I originally brought to this country. I have recited a few of the more important questions that should be considered by the Board. My advice is that we proceed at once to develop the leases that we have approved and others that we may take, which I will prepare to do subject, of course, to any adverse action the Board may decide to take at this time.

Respectfully submitted,
WM. OWEN, President.


The company,—having approved Billy's suggestion that they begin drilling and having so informed him,—were anxious to know how matters progressed from time to time, Billy keeping them posted every week by wire or short letters.

In the midst of these operations, Billy wrote to Mary as follows:

BARTLESVILLE, OKLAHOMA,
JULY 4TH, 1908.

DEAREST MARY:

The glorious Fourth, and hot, hot, hot! We used to think that the Fourth was a great day in Bradford.



but I wish you were here to see this celebration. If there is a man at work anywhere within one hundred miles of this town, I do not know where it can be, for it seems to me that there are thousands of men on the streets. All have plenty of money and all spend what they have.

All sorts of devices for fun and money-spending are here. Fakirs of all kinds and descriptions abound. Yonder is a man selling "hot dogs," near him is another dishing out ice cream. Then there is booth after booth where one can try his luck at knocking down the nigger baby and get a cigar; or ring a cane with a dollar bill fastened to it; or roll the ball down an alley and get a Jap's sunshade or bit of china.

The ball game this afternoon between the drillers and the tool dressers is causing lots of excitement and thousands of dollars have been bet. The men here earn their money with ease and lightly come, lightly go seems to be their ambition. Yes, there was a speech this morning; a patriotic speech by a candidate for Congress from this new state, but his speech consisted largely of hot air and the waving of arms which brought forth cheer after cheer, and thus votes were made for this man who would be a statesman if he had brains enough, but can be a Congressman without brains, so will likely be elected.

I have met many strange people to-day. Much whisky is being sold in almost open violation of the laws of the United States. The U. S. Marshals seem, somehow, to be unable to see the bootleggers, or else they have a stand-in with them. Indeed, it is common gossip that they themselves receive large sums of money from these bootleggers. One of the bootleggers in this section is named Creekmore. Creekmore is called the

king of the bootleggers. He has agents everywhere, who give him a comfortable per cent on all sales. It is alleged that he has even bribed many Government officials, until he is almost in actual control not only of the bootlegging business but of the political aspect of this country. Some day he may be caught, but not now while these raw conditions exist. I understand that he owns an interest in some of the wholesale whisky houses of Joplin, Missouri, and so he cuts the melon at both ends of the game.

I was standing on the corner this morning watching the crowd go by, when a young man, half-drunk, tumbled into me. We engaged in conversation, and he told me the following story, which is more or less characteristic of this section.

"My name is Jones. Yes, sir,—Jones. A common name, but I assure you, sir, I am no common man, rather an uncommon fellow, I should say. I was reared up here in Baxter Springs, Kansas. That is a little berg, but it is a good old town. Was born there and my folks still live there. Well, Dad sent me off to Missouri to the University, and in my second year I met a fellow from down near Sapulpa who had a dandy lease but little money, and he wanted to sell it. Now, you see, I'm only a kid, so to speak, being about twenty-one years old just now, and this happened last winter. Well, this fellow came up to Columbia and tried to sell that lease, but those Missourians did not bite a little bit. Can't fool them. Why, they are so wise to the promoters of this Territory that the most of them will be working for a dollar a day when the end of the world comes. I had a hunch that I could sell that lease in Springfield, so I got him to take me down there. We put up at the Sandstone Hotel and let it drop to the bell hops and a few of the town loafers at the bar that we were rich oil men. Well, sir, those people just hooked us over good and plenty. But, no, sir! we would not so much as speak to them. I hunted up my friend and through him we got next to his dad, a banker with money. Yes, some bankers have money. Funny, isn't it? And this man bought the lease. I got for my commission five thousand and five dollars. That's a lot of money for a kid.

"Well, I just went over to the bank the next morning and cashed

that check into fifty-five one-hundred-dollar bills; that makes a dandy roll. Then I started out to drink all the whisky in Springfield, Missouri; and believe me, boy—there was some whisky in that berg! It wasn't long until I was drunk. My! I never was so drunk in my life; and while I am pretty drunk now, I'm really sober beside what I was that day. Well, I went into that fine hotel and called for a Tom Moore cigar, club shape. That girl there was a peach, a jim-dandy,—black hair, big broad shoulders, nicely dressed, and I was just drunk enough not to realize that she was a lady. When she said: 'Sorry, sir, but we are out of that kind of cigar,' I thought she was kidding me, so I lit in and cussed her. Man, the names I called her are unfit for print. Well, she just stood there and smiled, and that made me so damn mad, thinking she was kidding me, that I hunted up the boss of the Sandstone and tried to buy the hotel so I could have her discharged. Well, they checked me out of that hotel in a hurry. But I had plenty of money left.

"Now, it's funny, but somehow I always hated a Jew. Hated him so I could not speak to one. Well, I went down to the Frisco Station, that fire-trap they have there, an old wooden station down in the valley, and I told the Superintendent to order me a special train for St. Louis. He laughed at me and made me mad, so I asked him how much it would cost for a special train. He said: 'One thousand dollars, young man, and you better go to bed and lose your money.' 'Oh, is that so?' said I, and counted off ten one-hundred-dollar bills and laid them on his desk. Say, boy, his eyes stuck out like knobs on a hatrack. I had called his bluff. You just bet he hurried up that train and while it was being made up, I went for another drink or two. In the saloon just across the street from the station I met up with two or three ginks, and asked them to ride with me to the city. They were three sheets in the wind and consented, so by and by away we went. On board we had some grub and some more drinks; then I tumbled into a stateroom and went to bed. Say, I woke up all right. It was daylight, and we were speeding toward St. Louis about fifty miles an hour. Oh, such a head and such a stomach! And,—what do you think?—those men I asked to ride with me were *JEWES*; *Jews*, do you get that? Well, that cured me. I've always liked the Jews since that night. Well, we got into St. Louis, crossed the street, had a couple of drinks and counted the ruins. My clothes were dirty; my face was dirty; my shoes were dirty. In fact I was a dirty cuss. Money, I counted that also, and I had less than a hundred dollars left. Well, I got a Turkish bath, slept a couple of days and went back to school. But, mind you, this stuff got in the papers, and I was fired the minute I appeared at the University. Then I went home. My, you ought

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to see those Baxter church members look at me. They had read all about it, you know. Baxter was no place for me; so, after a good and long hot lecture from Dad and some tears from Mother, I lit out. Well, partner, I've had my ups and downs, am still a kid, but this oil game is the life for me. Real exciting. Have a drink? No? Well, so long! Must be going."

A man, who had been standing by listening to this story, told me that he knew it to be a fact; and I am not surprised, for when that Glenn Pool came in much money changed hands and men went wild. Many cases of this kind could be found, but I have given you this one, thinking it might interest you.

I hope to arrange to visit home soon, and when I do, I hope we will be able to get married. I bought a lot up on Jonstone Avenue the other day and plan to build a house as soon as your mother is better and you are able to come West and leave her.

With lots of love and best wishes, I am,

Affectionately,

YOUR BILLY.

The hot summer wore on, and in December Billy drilled in a large well, on his leases near Bartlesville, and opened a new pool in this section, which created considerable excitement and caused a rush for leases in this territory.

During this year, 1908, Oklahoma rather surprised the producers,—with 936 fewer wells than in 1907, with eight more dry holes and fifty-four gassers, it recorded an increase in gross production of 2,300,000 barrels.

Deliveries in 1908 exceeded those in 1907 by 10,500-000 barrels, while the quantity in storage tanks in 1908 was 10,500,000 barrels less than in 1907. There was no change in market quotations in Oklahoma dur-

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ing this year, the market remaining stationary at forty-one cents. The Glenn, Bartlesville, Cleveland, and Muskogee pools were most active but results and prospects were discouraging at the close of the year, for one-fourth of the total production for the year either remained unsold in the hands of producers or continued unused by the purchasers. This condition had a depressing effect on the trade, as under these circumstances one-fourth of the total 1908 production in Oklahoma represented dead money at the close of the year.

CHAPTER XV

THE NEW STATE

ROMANCE, in its most attractive form, furnishes no more alluring theme for pen or pencil than the daily incidents of early oildom during its formative period, when everything was crude as the oil as it came from the earth's subterranean vaults. Side by side with this development of the oil business in the Mid-Continent field, is the romantic story of the rapid growth of Oklahoma. To those not familiar with the early activity of this young State it will read like a fairy tale; while to those familiar with it there will come as they read these pages, a refreshing of memory, most delightful to experience.

Oklahoma is a young giant among States. At this time (1909) the population is one million and a half. It has a great wheat producing section; is fifth among the States in the production of cotton; is rich in mineral wealth, in coal and natural gas, and the continued marvel of the world as a producer of oil. Indeed, such a treasure house as this is seldom opened to the people of any land.

Here are found people from every State in the Union and a great American spirit is felt everywhere, even though that spirit is dissipated at times because of the remarkable growth.

All towns of a thousand people, and sometimes less, have their own electric and gas plants, waterworks, and

sewers. Stone buildings, schools, and general improvements show a degree of permanency in keeping with far older communities. Indeed, Oklahoma, now a State of one year of age, has more miles of railroad than Maine, New Hampshire, and Massachusetts combined. The people of the East, New York, New Jersey, and all other Eastern States, unless they are traveled, have no idea, no conception of the broad acres; of the miles and miles of productive soil; of the millions and millions of dollars being made and destined to be made in this part of the United States. Horace Greeley's advice to young men to "go West" was most timely and if more would heed that sage wisdom, they would find a wonderful opportunity awaiting brains, push, energy, and hard work.

In agricultural products, Oklahoma runs the gamut, —cotton, corn, wheat, oats, barley, and sugar cane thrive in her fertile soil. Fruit of all kinds, tomatoes, potatoes,—in fact, every fruit and vegetable indigenous to the temperate zone produces abundantly.

Here mineral wealth abounds. Her coal deposits are only partially developed, yet they are even now the chief supply of the Southwestern States. In the production of oil, Oklahoma has, in the past two years, broken all records. Millions of feet of natural gas turn her factory wheels and furnish illumination for her towns and cities.

When at 10:00 a. m., November 16th, 1907, President Roosevelt signed the Constitution, a new commonwealth was admitted to the Union, bringing with it the following surprising assets:

| | |
|----------------------------|-----------|
| Area in square miles | 70,230 |
| Population | 1,500,000 |

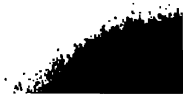
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|--------------------------------|---------------|
| Taxable property | \$800,000,000 |
| Railroad mileage | 5,000 |
| Annual Wheat Crop (Bu.)... | 40,000,000 |
| Annual Corn Crop (Bu.)..... | 72,000,000 |
| Annual Cotton Crop (Bales)... | 600,000 |
| Value of Domestic Animals.... | \$98,000,000 |
| Bank deposits | \$40,000,000 |
| Annual value of mineral prod.. | \$200,000,000 |
| School funds | \$35,000,000 |

The name of the new State, Oklahoma, is a Comanche Indian word, signifying "The Land of the Fair God," and the record for the first eighteen years is an apt illustration of the appropriateness of the name.

Oklahoma has at this time (1909) more than twelve manufacturing plants, representing investments aggregating twenty-five millions of dollars and giving employment to ten thousand wage earners.

The public school system is supported from a State fund of thirty-five million dollars, augmented by local taxation. There are a State University, an agricultural and mechanical college, a colored university, an Indian school, and three normal schools, in addition to the primary and grammar schools.

Only eighteen years ago this great state was a cattle range and an Indian hunting-ground. The first rush into Oklahoma was on Monday, April 22, 1889. On the morning of that day, Oklahoma City, the present metropolis of the State, then known as Oklahoma Station, consisted of half a dozen small buildings. Between noon and sunset of that eventful day, Oklahoma Station became a young and ungainly city of five thousand people. Within a month 1,169 buildings, many of them merely shacks, were erected.



The history of the Indian Territory, which forms the eastern portion of the State, began when the civilized Indians migrated hither from the Southern States east of the Mississippi River. Fort Gibson was established about 1828, and was then on the extreme frontier of the United States. The famous Sam Houston, of Tennessee and Texas, resided there for a while; and the more famous Washington Irving in 1832 made his trip from that post to the Western plains, which he has so graphically described in his "Tour on the Prairies." During this tour he visited the Wild Horse Valley, which he describes as follows:

About 10:00 o'clock in the morning we came to where this line of rugged hills swept down into the valley. A beautiful meadow, enameled with yellow autumnal flowers, stretched for two or three miles along the foot of the hills, bordered on the opposite side of the river, whose banks were fringed with cotton trees, the bright foliage of which refreshed and delighted the eye. The meadow was finely diversified by groves and clumps of trees, so happily dispersed that they seemed as if set out by the hand of art. As we cast our eyes over this fresh and delightful valley we beheld a troop of wild horses quietly grazing on a green lawn, about a mile distant to our right, while to our left at nearly the same distance, were several buffaloes,—some feeding, others reposing and ruminating among the high, rich herbage under the shade of a clump of cottonwood trees. The whole had the appearance of a broad, beautiful tract of pasture land, on the highly ornamented estate of some gentleman farmer, with his cattle grazing about the lawns and meadows.

The white settlers were rapidly intruding upon the Indian country in the Southwestern States, and difficulties and conflicts between the races were engendered by the contact. It soon became manifest that they could not dwell together in peace and harmony; that the Indian would be overwhelmed, swallowed up in the ever-increasing tide of white immigration. It became evident, therefore, that in order to preserve their

rights and tribal organizations, the Indians must be moved and isolated from the white settlements. The United States then concluded to try a gigantic experiment. They formulated a plan to remove the Cherokees, Creeks, Choctaws, Chickasaws, and Seminoles from their old homes in the Southeastern States and transplant them to the new territory, where it was anticipated they would take root and flourish forever, free from white intrusion. The declared policy and plan was to reserve the Indian Territory for the Indians, to be settled and occupied by them as a home forever, so long as the grass grows and the water runs. The Cherokees came first, about 1810, of their own volition. Between 1830 and 1840 the other tribes followed.

For fifty years the Government tried by every means to enforce and carry out the policy above outlined. It sought to make it effective by the most stringent legislation and regulations of the Interior Department, only certain classes of people, such as preachers, teachers, and attaches of the army were allowed to enter,—others had no right there except by permission of the Indians. A white man had but few privileges, and what he did enjoy was simply on sufferance. He could not legally own or occupy land, or raise stock. Everything was done which could be done to fence the whites out, but unforeseen conditions and unanticipated circumstances have simply broken down the barriers and rendered the good purposes of the Government nugatory.

The rising tide of Western immigration filled Arkansas to the brim; swept over the plains of Kansas and Texas; occupied the Rocky Mountains and Pacific Slope, and small streams of white population be-

gan to percolate through the barriers surrounding the Indian Territory; they grew rapidly in size until the dams were broken down and the flood-gates opened. The Government, recognizing the inevitable, yielded to uncontrollable circumstances. It could not do the impossible, and create and preserve a vacuum forever. Necessity forced the adoption of a new purpose and policy. As already explained, there was no Government land in the Indian Territory. The Indians, until recently, were the owners of all of it; that is, the United States granted and patented the land to the various tribes, or nations, and the fee simple to the land (barring a reversion to the United States in case the Indians became extinct) was vested in the different nations of Indians for the use of their citizens. Thus, for instance, the Cherokee Nation, as a nation, a municipal corporation, had legal title to all the lands of the Cherokee nation. The use of this land was formerly regulated and controlled by the various Indian Governments, and was generally on the plan to allow an Indian citizen to take up any unoccupied land, and have the use of all he could fence and cultivate by himself or tenants. The land thus taken up and marked as his he had the right to occupy and possess, and use all his life, and all the right he had in the land descended to his heirs. He had the right to sell and dispose of it to any citizen of the same nation as himself, but if he abandoned it for any length of time it was considered as vacant, and liable to be taken by any other member of the same tribe. The right of an individual Indian to sell or lease the land he occupied to a citizen of the United States was prohibited by laws of Congress, but in spite of the prohibitory

legislation, a system of renting grew up, and prevailed over the country.

Under the Indian laws an individual member of the tribe was allowed to employ a white man as a laborer by taking out a permit for him for a stipulated fee, paid to the Indian treasurer. This permit gave the white man the right to reside in the country with his family, and work for the Indian for a year. He cultivated the Indian's land, and paid him with a share of the crop. This permissive system, at first sparingly exercised, grew to great proportion after Kansas, Texas, and the Northwest became settled, and, year by year, white people steadily came to the Indian Territory and engaged in farming lands on these short-rent terms. This system in land tenure became vicious in many ways. It enabled the enterprising Indian to acquire more than his share, and failed to benefit the other members of the tribe. It also discouraged good farming and good husbandry, as the renter had no interest in the lands. The improvements he made were of the most temporary nature, and the land was tilled in a manner best calculated to obtain immediate results, without regard to the future.

It was then proposed to effect an arrangement by which the individual, and not the tribe, should acquire title to the land, and to this end a commission was appointed, known as the Dawes Commission, which, during its existence, sought diligently and earnestly to make treaties with the various tribes whereby allotment of land could be agreed upon, and thereby vest in the allottee at once full title in fee simple to his share of the common lands. It was, however, very difficult to agree on such treaties as would meet the approval of the various members of the tribes and Congress. Cer-


tain treaties, however, were finally effected which were ratified and approved, and the work of the Commission was practically accomplished. The lands were allotted in severalty to the members of the Five Civilized Tribes, men, women and children being treated with equal rights, so that every Indian was enabled to start his citizenship in the new State as the owner of sufficient land to render him independent. The Government, under the allotment act, undertook to provide against the spoliation of the Indians, by imposing certain conditions regarding the sale of their lands, making it necessary to retain the homestead for a period of twenty-one years from the date of the allotment and permitting the sale of surplus lands only upon the approval of the Secretary of the Interior, by an act of Congress. But while it is true that there are a few Indians trained in the Government schools who are competently cultivating their own farms,—especially among the Cherokees, many of whom are Indians of keen business ability, the red men, as a whole, do not care to work. It is "come day, go day," loaf, sleep, feast, dance, and get into debt, with the average Indian. As owners of rich lands, many of them will yield up their holdings at last to the white men, whose acquisitiveness and industry are greater.

Under an act of Congress, restrictions on the sale of approximately eight million acres of Indian land were removed. The Government supervision over the sale of this land terminated on July 26, 1908, thereby placing the Indian under the same legal status as the white man of the adjoining States in the matter of disposing of his land. This is an act of legislation the whites and Indians of the former Indian Territory have long desired.

The act provides that all lands, including homesteads of allottees of the Five Civilized Tribes, shall be free from all restrictions on alienation or incumbrance, as follows: Of allottees enrolled as intermarried whites, as freedmen and as mixed-blood Indians having less than half Indian blood, including minors; also of allottees enrolled as mixed-blood Indians having half or more than half and less than three-quarters Indian blood.

Further, that all homesteads of allottees enrolled as mixed-blood Indians having half or more than half Indian, including minors of such degree of blood, and all allotted lands of enrolled living full-bloods, including minors of such degree, shall not be subject to alienation, contract to sell, power of attorney, or any other incumbrance prior to April 26, 1931, except that the Secretary of the Interior may remove such restrictions, wholly or in part, under certain rules and regulations for the sale and disposal of proceeds for the benefit of the respective Indians.

The act also provides that all lands other than homesteads allotted to members of the Five Civilized Tribes, from which restrictions have not been removed, may be leased by the allottee if an adult or by guardian or curator under order of the court if a minor, for a period not to exceed five years, without the privilege of renewal; provided, that leases of oil, gas, or other mining purposes, leases of restricted homesteads for more than one year, and leases of restricted lands for more than five years may be made under the supervision of the Secretary of the Interior. The death of any allottee shall operate to remove all restrictions upon the alienation of his land, providing that no conveyance of any interest of any full-blood Indian



heir in such land shall be valid without approval of court having jurisdiction of the settlement of the estate of the deceased allottee.

Originally, all the land in Indian Territory was owned by the tribes as a whole, and the individual Indians had no titles. A few years ago the lands were allotted in severalty to the citizens of the various tribes, and, although the title was vested in the Indians, they were forbidden by law to sell it, and could not give a warranty deed. This legislation by Congress authorizes the Indian allottees to sell their land, and to give a good title, thus putting them on a full equality with the whites, and removing them from the guardianship of the Government.

Under the old system, many of the Indians did not have the means or the inclination to cultivate their holdings, although the lands were good, and capable of producing large yields of corn and small grains, cotton, and fruits. Farming was carried on in a desultory sort of way by the Indians, or by the white settlers who rented from year to year. The restrictions on alienation prevented the Indians from selling enough land to get money to improve the remaining lands,—for the Indians were literally land poor,—and kept out the white farmers who were eager to get title to farms and inaugurate modern methods.


Although there was nothing in the new situation to compel the Indians to sell their lands, there were many causes that induced them to do so. All of the land from which restrictions are removed is liable for taxes, and all other civil processes. Heretofore Indian land was exempt from taxation. The Indians were as anxious to sell their lands as the white men were to buy it, and the rapid transfer to new owners was expected.

Comparatively few people realize what Oklahoma really was in 1907 and how large the new State looms among her sisters in population, wealth, and natural resources. Consider, first, that it was only eighteen years before,—on April 22, 1889,—that Oklahoma was thrown open to settlement. In 1907 Oklahoma ranked tenth among States in wealth, with a population of 1,414,732, according to the special Government census of July 1907. In 1900 the population was 790,391, which shows a gain of seventy-nine per cent in seven years.

The new State entered the Union with a larger population than any other Territory had on entering the Union. It has now a larger population than Colorado, Delaware, West Virginia, New Hampshire, Florida, Nevada, Idaho, Maine, Montana, North Dakota, Oregon, Rhode Island, Utah, Vermont, Arkansas, Nebraska, Louisiana, South Carolina, Maryland, or Wyoming.

Wheat has been the great output of the State for many years past, but it is not proving so sure a crop as cotton, and more acreage is being sown to cotton each year. Those who examined the new State wheat exhibit at the World's Fair were convinced of the fact that Oklahoma's wheat is of high grade. The average yield per acre has been between seventeen and twenty-two bushels, throughout the new State. According to figures given out from the State Board of Agriculture, Oklahoma raised two million acres of wheat last year.

The markets of the North and East have been handling Oklahoma Alberta peaches in carload quantities for some years. The present year more than four hundred carloads of this luscious fruit were sold on track under competitive bidding to buyers from all



of the larger centers of the North and East,—netting the growers from \$1.50 to \$2.00 per bushel. Many thousands of young trees are planted and will soon come into bearing.

Oklahoma apples have attracted but little attention from the fruit-crop reporters of the country until this year. The general scarcity of apples throughout the Northern States caused the buyers to investigate conditions in Oklahoma. Numbers of carloads of summer maturing apples have been shipped out this season, and as evidence of how the fall maturing crop will be used, New York buyers contracted for the purchase of twenty-five thousand bushels from three small orchards in Payne County. While other States are lamenting the loss of their apple crop, the trees of Oklahoma are fairly breaking down with their load of fruit.

Fruit-growers' associations have been organized in all of the leading fruit-producing counties, and a charter has just been taken out for a very complete State organization. A uniform system of grading and packing fruit is practiced, and the mistakes of the individual are reduced to the minimum. A splendid supply of choice apples is annually placed in cold storage in the large cities of the State to meet the demands for choice goods.

The development of oil and gas fields in the new State of Oklahoma has reached a point where it has become one of the most important industries in the Middle West. Oil in paying quantities has been known to exist within the boundaries of the new State for many years, and a test well drilled near Muskogee nearly ten years ago called the attention of the oil world to the fact that great possibilities exist in what was then known as Indian Territory. Although these early

test wells, scattered over the area of the Indian country, were important pointers to the oil operators as to what might be expected, very little development work was actually completed.

The real development of the mid-continent oil fields was started in Kansas, and as pool after pool of oil and gas had been disclosed by the drill, each new pool lying still farther south of the original development in Kansas, the climax was reached in the development now known as the Glenn Pool, but a few miles south of Sapulpa, in the Creek Nation. This development, together with the producing wells at Morris, Wewoka and Wheeler, Oklahoma, constitute the southern limit of the oil field development. Although the production of oil from wells drilled outside the limits of the Glenn district are as much per day as the Glenn wells, it will, nevertheless, be interesting to take statistics from this latest addition to the mid-continent oil fields as a sample of what can be done in eighteen months in the way of development of a valuable deposit of petroleum. Taking the Glenn Pool as the example and commencing with its first development some eighteen months ago, we find that the year 1907 offers a remarkable array of figures as to the production of this district.

The deliveries of oil from the Glenn Pool alone up until the first of January, 1908, are twenty-six and one-half millions of barrels.

It would take a train, made up of two-hundred-barrel tank cars, eight hundred and twenty-five miles long.

It would fill to overflowing a continuous row of thirty-five thousand barrel steel tanks built two hundred feet between center, thirty miles long; or a single tank, ninety-six feet in diameter, nearly four miles high.

Barrels to contain this oil, if placed end to end,

three feet each (forty-two gallons), would make a continuous line of barrels fifteen thousand miles in length.

The oil would fill a canal one hundred feet wide and thirty feet deep, and more than eight miles long.

The oil, if used for fuel, would have been equivalent to 7,500,000 tons of coal, an amount which exceeds that mined in the past year in the entire Indian Territory coal field. And this pool is still producing ninety thousand barrels per day!

The amount of steel tankage erected totals sixteen million barrels in the neighborhood of the Glenn Pool alone, and at the present time there is stored forty-six million barrels of "Mid-Continent" oil, at a cost of fully twelve millions of dollars for this account alone. An estimate of the pipe line expenditures to date to transfer this oil will no doubt total twenty-five million dollars, consisting of at least two thousand five hundred miles of main line of six, eight, ten, and twelve inch pipe, and fully one thousand miles of smaller line. At the present market price the stocks of oil on hand would have cost close to twenty million dollars more in addition to this. The cost of the many hundreds of tank cars in service aggregate an investment of over a million. The total investment, therefore, in the transportation and storage of "Mid-Continent" oil and purchase of the surplus production totals, approximately, fifty millions of dollars. The investments in the oil land itself, the cost of drilling the thousands of wells, the thousand and one incidentals that are a part of the new industry, have totals that are in the millions of dollars.

We hear of the monster gas wells that occasionally "come in," and flow for days or weeks uncontrolled,

truly veritable monsters of concentrated energy. This rich hydrocarbon gas, the very richest of all ordinary gases in heat value, has remained for ages under tremendous pressure in the porous sandstone layers underlying vast areas of the new State. When the heavy drill has penetrated the overlying cover and commenced to dig itself into the sandstone reservoir rock, the escape of the gas through the drill hole can often be heard for miles, a continuous roar that deafens the drillers, unless precautions are taken to protect the ear drums. The "rock pressure" as the initial pressure is termed, often reaches four hundred to five hundred pounds per square inch, requiring heavy fittings and anchors to keep this heavy pressure from blowing the iron casing from the hole. The well usually supplies the necessary pressure to force the gas through the pipe lines to the consumer in the distant towns. Can you realize what a "twenty-million-foot well" really means? It indicates a gas well capable of supplying twenty million cubic feet of gas each twenty-four hours. If the well has been properly completed, it means that the turning of the gate valve at the top of the piping will liberate an amount of gas fuel equivalent to one thousand tons of coal per day, or if converted into power by utilization, in a modern type of internal combustion engine, would develop over one million horsepower hours per day, the energy of one hundred thousand horses for ten hours each day.

The policy of the gas companies has been to husband the supply in each district as much as possible. Few, if any, wells are allowed to deliver their maximum capacity, and many large wells have never been connected to the delivery lines, and may not be for years to come.

The natural gas inspector of Montgomery County, Kansas, in his reports of October, 1907, states that of four hundred and sixty-six wells in that county, with a daily capacity of over one and one-half billion feet of gas, one hundred and seventy-three are shut in and not being used.

The gas field of Southeastern Kansas has been more thoroughly developed than any of the fields in the new State of Oklahoma, but a large area in the new State has already been proven to be gas territory of the first order. Wells capable of yielding as high as thirty million cubic feet of gas per day are not uncommon in several of the developed gas areas of the State, and most of the larger towns are at present supplied with an abundance of this fuel. A pipe line has just been completed which is delivering gas from Tulsa district to Oklahoma City, and before the present year is passed thousands of consumers will be connected through the pipe line to a supply of gas which will no doubt be ample for all ordinary consumption for many years to come. The State Legislature is endeavoring to pass such laws as will make it impossible to pipe gas from the State of Oklahoma to the neighboring States, but it is extremely doubtful whether they will succeed in enforcing this law. There are at present no restrictions relative to the shipment of crude oil from the State, and it is being delivered through three pipe lines to the refineries situated many hundred miles from the producing wells. The producer of crude oil may deliver his production to a pipeline which connects with the main pipe-line system of the Standard Oil Company to its delivery point on the Atlantic seaboard, or can ship through other lines, which will deliver oil on board ship on the Gulf of Mexico. With increased

population, it is quite likely that large users of fuel will turn to liquid fuel as the most economical to be obtained. The present price of the crude production is equivalent to coal at less than two dollars per ton, with every prospect of the price of liquid fuel being reduced.

Oklahoma City, the metropolis of Oklahoma, and county seat of Oklahoma County, is located in the southwestern portion of Oklahoma County, and within seven miles of the exact geographical center of the State. The city, as a whole, embraces Oklahoma City, Oklahoma and Greeley townships, also parts of the adjoining townships. It is 546 miles southwest of St. Louis, 170 miles south of Wichita, Kansas, 215 miles west of Fort Smith, Arkansas, 205 miles north of Fort Worth, Texas, and on the west it has absolutely no competition as a market center.

Oklahoma City is served by four trunk railway lines, the Santa Fe, the Rock Island, the Frisco, and the M. K. & T., and is able to reach eighty-one per cent of the consumers of the State, without transferring from the line over which goods are shipped from Oklahoma City.

In addition to good railway facilities, Oklahoma City has the best street railway system in the Southwest, and, in fact, more mileage than all other towns in the state combined. In addition to thirty-six miles of street railway, an interurban line between this city and Guthrie, the temporary state capital, is under way, and operated for about seven miles out of the city.

The city is fortunate in having been planned and laid out by men who had foresight enough to see what the future held for it. Its streets are wide, with spacious parkings and wide walks. Practically all the

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streets are well graded, and thirty miles of asphalt paving has been done. One hundred and forty miles of cement and brick sidewalk has been constructed. Keeping pace with the paving, the water department has constructed fifty-three miles of sanitary sewers and twenty-six miles of storm sewerage, while about fifty miles of water mains have been laid. The municipal waterworks system is valued at \$500,000.00 and has a pumping capacity of 6,000,000 gallons, which will be doubled the coming year.

The fire department comprises four stations, is well equipped with modern fire-fighting apparatus, and affords the best fire protection possible.

The county courthouse, constructed of gray stone at a cost of \$125,000, is said to be the finest structure in the Southwest. The city hall, which cost to build \$30,000, is owned by the city, and contains the offices of the various city officials, police headquarters, and a number of private offices.

The Carnegie Public Library, costing \$50,000, contains some 13,200 volumes, and has 8,496 card-holders.

That 1,000 traveling salesmen make headquarters in Oklahoma City is substantial evidence of its hotel facilities. There are five first-class hotels, besides the numerous smaller ones, and a great many modern rooming houses. Work will begin on a modern ten-story, fireproof hotel building about the first of 1910.

Oklahoma City's school property is valued at about \$1,000,000, and consists of ten brick buildings which cost to build on an average of \$70,000 each. A new high-school building to cost \$300,000 will be constructed in 1908.

Epworth University, a Methodist institution, and the only one in existence being supported from both

the North and South branches of the church, has an enrollment this year exceeding six hundred.

Oklahoma College for Young Ladies and Mt. St. Mary's Academy, and several other private schools, have a large attendance. Two modern business colleges are filled with students the year round.

Oklahoma City's church property is valued at over \$1,000,000, and represents twenty-seven buildings and twelve different denominations.

Seven public parks, the State Fair Grounds, and three large theaters combine to make Oklahoma City the playground of the State.

Oklahoma City's wholesale and manufacturing business, for the past year, amounted to \$28,500,000. Practically all the large agricultural implement manufacturers have their southwestern distributing warehouses here, and one of them did more than a million dollar business last year,—1907.

The eighty-nine manufacturing establishments in 1907 employed 3,405 people, and the sixty-two jobbing institutions employed 1,224. With natural gas, and the reduction of freight rates on coal, many more factories are sure to locate here.

Studying Oklahoma City from an industrial standpoint might leave the impression that it is merely a hustling, thriving, business center, whose whole aim is sordid money-getting. But as a city of magnificent homes, beautiful lawns, and well-kept subdivisions, Oklahoma City undoubtedly stands first, and takes rank over any city in the Southwest.

Muskogee is situated at the junction of three great rivers, the Arkansas, the Verdigris, and the Grand.

The Federal Government, a century ago, recognized that the point of junction of these three rivers was

the best point in the Southwest for the distribution of military supplies to other southwestern posts, and established Fort Gibson on the north bank of the Arkansas and the east bank of the Grand Rivers. Fort Gibson remained such central point of distribution until about 1872 when the Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railway Company constructed its bridge over the Arkansas River within a mile and a half of Fort Gibson, and established the station of Muskogee on the uplands just out of the Arkansas bottom on the south side of the river. Muskogee at once became an important center of distribution. In the early days far-distant merchants would send by wagons even as far as several days' travel to Muskogee for supplies shipped over this new railroad. Prior to the building of the Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railway all goods had come into this country by river, coming up the Arkansas River to Fort Gibson from Mississippi and Ohio River points.

According to the Federal census of 1900, Muskogee had a population of barely four thousand. The special Federal census of 1907 gives nearly 15,000 inhabitants, an increase in seven years of 238 per cent. According to this last census it is the second largest town in the new State,—Oklahoma City being larger.

Muskogee has a water supply ample for a city of a million people, the main pipe of the waterworks being carried under the Arkansas River to an intake far up in the channel of the Grand River. No city in the country has better water or more of it than Muskogee.

A few years ago Pennsylvania capitalists deemed Muskogee of sufficient importance to justify the piping of natural gas into the city from gas wells ninety miles distant. To-day some of the largest gas wells in the world are within the immediate reach of Muskogee.

There are four railroad systems entering Muskogee, with lines reaching out in nine different directions. Over seven of these lines of railway coal is now brought into Muskogee from distances ranging from within a few miles to fifty or sixty miles, and the coal development has only begun.

The combination of plenty of railroads, a navigable river, natural gas, coal and timber, makes Muskogee an ideal point for factories of various kinds.

Muskogee has magnificent schools and fine churches of all denominations. It has an up-to-date theater, with a seating capacity of 1,200 and one of the finest convention halls in the country, seating 5,000.

Tulsa has made a steady growth for the past seven years, increasing in population from 1,650 in 1900 to 7,588 in 1907, an increase of 500 per cent. In 1900 Tulsa held thirty-first place in point of population. Now she proudly boasts of fifth place in population in the new State.

Post office receipts speak the truth as to the growth of a city. The post office receipts of Tulsa for the year 1907 were more than ten times that of 1900, and the month of December, 1907, in the excess of the whole year of 1900.

From Tulsa and Tulsa County the following are the exports of its chief products:

The daily run of oil at present is 85,000 barrels, or \$34,850; 900 tons of coal are mined daily, at \$1.90 per ton, \$1,710; 30 bales of cotton daily, average at 12 cents, \$1,800; 5 cars hogs and cattle, daily, at \$1,000 per car, \$5,000. Total, \$43,360; or at the rate of a monthly export amounting to \$1,300,800.

Besides the above products, Tulsa County produces a large amount of corn, wheat, oats, potatoes, and

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alfalfa. Two crops of potatoes are grown in one season.

Tulsa County cannot be excelled for fruit; apples, peaches, pears, plums, apricots, and all kinds of small fruits are grown in abundance.

Tulsa, in the past year, has shaken off her village ideas, and to-day has six miles of up-to-date electric street railway in operation, with the latest pattern cars, giving ten minute service to all portions of the city.

All the business section is paved, mostly with asphalt pavement, and more than a hundred blocks of asphalt paving is contracted for in the residence portion.

The First National Bank building is the pride of the city. It is five stories high, built of beautiful buff brick.

Tulsa, because of its cheap natural gas for fuel, an abundance of water (being located on the Arkansas River), and railroad facilities, is a coming manufacturing city. Already it boasts of three oil-well supply companies, two oil refineries, four brick plants, with an output of 125,000 daily; one packing house, killing on an average a carload of hogs and cattle daily; two foundries, employing about seventy men; the largest stone crusher in the new State; a cotton gin, two rig building establishments, two tank and boiler shops, and several wood working establishments; a shirt factory, a shirtwaist factory, two large ice plants, and is the home of the Cu Cura Company. Tulsa also has already attracted a large number of wholesale houses, who are doing a splendid business. The railroad facilities and central location insure Tulsa a supremacy as a wholesale city.

Tulsa is the county seat of Tulsa County, is a Federal Court town, and promises to be one of the best edu-

cational cities in the new State. The public school buildings are up-to-date, and at present, more than 2,000 pupils are enrolled.

Tulsa County has 70,000 acres of coal lands, 1,100 oil wells, 140 miles of railroads and five railroad systems.

Tulsa offers special advantages to implement and furniture factories, paper, cotton, and iron mills, cement plants, glass factories, smelters, and factories of all descriptions; she wants factories, and the location is such that business interests will find as good a reason for locating there as Tulsa has for wanting them.

Tulsa County, of which Tulsa is the county seat, has a total area of 900 square miles; timber area, 1,200 acres, farm lands, 200,000 acres. Farm lands sell at \$20 to \$75 per acre. The principal crops are corn, wheat, oats, cotton, and potatoes. The farm yield of 1907 is estimated as being \$1,500,000; the value of live stock, \$200,000. Tulsa, Broken Arrow, Coweta, and Jenks are the principal towns, and each have something of note to distinguish them,—Tulsa, its manufacturing and general business interests; Broken Arrow, corn; Coweta, potatoes; and Jenks, oil.

Other towns in this new State that are thriving, growing, and give much promise are: Shawnee, with a population of nearly 12,000; McAlester, with about 10,000 inhabitants; Guthrie,—the former territorial capital and present seat of the State Government,—with a growing population. Then follow, Vinita, Wagoner, Ada, Atoka, Coalgate, and others.

No story of fancy can be written that will compare with this little word picture of the new State of Oklahoma. Her wonderful resources are the basis of the remarkable growth. Nature has been prodigal in her

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gifts to Oklahoma; and the sun shines nearly all of the time, while crops grow from early in March until late in October. And yet, the average rainfall is 34.65 inches, or about the same as that of Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio, while three-fourths of the precipitation is during the growing season, from March to September.

CHAPTER XVI

THE PIT COMPANY'S PROGRESS

BARTLESVILLE, OKLAHOMA,
JULY 15, 1909.

MR. GEORGE C. WHITE,
BRADFORD, PENNSYLVANIA.

MY DEAR GEORGE:

Again I inclose you my yearly report for the Board to consider at their annual meeting, and will await such comments or action upon the same as they may desire to make.

Sincerely yours,
WM. OWEN, President.

BARTLESVILLE, OKLAHOMA,
JULY 15, 1909.

TO THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS,
PIT OIL COMPANY,
BRADFORD, PENNSYLVANIA.

GENTLEMEN:

The last year has been one of considerable activity on behalf of our company. The statement of the amount of oil produced and moneys expended will be furnished you in our Treasurer's report. I need only to review the progress of our field work. We have drilled one or more wells on each of nine leases. Four of the leases have proven entirely worthless, we having drilled dry holes on them, and the surrounding terri-

tory has so proven non-productive; on three of the leases we have drilled wells that are too small to be operated with profit on the present market, namely 41 cents per barrel, with the general feeling that we are not assured of this price for the coming year. On the other two leases we have drilled and put to producing 28 wells which should pay out their cost in the course of the next two or three years, provided the price of oil is not reduced materially. Our expenditure in this field to date for wells and leases has been \$187,000.00 against which we have a credit for oil produced of \$34,000.00, making a net investment of \$153,000.00.

However discouraging these figures may look to you, we must bear in mind that the business of producing oil has been a profitable one. The percentage of dry holes drilled by us has been less than the average, and we may hope that in due time, when the pipe lines are permitted to take a proper proportion of the oil from this field, that we may receive higher prices, and our investment will ultimately prove satisfactory.

In 1908 this field produced 48,275,000 barrels of oil, amount of oil held in iron tankage in the field which could not be shipped out by reason of a lack of pipe-line facilities was over 40,000,000 barrels.

During the past three years, the production of this field has increased 73,000 barrels per day. But the stringent rules and regulations of the Secretary of the Interior so discouraged the Prairie Oil and Gas Company from increasing their pipe-line system that it practically remains the same at the beginning of this period. In one case, at least, while they were building an eight-inch line to help care for the oil going to waste in the Glenn Pool District, the regulations were pro-

mulgated which caused the above company to take up and abandon this line. To more fully explain why this most unusual action was taken on behalf of the above company, and to give you the apparent hostile feeling in Washington against the Prairie Company (owned by the Standard Oil Company), I will quote from a review of the situation at that time, which review was made by the Mid-Continent Oil & Gas Association. (Note the enclosed circular will indicate the extracts from it that are to be used.)

By using the authority of the Association you will more fully be able to comprehend the situation and also to realize that, as producers in this field, we have much to disturb the confidence that we would like to have in the political authorities that seem to feel that it is necessary to antagonize those connected with this great interest, without any reason that can possibly be understood by others than themselves. If they were wise in their purpose to protect the wards of Government (Indians) as is evidently their purpose, they would reverse the policy that they have pursued from the beginning, of preventing our oil from reaching the markets of the world. If they had insisted in granting the pipeline facilities that a reasonable proportion of this oil should be taken for export supply and had urged the construction of lines instead of hindering them our situation would be wonderfully relieved. I believe the time will come when this view will have had time to illuminate the minds in Washington, even though they seem hostile to every interest that has the word PETROLEUM connected with it. Apparently, they feel that,—for political purposes or otherwise,—they must be antagonistic to the Standard Oil Company interests, and also seem to entertain the view that all oil pro-

ducers are, in some way, responsible for the real or imaginary misconduct of the Standard people. This same view seems to have been entertained by the officials in Texas, who have worked irreparable loss to their commonwealth by their antagonistic methods. If the States of Texas and Oklahoma could have joined in adopting the wisdom of the State of New York in its construction of the Erie Canal, by building pipelines from the oil fields to the Gulf Coast and sold the oil to any and all interests who might desire to purchase and manufacture same, it would have added hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of taxable property to the wealth of the State; would have done much to increase the shipping from their ports; would have brought an army of workmen to operate the refineries that would have been built; would have paid a large and permanent income to the Commonwealth; and would have added an enormous amount of wealth to the Indian and white man alike in the Mid-Continent fields.

I have reviewed this situation so that you may understand my reasons for hoping that there is a bright future before us, although not yet in sight.

I recommend that, as far as our finances will permit, we continue to develop properties and look forward to reward in due time.

Up to the present time, there have been drilled in this field upwards of 22,000 wells. About 14,000 of these are producing oil, and the Prairie Oil and Gas Company take the oil from over 11,000 of these wells.

We seem to have a considerable acreage, safe to drill, that is covered by our various leases taken before and during the past year, so that we will have no lack of opportunity, and the only thing that will

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interfere with rapid progress in the multiplying of wells will be the lack of capital.

I am endeavoring, in my report to you, to reflect the annoyances that we are subject to, but leave to your imagination the disturbed condition of mind that I, with others, have to overcome as far as possible.

Most respectfully submitted,

WM. OWEN, President.

CHAPTER XVII

DEATH OF MARY'S MOTHER

NEARLY five years had elapsed since Billy, in the vigor of his young manhood, left his home, with courage in his heart and money in his pocket. The years had been filled with the ups and downs of business; and, while actively engaged almost every day, barring those first few months while waiting for leases to be approved, Billy had been exceedingly busy. He had little time for day dreaming and so occupied had he become with his affairs and the prospect of the Pit Company, of which he was the president and which now bid well to succeed in a large way, that he did not realize that he was now thirty years old and Mary nearly that old; that years do make a difference in people, in their mental attitude and general bearing. It rather startled him to realize, when he paused in the rush of business, that it had been five years since he asked Mary to become his wife, and that he was still far from his goal of success.

Then, too, his mother was growing older, and while he had not seen her for nearly three years, he began to realize that she would not live always, and he ought to provide for her happiness a bit. He conceived the idea of maintaining a home and of having his mother come and keep house for him,—at least, until such time as Mary could be released at home from the duties that kept her so occupied that she had little time for herself.

One Sunday afternoon, while out walking, Billy met up with Lowery, the man who had driven him over the new country when he arrived. Lowery was still the same behaved individual that he was the day Billy had first seen him. The kindly gleam of his blue eye attracted the lonely man and he hailed him:

"I say, Lowery,—do you remember me?"

Lowery looked the speaker over carefully from head to foot and then replied:

"Well, I'll be—, if it ain't that there tenderfoot I hauled out over the plains a few years ago, who wanted to lease land from the Injuns and make his fortune in a minute or two. Well, well, well! how be you all coming anyway? Rich yet? Gosh, I've wondered again and again about ye. Ye see, I ain't been hereabouts much lately. Went down to the Glenn Pool and bought a team and made a good bit by hauling. Say, them days was sure exciting all right. Plenty of lively times, I tell you. Money flowed like water, from them that had it to those that had some of it. Well, well! What's on yer mind anyway?"

Billy was drawn to the warm-hearted fellow of the field, and asking him over to the hotel, took him up in his room and told him his story:

"You see, Mr. Lowery, I've been mighty busy since that day we rode behind those wild horses. I lost all my money; the Indians lied to me; the Department moved mighty slowly, and if it had not been that I was ashamed to face the folks back home, I would have quit. But I went ahead, and Mr. Stone, up in Independence,—a friend of my Uncle's,—gave me some help and advice, and through some friends back in Bradford we organized the Pit Oil Company. We have some fine leases out here, getting some production and mak-

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ing some money. Then, for a while I was in Robinson, Illinois; we had a good lease there and sold out for \$68,000. Now all my time and attention is centered in this field, but the price of oil at 41c a barrel, even though we have a number of wells, does not make us feel very good. Then, too, I am a bit homesick from time to time, and it was a Godsend to see you to-day. Why, you looked like an old friend."

"My boy," said Lowery, "I'm a rough old duffer, knocking about from place to place. Once I was a prosperous young fellow, though without learning. But I had my chance and chucked it away by drinking too much of that damn bad whisky Creekmore and his gang of highway robbers ship into this country. But, boy, I've got a heart; and there are times when I feel mighty sorry for the way I done, and wish I had my life to live over again. But 'tain't neither here nor there. Why don't you go home and see the folks and marry that girl and stop this foolishness of trying to be a rich man all at once?"

"Mr. Lowery, I believe I will try and run home this summer. It will do me good, and I thank you from the bottom of my heart for coming up here this afternoon and talking to me. And when I am married, I want you to meet my wife. She is sure the finest girl on this old earth."

Billy planned to go back East soon, and to this end was shaping up his business to leave for a few days, when he received a telegram reading:

MR. WILLIAM OWEN,
BARTLESVILLE, OKLAHOMA.

Mary's mother died this morning. Can you come?

MOTHER.

Startled and upset, Billy did not stop to reply to the wire, but packed his grip and caught the evening train.

Sleep refused to come to him and through the two nights on the train he tossed and worried and wondered. His heart ached for Mary, and he could not concentrate his mind on what he should say or do; but hoped, somehow, that matters might be arranged for a quiet wedding and that Mary might return with him.

Reaching Bradford, he went to his mother at once, and from her heard the story of Mrs. Dart's long suffering and death. Then, going out to Mary's home, he comforted her as best he could in the hour of deep sorrow. He noticed a look of wistfulness and of patience, such as reveals itself after months and years of self-control and many disappointments, in Mary's face. He felt somehow that her heart was weary with much waiting and that she was almost resigned to not getting married at all. However, he determined to dispel the doubt as soon as he could and take her back with him.

Standing in the black-clad group under the overarching trees at the cemetery the next day, Billy let an old, old thought become definitely fixed in his mind: The strong had buried the weak, and Billy wondered how many millions of times that had happened since first families endured upon the earth. Mary's father had gone to pieces when he saw his dead wife. True, she had been little if any help to him for three years past, but he had come to lean upon her for advice, as all strong men learn to lean upon good wives in the stress and storm of business. He, seemingly, had nothing to help him meet the shock, neither religion,—though he had been a member of the church for years,

nor "philosophy," definite or indefinite. Mary, weeping, comforted her father as best she could, while the younger members of the Dart family huddled about Mary and her father, like lost chickens in a terrible storm. So it was that Billy, the future son-in-law, became during that dark hour the master of the Dart house; for as strange a thing as that sometimes may be the result of death. He met the relatives at the station; he set the time for the funeral and ordered the meals; he selected the flowers and selected the coffin, covered with soft gray; he did all grim things and all other things.

"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust," said the minister under the overarching trees; and Mr. Dart shook convulsively from head to foot.

All of the black group shivered, except Billy, when it came to the burial ritual. He stood almost passive, for he was evidently the only one of them who had somehow come to face death as a possible event, any day, out in the oil fields; and long ago he had come to view the "great adventure" as but another step in the many unknown steps man must take in this world into which folks come with no desire on their part. The grind of machinery on oil leases, the drilling rig, and the escaping gas had brought him very close to that mystery, and when he went back, it might possibly bring him still closer.


At last, it was over. Men, in overalls, stepped forward with their shovels, and Billy nodded quickly to Mr. Dart, making a slight gesture toward the line of waiting carriages. Mr. Dart understood,—Billy would stay,—as was the time-honored custom for some near friend,—and see the grave filled; the rest were to go. The groups began slowly to move away; wheels creaked

on the stone drive; and one by one the carriages filled and departed, the horses setting off at a fast walk.

Billy gazed steadfastly at the workmen; he knew that Mr. Dart kept looking back, and he did not care to see him. After a while there were no sounds of wheels or hoofs on the stones, and Billy, glancing up, saw that every one had gone. A carriage had been left for him,—the driver half asleep on the box.

The sexton himself placed the flowers and wreaths upon the fresh mound and about it. Billy stood looking thoughtfully at the bright festal-seeming hillock beneath the late August afternoon sun. The brilliancy of the flowers, kissed by the golden light from above, seemed to breathe purity and hope; hope of another life,—hope for a life beyond, even as the lily bulb, rough and unseemly, is thrust into the ground, to arise in white loveliness and bloom again. He turned toward the carriage, and saw Mary standing, all alone, on the other side of the drive.

She had just emerged from under the trees, which spread as a great leafy roof over the many tombs; and behind her rose a multitude of the barbaric and classic shapes we so strangely strew about graveyards; grotesque angels, shop-carved by honest workmen with narrow souls; bronze urns, crowning marble columns and rough stones, filled with perishing flowers, once lovely in their freshness, but now seemingly telling the story of death by degrees; little professional-carved children, poisoning on pillars, lifting, in unthought pathos, their blind stoniness toward the sky. Against such a background, the undertaker's carriage was not out of place, nor was Mary, in her black clothes of mourning, and yet, even though her face was sad, and a look of utter weariness covered her features, she



seemed withal, a vivid, living creature of a beautiful and rare world; and Billy thought, with a pang of regret, that it was too bad that one so beautiful and so charming, should suffer so.

As Billy approached, she looked startled and confused, but not more startled and confused than Billy. He had been an only son, and his acquaintances of recent years were fellow oil men,—big hearted, generous in times of trouble almost to a fault, but not tender and kind as other men engaged in a less dangerous undertaking. All his life, more or less, Billy had kept to himself, and while he loved Mary deeply, it seemed different now, somehow; different because of sorrow; and sorrow had been so distant, save the death of his father a number of years before. Then others came to comfort him; now it was his turn to comfort others, and he was wholly unprepared for this unexpected task. How often people expect to be comforted and petted and helped; how seldom people think of comforting, helping, and petting others! And so, Mary Dart had been a shining figure in his world of late, encouraging him when he was discouraged and urging him on, even from that eventful night, now seemingly so long ago, when on another August day he held her to himself and whispered sacred words of promise in her listening ear. Now he felt, somehow, as if sorrow had made him an humble outsider, and as his heart beat faster and faster, he could but stare and stare. He lifted his hat with awkwardness, his fingers fumbling at his forehead before they found the brim.

"Billy," said Mary, "I stayed to ride home with you. I—, I— need you so just now, and oh,—you have been so kind! And now mother is gone and father is so helpless and the children need me so much, I feel that

I must be with you all I can while you are home. It was very kind of you to come all this long way to be with me. I do appreciate it, only,—only, I can hardly let you go back—alone.”

So, during the two-mile ride home from the cemetery, they sat side by side, hand in hand, tears streaming down their faces.

Suddenly, Mary spoke again.


“I wandered off over the cemetery. I wanted so much to be alone—alone, in the white, silent city of the dead. Somehow, God seemed very near me in the silence and under the trees. Little birds hopped about, chirping and talking to each other as happy as happy as could be. Brave flowers, scorched by the August sun, were trying bravely to smile, all penciled with wonderful lines. And, mother seemed nearer even than when she was so thin and white at home. You must be very tired, Billy, and I know you have reason to be,” she said ever so gently and tenderly; thus letting Billy know how much she appreciated all the load he had taken from her weary shoulders.

Reaching the Dart home, the driver turned in at the gate and stopped before the porch. Billy got out, helping Mary to the door, then turned as if to go.

“No,” said Mary, “don’t go home now. Come in and stay for supper. Please spend the evening with me.”

Billy dismissed the driver; and the old shabby horses, pulling the old shabby carriage, went down the road at a lazy trot, kicking up a dust, which settled back in lazy fashion to the roadbed again.

Supper that evening in the Dart home was a very silent meal. The children were hushed for the moment, in the awful strangeness of death and the loss of a mother who had done all she could for them. Mr.



Dart sat at the head of the table, his head bowed upon his breast, lost in memories,—sacred and golden,—of the yesterdays of his life. Who knows what he thought? Who would, if they could, unveil his mind and reveal his thoughts? As he arose to leave the room, he said:

“Mary, my child! Billy, I cannot bear to have Mary go at this time.” He had discovered, without being told, what was in the minds of these who had pledged each to the other their lives. “No, I cannot bear it just now. Then, besides, who is to look after my home and the children if you go away?”

Billy’s heart sank and he knew now for the first, since he had stepped off the train yesterday, that again he would return to his business and the West,—alone.

Mary only looked up, smiled a little at her father, turned a little paler and bowed her head, while blinding tears fell silently on her scarcely touched plate.

As the long shadows crept up the dusty road and turned in at the yard, overtaking all the flowers one by one and hushing them to sleep, Billy and Mary sat in the swing on the porch, hand in hand, silent and sad. The shadows, all unconscious evidently, of their presence, kept on their march. Straight up to the porch they came, up the steps and over the railing and on to the swing. One single ray of the fading sunset penetrated the vines and rested for a moment on Mary’s tired face; as if, in good-night benediction, it would kiss this noble young woman. Then all was dusk, and darkness crept up like chilling water about them, enfolding and engulfing them in its grasp.

Billy stirred, and placing his arm about Mary’s waist, said:

“Mary, I’ve a lot out in Bartlesville and on that lot I planned to build a house,—such a house as you


would design, with all the comforts and conveniences you could wish. But I see that you cannot go this time. Again we are disappointed; but you have taught me how to battle, and battle alone, if need be. I know now that you have been able to teach me that lesson, because you have had to practice it so much yourself. One cannot lift another higher than he himself is, nor make one better than he himself is; but you have been so good and so high, that you have lifted me far in the realm of character. Now, I must go back. I came away in such a hurry, and there are many things demanding my attention. Yes, I must return; but, Mary, your sister Alice will soon be through school, and then I am coming for you, and we will build that house, which shall become a home; and even if we are a bit late in entering into our promised joy, it will be all the richer and all the more worth while because we understand each other."

Billy left her there that night, along toward eleven o'clock, to catch the midnight express for the West. As he took leave of her she seemed robed about by the mystery of the night: shadows deep and black entwined about her, and she felt as if the sun had gone out forever. But, true to her standards, she bid him good-by and God-speed with a brave handclasp and a gentle kiss upon his head, his cheeks, his lips, as if in eloquent benediction she were bidding him be good and true always.

"Good-night and good-by, Mary."

"Good-night and good-by, Billy."

Moving slowly away, Billy looked back; but she was hidden in the shadows behind the vines; and he could hear the swing chains creaking as she moved back and forth, drowning her torrential tears and the thunder



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of her sobs which accompanied them. But, even as thunder is the majestic prelude to the clear sky, which follows so soon after the storm, so the sobs relieved her soul, and cleansed her heart of bitter grief.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE FUTURE OF OIL

THE romance of the oil industry,—and it is a romance surpassed by nothing else whatsoever throughout the great world of big business,—cannot be told without calling attention to the remarkable growth of the oil-business, upon which can be established the only safe basis for any adequate prophecy of the future of oil. In fact, the future of oil is so far-reaching in its possibilities and vast magnitude, that one hesitates to prophesy even its future, for what that future is no man can tell. However, the reader can form some little idea of the natural demand for oil in the future by considering what is here set down from the actual records of the oil industry.

Never have conditions for oil-producing companies been so favorable as they are now. Record prices for crude oil are swelling the coffers of the old line producers, and though every effort is being bent to bring in new production, the demand still outruns the supply. This is especially the case with the high-grade oil-production in the old Eastern fields. South Pennsylvania Company is the most important beneficiary from the late advances in the price of Pennsylvania crude oil to above \$3.00 per barrel. Other large companies benefiting from this advance are scattered throughout the Eastern fields. Passing to the Mid-Continent field, the Prairie Oil and Gas Company and the Carter Oil

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Company, which share in the Pennsylvania rise, are the biggest winners from the early January advance from 90 cents to \$1.70 per barrel. The Prairie Oil and Gas Company had close to forty million barrels of crude oil in storage when that advance materialized. The Prairie Pipe Line Company had about one million barrels in storage under similar conditions, while the Carter Oil Company had approximately twenty million barrels in store. On the basis of the maximum advance of 80 cents a barrel, the Prairie Oil and Gas Company had a paper profit of thirty-two millions of dollars.

To trace the growth of the petroleum industry in this country reveals an almost unbelievable state of affairs; yet Government data tells in plain figures and black type how the total yield, but two thousand barrels valued at a mere thirty-two thousand dollars in 1859, had leaped to over two million barrels in two years; crossed ten million barrels in 1874, and by 1903, the date of the beginning of this story, reached and passed one hundred million barrels per annum. The story of the oil industry for the past year is one of further marvelous doings as the production in this country reached two hundred and ninety-two millions of barrels of forty-two gallons each, representing an increase of 4 per cent over the two hundred and eighty-one millions of barrels produced in the year 1915. The oil industry to date in these United States has furnished a grand total of three billion, nine hundred and eight million, eight hundred thousand barrels,—having a value of over three billions of dollars.

In watching this growth, it is interesting to note that from 1859 to 1876 all the country's oil came from Pennsylvania and New York, with the bulk coming from the former State. Then came Ohio, with thirty-

one thousand and seven hundred and sixty-three barrels in its first year, 1876; West Virginia, with one hundred and twenty thousand barrels, and California, with twelve thousand barrels. Pennsylvania reached its zenith in oil production in 1882, when it produced thirty million, fifty-three thousand barrels in conjunction with the small contribution from New York State. In the past year it had dropped to eight million, nine hundred thousand barrels. Oklahoma led the van in 1916 with a production placed at one hundred and five millions of barrels; yet this State only entered the producing ranks as an oil factor ten years ago. It may be of interest to the reader to note the following comparative table of the States engaged in oil production during 1915 and 1916.

| | 1915 | 1916 |
|---------------------|--------------------|--------------------|
| Oklahoma | 97,915,243 | 105,000,000 |
| California | 86,591,535 | 89,000,000 |
| Texas | 17,467,593 | 26,000,000 |
| Illinois | 19,041,695 | 16,500,000 |
| Louisiana | 18,191,539 | 15,800,000 |
| West Virginia | 9,264,793 | 8,500,000 |
| Pennsylvania | 7,838,705 | 8,000,000 |
| Ohio | 7,825,326 | 7,400,000 |
| Kansas | 2,823,487 | 6,500,000 |
| Wyoming-Montana ... | 4,245,525 | 6,100,000 |
| Kentucky | 437,274 | 1,200,000 |
| Indiana | 875,758 | 1,000,000 |
| New York | 887,778 | 900,000 |
| Colorado | 208,475 | 190,000 |
| Other States | 14,265 | 10,000 |
| Total | 281,104,104 | 292,300,000 |

In addition to the quantity of oil produced and marketed during 1916, it is estimated that there were several million barrels produced and placed in temporary field storage in Kansas and Oklahoma.


The demand for oil in all its forms is big and is growing daily, thus increasing prices and prospect work, bringing in much new production.

Broadly speaking, the consumption of oil falls under three general headings, namely: Illumination, lubrication, and locomotion. Oil for illumination purposes is probably most generally known and effects more individuals throughout the world. The use of kerosene is well nigh universal. The old-fashioned lamp, while it has passed in the larger communities, is still common as a method of furnishing illumination in the rural sections of the United States, and in the farthestmost recesses of the globe. It is probable that lubrication ranks second in the consumption of oil, as wherever there is a wheel to turn so there must be lubricants of some sort. And the third great heading of oil consumption,—locomotion,—includes a most important sub-division,—gasoline, which is making great inroads upon the oil supply of this country. A single word tells of the great demand for gasoline: Automobiles. And with the constant increase in the manufacture of automobiles of all kinds and descriptions, pleasure cars, trucks, tractors, and others, there is but one forecast for gasoline, and that is rapid growth in this end of the industry.

Another important sub-division under the locomotion heading is fuel oil. This branch of the business is rapidly growing and threatens the coal industry, both on land and sea. Oil-burners have been installed on

many ships, and the saving, both in money and efficiency is nothing short of marvelous. Railroads have adopted oil-burning engines in this country and elsewhere, and this promises a vast growth for this branch of the oil business. Those roads which run near to sources of supply are naturally the ones to be first in adopting oil-burning devices. It is estimated that railroads of the United States last year consumed forty million barrels of fuel oil over some thirty thousand miles of trackage. In the previous year, 1915, there was used by the American railroads thirty-six million, six hundred thousand barrels, and in 1914 were consumed thirty-one million barrels. Some of the leading railroads using oil-burning engines are: Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe; Southern Pacific; Florida East Coast; Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul; Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy, and Oregon Short Line. The use of fuel oil began on railroads on an extensive scale as far back as 1906, when fifteen million barrels were consumed.

Not only are ships in the merchant marine using fuel oil, but the navies of the world are utilizing it in no mean proportions. In fact, the World War in which we are now engaged, might be termed a World War fought with oil. The United States Navy, for instance, in the fiscal year which ended on June 30, 1916, consumed forty-seven million gallons of fuel oil. At that time, there were equipped with oil burners: eight battle-ships, fitted to burn coal or fuel oil,—three fitted with oil burners exclusively; forty-three destroyers fitted to burn oil exclusively. It has been estimated by the United States authorities that during the fiscal year, ending this June, 1917, the Navy will have used at least fifty-five millions of gallons of fuel oil. Indeed, the



Navy Department has a series of storage tank-stations extending from Boston, Massachusetts, to Key West, Florida, on the Atlantic seaboard; and from Puget Sound, Washington, to San Diego, California, on the Pacific. In the island possessions there are also stations, one at Guantanamo, Cuba, and another at Pearl Harbor, Hawaii.

The adoption of the United States Navy policy of storing the fuel supply in underground concrete-lined reservoirs, instead of steel tanks above ground, constitutes an important development in naval fuel matters, which is recommended for economic as well as strategic considerations. In order to assure the United States Navy of an adequate supply of fuel oil, the President of the United States on April 30, 1915, approved an order creating the Naval Petroleum Reserve No. 3, involving nine thousand, four hundred and eighty-one acres of land in Natrona County, Wyoming. This area, which formed a part of petroleum reserve No. 8, created by executive order on June 2, 1910, includes the Teapot Dome, southeast of Salt Creek field, thirty miles north of Caspar. As an added precaution to provide for future needs of the navy, a clause has been inserted in leases on all oil lands in the Osage Reservation in Oklahoma, giving the Federal Government the right to purchase at prevailing market prices any oil it may require from those lands. From the foregoing it is plainly seen that the adoption of oil as fuel in the United States Navy is but the forerunner of a great and growing use of oil products on the sea.

It may be interesting to know that the United States leads the world in the production of oil as it does in the production of copper, iron, zinc, and other natural products of the earth. Second in line is Russia, with

great and glowing prospects for further increases after the War is over and internal conditions are somewhat settled. The United States in 1915 produced two hundred and sixty-seven million barrels. Then came Russia with seventy-two million barrels; Roumania with fifteen million barrels; Galicia with nine million barrels; India with eight million, eight thousand barrels; and Peru with three million, five hundred thousand barrels. The total world's marketed production in 1915 was placed by competent authorities at four hundred and thirty million barrels. Were all countries able to maintain their proportionate increase, in 1916, production from all producing countries in the world would have been approximately four hundred and seventy-five million barrels, of which the United States would have supplied more than half.

The refining of oil is a vast industry in itself. It has shown enormous strides during the past year, but in the face of all the growth there is no surplus capacity at this time. Nor can there be so long as the demand for the various and many products of oil continues to show steady growth as in the past few years. The Standard Oil Company of New Jersey,—the father of them all,—leads in refining capacity, with an estimated daily capacity of one hundred and sixty-five thousand barrels; and the Standard Oil Company of California, with a capacity of ninety thousand barrels daily, with a similar daily capacity by the Standard Oil Company of Indiana. The Atlantic Refining Company has an estimated daily capacity of sixty thousand barrels, the Pierce Oil Corporation, of twenty-six thousand barrels daily and the Mid-West Refining Company, of twenty-five thousand barrels a day. Of the so-called independents, the Texas Company is ranked as the lar-

gest, with plant capacity for producing eighty-five thousand barrels of oil daily; the Gulf Refining Company has capacity estimated at sixty thousand barrels a day; the Cosden Company has a daily capacity of thirty thousand barrels; and the Sinclair Oil Corporation has twenty thousand barrels daily capacity. Among the large independents in this connection should be mentioned the Associated Oil Company, of which the Southern Pacific Company owns a controlling interest, and the Union Oil Company of California. There is the Mexican Petroleum Company, with operations chiefly in Mexico; the Pierson interests in Mexico; the Tide-Water Oil Company, the Shells of Holland, which owns large interests in California. The Mexican Petroleum Company has a plant which, when ready, at Tampico, will have a capacity for producing fifty thousand barrels of oil a day. The Magnolia Oil Company, regarded as being within the Standard Oil family, has a daily capacity of fifty thousand barrels. Oklahoma, Pennsylvania, and California have the most refineries. In the East, New Jersey leads. A recent compilation shows there are in the United States three hundred and two oil refineries, having a total capacity for producing more than one million barrels a day. These plants have an estimated investment valuation of close to half a billion dollars. Kansas and Oklahoma have a total of sixty-two refineries, while the rest are scattered over some five other states. Considerable new building is going on and plants are increasing to such an extent that it is hard to give actual figures at this time.

Oil is fast supplanting coal as fuel in manufacturing establishments in many sections of the country because of its great economy. The high price of coal, due to

labor troubles, high freight rates, and long hauls, and the failing of the natural gas supply in many states has increased the demand for oil to the greatest extent ever known, indeed, to a greater extent than any even dared to anticipate. As a result of this greatly increased inquiry for fuel oil, the price of this commodity about doubled early in the month of January from two months before. Toward the close of last January (1917) oil was about eight cents a gallon at Pennsylvania refineries as compared with about four cents a gallon last November (1916). The rapid development of the use of fuel oil in manufacturing plants constituted a most important feature of the entire oil industry as the year 1917 entered. In fact, it was the greatest factor, if gasoline be eliminated. As the price for fuel oil rose, this product became more valuable to the refineries than kerosene, which was at one time some years ago and for a long stretch of time, the backbone of the oil-refining industry.

The use of oil as fuel has now been quite well established as being superior to coal. Roughly speaking, three barrels of oil will do the work of one ton of coal, so the choice rests chiefly with the comparative prices of these two commodities. In addition, however, there are small economies in favor of oil, such as a day saved in port, with the labor it entails, larger cargo space in vessels and the elimination of stoking charges. Vessels using oil instead of coal have been able to cut down their engine room forces from forty or fifty men to a round dozen, so that the saving in wages alone at the end of a year is no small item.

Much progress is also being made by railway companies with oil-burning engines. Some of the larger railroads have their own oil supplies, notably the

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Southern Pacific Company. This company and others are finding satisfactory results from their oil burners. A ton of coal and a ton of fuel oil costs the Southern Pacific Company practically the same, but the company secures much more efficiency from its oil than from its coal. In brief, it claims to get almost three miles more from the use of a ton of fuel oil than from the use of a ton of coal. In the case of the Union Pacific Railroad a ton of fuel oil costs about one-third more than a ton of coal, but the railroad gets almost double the mileage out of the oil. For the readers' benefit in forming some little idea of the future of oil, figures are here given which speak for themselves. They set forth in comparative form the costs and results with coal and oil used on the Union Pacific Railroad and on the lines of the Southern Pacific Company. The figures are for the year ended, June 30, 1916.

| | U. P. | S. P. |
|--|--------|--------|
| Average cost per ton of coal..... | \$1.93 | \$2.66 |
| Average cost per ton of fuel oil (168 gal.) | 2.94 | 2.64 |
| Average cost per ton coal and oil... | 1.95 | 2.64 |
| Average cost per cord wood..... | 1.77 | 1.76 |
| Miles run per ton of coal..... | 10.77 | 11.48 |
| Miles run per ton fuel oil..... | 20.30 | 14.79 |
| Miles run per ton coal and fuel oil.. | 11.05 | 14.71 |
| Miles run per pound lubricating oil. | 14.56 | 15.97 |
| Miles run per pound of waste..... | 212.03 | 115.38 |

In the case of the Southern Pacific Company, the gross tons, ton miles (passenger) moved per pound of fuel oil was 5.16 while, in the case of freight, it was 5.93.

In estimating the future of oil, let us remember that the past year has witnessed the greatest activity and expansion in the oil industry ever known. This refers to the activity in the oil fields and to the activity among the various companies, old and new, in putting into effect new and increased refining capacity. With the arrival of the Sinclair Refining Company, the Cosden Company, both refining and producing, the increased facilities of the Gulf Refining Company plant, and the countless others, it was thought that there would soon be a glut of gasoline and other products on the market. But, the growth and use of automobiles has been nothing short of marvelous. It is estimated that the United States has three million, two hundred thousand automobiles, not mentioning the motor driven tractors and other machinery which depend upon oil and gasoline for power. And every new automobile or tractor produced in the United States means so much more demand for gasoline, whether it be a Ford, with its average of 22 miles per gallon of gas, to the higher priced and higher powered machines with their average mileage cut down to around 10 miles per gallon of gasoline. Combined, their requirements are simply enormous and growing daily. In fact, the world is moved to-day by the power of oil and it is a problem to make the supply keep pace with the demand. Never before in the world's history has there been such tremendous demand for petroleum products. It is estimated that the number of things that are produced from petroleum and its products is approximately three thousand. Then, it is now announced that a new ship of some eight thousand tons, a submergible, of dependence for merchant service has been invented and


will be equipped with heavy oil burners. This opens still another channel for fuel oil consumption.

Despite the big expansion in the refining of petroleum,—that is the capacity of the existing and new plants,—the gasoline situation early in this year (1917) threatened to become more acute than ever. Never before did such high prices prevail at mid-winter, and with the normal increase in demand due to the active automobile season of late spring and summer, there was predicted further price advances for the finished product. During January there were large sections of the country where gasoline brought 25c a gallon. In practically all of New York State outside of New York City there was an advance of 2c a gallon to 24c a gallon before February arrived. In Boston and New England territory the price was also fixed at 24c a gallon, tank wagon basis. In Oklahoma, the greatest oil state in the country the tank wagon price was up to 23c a gallon. In Chicago, the tank wagon basis was 19c a gallon; and in Kansas City, it was 18.8c a gallon, the highest ever known there. In such big consuming centers as Philadelphia and Pittsburg in Pennsylvania, and in Delaware, the tank wagon basis was 23c a gallon and in New Jersey, regarded as one of the best gasoline markets in the entire United States, the price was 21c. Thus, these quotations show clearly the strength of the market as indicated in gasoline prices. Throughout the Southern States the prices for gasoline ranged from 27c down to 21c a gallon. In May of this year (1917) gasoline is retailing at 24c a gallon in Oklahoma and Kansas, while in June, July, and August last year (1916) filling stations for automobiles in Colorado charged as high as 28c a gallon. A year ago in many places gasoline was

obtainable at 12 to 15c a gallon, but by the arrival of summer it was up seven or eight cents a gallon. An advance of similar amount by the middle of this year does not seem unlikely at this writing, for there are all the ear-marks of a shortage forced by great consumption demands, slowing down of production in some fields. This means two things: First,—upward tending prices; Second, increased production to meet demands.¹

It can be readily seen from this review of the production of oil and gasoline, its uses and its possibilities, that the future of oil no man can tell. If its increased demands are as heavy in the future as they have been during the past few years, it is a certainty that production and consumption will go far beyond any one's dreams. Production will continue of course. What heretofore has been considered wild-cat territory, or "unsafe," is now attractive territory and drilling operations are being carried on on a large scale. Much new production is promised and will be assured, while side by side with the new production goes the increase demands.

¹The author expresses his thanks to Chas. A. Stoneman and Company, New York, for some of the figures in foregoing chapter.



CHAPTER XIX

THREE YEARS OF BUSINESS

BARTLESVILLE, OKLAHOMA,
JUNE 14, 1910.

MR. GEORGE C. WHITE,
BRADFORD, PENNSYLVANIA.

DEAR GEORGE:

Again I inclose my yearly report of work accomplished during the past twelve months, and trust that the Board of Directors will feel that, while we have had the discouragements of the very low oil market, we have done the best we could under the circumstances. I wish you could come down and spend a few days with us.

Most cordially yours,
WM. OWEN,
President.

BARTLESVILLE, OKLAHOMA,
JUNE 14, 1910.

TO THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS,
PIT OIL COMPANY,
BRADFORD, PENNSYLVANIA.

GENTLEMEN:

We come to the close of another year, with the situation here not greatly changed. In July 1908, the price of our oil was reduced to 35c per barrel, which, in itself, was a very discouraging feature, but not altogether unexpected. The price remained at 35c until

the 17th of March of this year, when it was advanced to 38c, and, having taken a step upwards, we are all encouraged in the belief that the hope for a brighter future is beginning to take shape.

The production of this field at this time is slightly more than it was a year ago, but the pipe-line facilities have increased accordingly, to our great relief.

We have drilled during the past year 36 wells, 29 of which are producers and seven either dry or too small to be of any value. From the Treasurer's report you will notice that we have exhausted our resources, and, after applying the income from the sale of our oil, have been obliged to borrow some money to drill enough to meet the terms of our leases. It is very unfortunate for the lease owners as well as for ourselves that these must be drilled on these low prices. From the reports of profits by the purchasers of oil we are forced to conclude that they are making a clear profit of over a dollar a barrel on the average oil that they are taking into their pipe lines, while by reason of over-production which gives them the power of buying oil at a very low price, they have been paying us but 35c a barrel, which may be considered the cost of production without profit except in exceptional cases of large wells or shallow territory. Oil producers have always been altogether too enterprising for their own good, and I suppose we must class ourselves as in the list; but to feel that we are not sharing any of the profits coming from the large amount of oil being produced here at the present time, is among the disturbances of mind that we have to meet.

In my previous reports I have given considerable space to the conditions that we encounter in being obliged to operate lines that are under Government

control. The situation had been improved but slightly, with the exception that leases may now be sold subject to the approval of the Secretary of the Interior, he having now arrived at a fixed royalty not subject to change, and has withdrawn his contention that he has the right to force us to divide our profits on such leases as proved profitable with the allottee.

This is of great importance, because the time will come when we will want to buy or sell leases. For example: There are leases that are located where other producers can operate them cheaper than we can and they should be able to consolidate such properties, and the same is true in reference to the property about us that we may be able to purchase. This is most especially true in regard to leases of small area, frequently as small as 10 acres.

Permit me to say that our wells are nicely connected so as to operate them at the least cost consistent with efficiency, and I look forward to a time when we may be able to count ourselves possessors of property that will sell at a price that will show that the investment made will pay reasonable returns, notwithstanding the lack of dividends up to the present time.

Respectfully submitted,
WM. OWEN,
President.

In the Eastern fields there was only routine work during 1910, and no important new pools were discovered. In the Eastern States the production showed a slight decrease.

In Ohio the development of the Clinton sand pools was the feature of the year's operations. In the old districts of Seneca County, several large wells were

found. However, the total production of the State showed a decrease.

During 1910 two new deep sands, the Tracy and McCloskey, were found in Illinois. The Centralia-Sandoval Pool was also developed. Active work was carried on all over the State, and the production increased 2,200,000 barrels over that of 1909.

Prices in the Mid-Continent field were advancing during 1910 from 28c for heavy crude, to about 42c for all grades of oil. This stimulated work, and production increased some 4,000,000 barrels for the year. Stocks on hand remained practically stationary, except those held in the hands of producers, which disappeared. In Kansas drilling was active in Allen, Chautauqua, Neosho, Montgomery, and Wilson Counties. A gas field was found near Poteau, Oklahoma, and a large well at Henryetta, Okmulgee County, opened a spotted pool. Deep wells near Osage Junction, Osage County, opened a good field.

Texas was more interesting this year because of its wildcat operations than for any other feature; while in Louisiana three gushers were found in the Vinton Pool. A 12,000-barrel well was struck by lightning on June 19th, but it was extinguished within 48 hours. The Standard Oil Company completed a pipe line from Oklahoma to its Baton Rouge refinery. Side by side with these events, the California field increased during this year from 55,000,000 to 73,000,000 barrels; numerous large wells were found, but the greatest was the Lake View Oil Company's which struck sand March 15th and reached an output of 40,000 barrels per day or more. The Standard duplicated its six-inch line from Sunset-Midway to Kern Run and the Associated Oil

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Company built an eight-inch line from Sunset to its line at Colainga. Wyoming produced 115,530 barrels this year, the wells being located in Bighorn, Crook, Fremont, Natrona, and Uinta Counties; and in Mexico, the famous Potrero gusher, reaching 160,000 barrels a day, was discovered.

BARTLESVILLE, OKLAHOMA,
JUNE 15, 1911.

TO THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS,
PIT OIL COMPANY,
BRADFORD, PENNSYLVANIA.

GENTLEMEN:

During our present fiscal year the selling price of our oil has advanced to 48c per barrel. This field's production and stocks on hand have changed but little; the consumption is constantly increasing; therefore, we have good grounds for hope.

The total production for the United States for the year 1910 was 210,000,000 barrels, but, at the end of the year, we had less oil in storage exclusive of the California oil than we had at its beginning.

The Treasurer's report will be well worth your careful consideration. We have completed 31 wells, of which 27 are added to our producing number and four were non-productive. Of necessity, we have increased our indebtedness, but our expenses and cost of development have largely been paid from our earnings.

The Secretary of the Interior is gradually making the life of the oil producer a little less burdensome, but this has been brought about by a large expenditure of money made necessary by the employment of attorneys, the expense of committees, etc. But, nevertheless, I

anticipate that we will be able to transfer our properties when the time comes for making a sale, if that is found desirable.

I would suggest that the Board appoint a committee from its members to visit the field and make a close inspection of our property, that they might offer suggestions and make a report for the further consideration of the Board. I would like such action as a guide to how rapidly it is feasible to extend our developments. Heretofore, there has been such a chaotic condition that it was impossible to foresee, from month to month, what might occur, as a result of the changed rulings of the Department. We lost several leases that are now proving good, by reason of the edict of the Secretary that no leases would be considered by him without the lessor going before the United States Commissioner and making oath that he wished the leases approved. In the cases we refer to the leases were taken and paid for about eight months prior to the time of this order, and, of course, the Indian would have preferred that our lease be set aside that he might sell it over to a newcomer.

We spent a considerable amount in trying to induce the Indian to go before a Commissioner, but he would not; and, notwithstanding our statement of the facts of this expenditure and effort, the Secretary disapproved the lease and encouraged the Indian's dishonesty by selling them again to other parties. This unfair regulation has now been withdrawn, like others of its kind, and we do not expect further trouble along those lines.

I think the committee I suggest would find matters moving in a way that would furnish a degree of satis-

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faction to you that would warrant the expenditure involved, besides being a source of gratitude to me.

Respectfully submitted,

WM. OWEN,

President.

Just after the beginning of the year 1911 a gusher, starting at 900 barrels, was found in Green County, Pennsylvania. A small pool in Washington was a feature of that locality.

An event of interest at this time in Ohio was the extension of the Clinton sand producing area into Perry County, near New Straitsville, Falls Gore township; Frazeyburg, Muskingum County; and in Hocking County. The pool at Wooster was also opened, and a small well near Newberg, in the suburbs of Cleveland, created some interest. At this time the production in Illinois began to decline, but work was active throughout the year. The Sandoval field of Marion County was clearly defined; a new field was opened three miles northwest of Carlyle in April; and considerable gas was found near Carlinsville, Mascoupin County.

A better price for oil stimulated drilling in the counties of Allen, Chautauqua, Montgomery, and Neosho, Kansas. The price of heavy oil was raised to that of light.

Oklahoma stocks were reduced this year and prices advanced. The Hogshooter Pool was increased; the Glenn Pool was defined and developed; and a new pool was opened in Kay County. Oil was found as far south as Madill, Marshall County, and also near Lawton, Commanche County, with gas near Poteau.

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BARTLESVILLE, OKLAHOMA,
JUNE 19, 1912.


TO THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS,
PIT OIL COMPANY,
BRADFORD, PENNSYLVANIA.

GENTLEMEN:

Since our last annual report the price of our commodity has still further increased to 70c per barrel. This seems warranted by the fact that the production of our field, and the country at large, is decreasing somewhat, and the consumption increasing. This situation will prove a source of much satisfaction to yourselves as well as to me, individually; for we have worked together unitedly against adverse circumstances, hoping that the time would come when we would thus be encouraged. The 43c advance, from 35c a barrel, makes a wonderful change in the feelings of the man in the field-end of this industry. I appreciate the fact that you gentlemen, having long experience in the business, have been very patient and considerate. Many of the newcomers, without such experience, have become discouraged and inclined to dispose of their properties as soon as the rules of the Department would permit.

We completed, during the past year, 34 wells, of which 27 are oil producers, and three are gas-producers. Our wells, at the present time, average about 5¼ barrels each, which is a very good average, taking the field as a whole.

Your committee, which visited the field after our last annual meeting, was a help to me by reason of the various questions of policy which we discussed; and I shall always be glad to welcome a return of this committee, or any other that you may ask to visit the field.



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I think all other questions of finance, etc., will be best presented in the Treasurer's report. It is a source of gratification that, at the present price, we are maintaining our production, and, at the same time, reducing our obligations.

Respectfully submitted,
WM. OWEN,
President.

The decline in production continued in Pennsylvania during the year of 1912, and the New York fields showed a falling off of about 8.32 per cent. West Virginia became rather interesting by the development at Blue Creek, Kanawha County. The first producer was struck on the Barth-Schwartz land by the Ohio Fuel Supply Company and was drilled to protect a lease that was about to expire. The Edwards Oil Company soon after got a 720 barrel well on the Graham estate. In May the highest production of 25,000 barrels a day was reached. The excitement at Blue Creek caused the discovery of pools at Falling Rock and in the Big Sandy District. A small pool was opened near Spencer and several fair wells were struck in Roane County. Again, drilling was more or less active in Southeastern Kansas, and in Oklahoma a new pool was opened ten miles east of Cushing.

This was the first year that Wyoming became really prominent as an oil producing State. In April a gusher starting at 1,200 barrels was struck 45 miles north of Casper, in the Salt Creek field. This started operations and 59 wells were drilled in the State during the year, which produced oil, besides some 30 dry holes.

CHAPTER XX

DEPRESSION AND HISTORY

DURING the three years since Billy attended the funeral of Mary's mother, he had been one of the busy men of the Mid-Continent field. Constantly were the lines of the oil industry being set back. Many new companies were being formed, and as fast as they secured leases they began drilling operations. In every direction from Bartlesville could be seen the tall masts of drilling rigs. At Sapulpa excitement continued, and to the east a very large area was drilled and many valuable leases developed. Billy had been busy day and night drilling and developing leases,—selling some that were not so promising as others and covering the entire Mid-Continent field in search of buyers for leases held by his company and in search for new and desirable territory. So engrossed had he become with business that he hardly realized how time was flying.

Mary was busy with the household duties of her father's home. Alice, the younger sister, graduated from High School, but concluded that she would go to college, so Mary stayed at home and Alice went off to school. Indeed, Mr. Dart was coming to lean more and more on his eldest daughter, and seemed to take it as a matter of course that she should stay at home and do the work. At the same time, however, he was occasionally seen in company with a certain Miss Maude Bennett, a woman still single, but no longer really

young. She was one of those commanding figures; tall, somewhat slender, very firm in her expression, but with all, given to dressing like "the girls," and having a passion for hats. Her hats were many in number and wonderful in combination. The colors were of every hue, and under their wide rims she carried on quite a flirtation for one so comfortably over forty. Yet, never having been married, why should she not enter into the joys of girlhood? "It is better late than never," so folks say, and here was a prosperous dairy farmer, who owned some rich land, and had his home paid for. He had been good to his first wife,—“poor dear,” and she had worn herself out for her big family. But the family was well grown, and Mary ought soon to be married and out of the way, while the other children would be attending school away from home. So, why not?

Mary watched these movements, keeping Billy posted as they progressed, and promised that at the proper moment she would help the matter along, for Miss Bennett was really a good woman,—kind and honest,—and would make a good wife.

Uncle John Owen had grown old and rather feeble. Mrs. Owen, Billy's mother, had succeeded in getting him to move over to her home,—where he boarded with her,—so that she could look after him and make him comfortable. He had given up an active interest in the bank, though he still held the majority of the stock; and once in a while asserted himself with considerable force, when the new president, a "young upstart with new ideas," as Uncle John spoke of him, attempted to institute too many of his grand notions about banking. Had he not run that bank for forty years? And was it not the safest bank in the County? What of it,

if some of the other banks were getting the business of the newer business men in the community? Did he not have money enough to keep the bank going? And so, day by day, from the sitting-room window of his sister-in-law's home, he watched the busy crowd go by, while he nursed and cursed his pains and aches.

However, Uncle John never for a moment forgot Billy. When some of the old-timers dropped in to chat with him, their conversation usually turned at last to Billy.

"I tell you what, Jones," Uncle John would begin, "that nephew of mine is a wonder. My, my,—he has had a hard time of it, but he is coming out on top. I just want to live long enough to see him married and settled down, then I am going to die and leave him my money to do as he pleases with."

Billy's mother was growing old, but she grew old gently, like a warm, mellow day, drawing to its close in late October, casting its sunshine back upon the browning earth, loath to go, but kissing all the earth gently ere it left, letting winter command the situation.

Of course, Billy and Mary exchanged letters, in which they told each other all the wonderful things that happened in their lives; and they dreamed day-dreams, building air-castles. But what of that? If the millions of young people throughout the world ceased to build air-castles, there would be no progress. By building castles in the air first, we come to know where and how to build them in reality when opportunity affords.

The prospect for big things in the oil industry was good. The year 1913 saw improvement in the Mid-Continent field, there being a universal increase in production.

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The one outstanding factor of the year was the beginning of the development of the Cushing field, which was discovered during the preceding year. In the first week in January, owing to the life developed in this new field, Cushing was producing 11,000 barrels a day and by the end of that month the daily production had reached 20,000 barrels a day from about 120 wells. Some of these wells declined rapidly, and a short-lived field was generally predicted, but Cushing disappointed the prophets and showed an increase in its output from month to month until in March the gauges showed a daily production of 25,000 barrels.

Then a decline did begin. By June 10th, the daily production was but 16,000 barrels a day, but in August rapid drilling operations had again boosted the daily production to 25,000 barrels.

On December 9th, Prairie Oil and Gas Company drilled a well to the Bartlesville sand at a depth of 2,600 feet, which was a very large gusher. This was the signal for general drilling to the Bartlesville sand, and the close of the year 1913 witnessed great excitement and activity in the Cushing Pool.

The second feature of greatest importance for the future Oklahoma oil production, was the drilling of a well by the Red River Oil Company, near Healdton, Carter County, in September, which was the beginning of the subsequent Healdton Pool, a star feature of the following year.

Billy wrote to the company before the gusher was drilled a letter in which he expressed his satisfaction at the progress being made, and outlined the prospects for the coming year.

DEPRESSION AND HISTORY 213

BARTLESVILLE, OKLAHOMA,

JUNE 18, 1913.

TO THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS,
PIT OIL COMPANY,
BRADFORD, PENNSYLVANIA.

GENTLEMEN:

The past year has been comparatively uneventful, excepting that the price of our commodity has increased to 86c a barrel, and, by steady drilling, we have been able to maintain our production and still further reduce our obligations. During the year 1912 they drew on stocks of the Mid-Continent field something over 2,000,000 of barrels, and, should this condition continue, higher prices will be warranted during the coming year.

Our income has permitted me to drill 42 wells during the past year and to have taken a considerable new acreage for future development. Six of our wells have been dry, and four of them producers of gas.

The Treasurer's report will give you the detail as to the cost of the wells, and returns from the same, and as to the money invested in new leases. I would be very glad for suggestions as to the taking up of more territory. It is probable that not more than one lease in ten that we have taken will prove remunerative, but it is impossible to decide as to what leases are to be productive until they had been tested. This field, in this respect, is much more unreliable than the Bradford field was, as you are aware by our experience.

Respectfully submitted,

WM. OWEN,
President.

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The last half of 1913 and the early months of 1914 were days of worry and trial for oil operators in the Bartlesville field. Billy was no exception to the rule. Literally speaking, many, many men lost their all during these months. They had good leases, operating at a small margin, but with the price of oil at only 86c a barrel, and declining right along, the prospect was anything but bright.

Many operators were just simply forced out of the business. They were under ironclad rules and regulations of the Department. Banks began to tighten up on their loans. Few, if any, new loans were being allowed. In fact, money was becoming "tight" in this district. Depression such as had never been experienced before was now the order of the day.

Jim King, a friend of Billy's, had an attractive lease of some forty acres, on which were five producing wells. He had a flat offer of \$22,000 for this lease, and was on his way to Tulsa with the abstract of title in his pocket one morning in April, 1914. On the train with him that day, going down from Bartlesville was an old friend, a former pastor in another city. Jim was feeling as bright as a new dollar. Reaching Tulsa, they dined together; then separated for an hour or two, while Jim closed the deal. That day the bottom went out of oil. The price began to go down, and continued going down, until it reached forty cents on the market, and much oil was sold as low as 30c and 25c per barrel. About three, Jim met his pastor friend. His face was drawn as if in pain, as he said:

"I must go back to that lease near Caney. There's nothing left for me to do. I owe money at the bank. I've put \$10,000 into this lease and it is not worth anything to-day. If I had only sold it yesterday. But,

then I am strong, and I can discharge the pumpman and do the work myself. Good-by. Come and see me some day."

This is just one illustration of hundreds with regard to the small independent operators, and what they suffered that year, when the famous Cushing field opened, with its enormous over-supply.

Indeed, the passion with men seems to be all in the same direction,—taking long chances of getting suddenly rich, over-night, as it were, regardless of the damage that may be done. The "Shooting" of the sand in many, many wells hurried production for a moment of time, but shortened the life of the wells. So, much oil flooded the market, forcing down the price to a criminally low figure, and wasting much of the production that ought to have been conserved. Had it been conserved, the wells would have had longer life, and the owners would still be enjoying attractive incomes. The same insane wastage is apparent to-day. In the Augusta field, which opened soon after this, men rushed in by the hundreds, drilled wells, shot the sand, and now the production is on a steady decline. It is true that near Eldorado and other points in the Kansas field, that some new wells of promise are being brought in, but to date, the oil man seems blind to the fact that his supply of oil in any given field, is limited, and that he can conserve it to his own best interests and the best interests of the oil industry.

Another serious crime to the small operator is the ability of the "interests" to step in at moments like these and buy really attractive leases and wells, at a very low figure, because they have plenty of money and the small man must sell at any price he can get to save his credit and get out alive. Indeed, it has

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been alleged that large companies often force up the price of oil to stimulate drilling operations, and then after the "scouts" have located a number of promising wells, they force the price down, then go out into the field and buy these wells at their own price.

One of the head men of the Standard interests is alleged to have said to a gentleman one day:

"Mr. Blank, the Standard Company never had enough money to do 'wildcat drilling' but it always waits until the other man drills in the oil, then, if, in our judgment, the well is one of promise, we buy it outright for a cash consideration."

During this period of depression Billy, naturally, had the "blues," but he worked night and day. Many leases not overly productive were sold. The money thus derived helped to drill wells enough on the other holdings to keep the leases alive. Then, too, the Pit Company officers were assured by B. L. Stone, whose judgment in other important matters had always been good, that the Cushing field would run out ultimately, and that prices would then go up to advantage, so they put up their own properties back in Bradford, borrowing vast sums of money, sending it on to Billy and urging him to be wise and discreet, but to hold the day and win out.

While Billy had hoped to be married before this time, he realized that he was again doomed to disappointment. No matter how much he desired to go home, he could not leave the field for a single day. Work, work, and more work, was his hourly program.

It was toward the latter part of 1914 that Billy sent in his delayed annual report containing the history of the earlier months of the Cushing field.

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BARTLESVILLE, OKLAHOMA,

NOVEMBER 17, 1914.

TO THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS,
PIT OIL COMPANY,
BRADFORD, PENNSYLVANIA.

GENTLEMEN:

During the past year new productive pools have been opened up in the Mid-Continent field, which have changed the outlook for the immediate future and caused a cessation of drilling to a great extent by those who have leases in territory that is not producing wells of large capacity. The field of greater importance is known as the Cushing field and is located a considerable distance southwest of the former production. The best wells in this field average a depth of about 2,700 feet, and many of them produce a thousand barrels each from some considerable time after being completed; but, of course, wells of this great capacity decline much more rapidly than the smaller ones.

In fact, I might say that the Cushing field now dominates all other features of this and all other fields. The first well was completed in December, last, by the Prairie Oil and Gas Company on the Fred Tucker lease. From this, operations extended and increased until the output has reached 263,000 barrels daily at this writing. The breaking out of the terrible World War, on August first has, to a certain extent, demoralized the export trade, and backed the oil up to the wells. Early in August the pipe lines reduced runs, and the purchasing agencies curtailed the amount of oil they would buy. Then, on September 19th, the Joseph Seep Purchasing Agency gave notice that all oil would be purchased. The attempts of the Corpor-

ation Commission of Oklahoma to regulate drilling and transportation of oil in the State, have added greatly to the embarrassments of the trade, and create an unpleasant situation. For instance, the Prairie Oil and Gas Company refuse to run any oil under these restrictions, and so condition after condition has arisen to try our very souls.

We have drilled during the fiscal year but 21 wells, of which 17 are producers of oil or gas. At the present time, we are drilling only one well, and, as far as possible, without forfeiting our leases, will suspend drilling until the Cushing field is fully developed and the production has again declined, so that the pipe lines will be able to handle the oil. At the present time they can only take about fifty per cent of our product. The Cushing wells are so very large that only such companies as have a large capital able to build iron tankage and store the oil, can hope to share in the great prosperity which will result to the individual holder of leases in that pool; and we are unable to count ourselves in that class. I recommend a waiting period in our experience, and trust, for our further encouragement, in due time. Although the present is not what we had expected by reason of the fact that the Cushing field is in a class by itself, which has never heretofore been approached in its wonderful productivity, excepting the wells that produce heavy oil in different sections of this country and Mexico.

Respectfully submitted,

WM. OWEN,

President.

The discouraging conditions continued throughout the year 1916, oil prices were down to such a low ebb

that it hardly paid to pump the wells, and the cost of large iron tanks was so great that one hesitated to incur the expense, even though oil went up again to 80 or 90c a barrel.

Billy fought on, selling some leases, improving some others, disposing of some oil, and making shift the best he could; all the while being guided and helped by his Associates in Bradford. They wrote him encouraging letters and let him know that they were with him, having staked their all on his judgment that together they would pull out.

Oil operations in the division east of the Rockies during 1916 were dominated by the rise and fall of the Cushing field. The enormous production obtained there checked work in all other sections; and, as a result, no other important pools were opened; and wildcat work was less pronounced than in the previous two years. The Crichton field of Louisiana added a number of gusher wells to the list, and deeper wells started at above 15,000 barrels. In other States, only small pools were found, none of them important.

BARTLESVILLE, OKLAHOMA,
JUNE 15, 1915.

TO THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS,
PIT OIL COMPANY,
BRADFORD, PENNSYLVANIA.

GENTLEMEN:

The past year has been one of many discouragements. The price of our commodity has declined to 40c a barrel, and the production of the Cushing field has so greatly overtaxed the pipe-line capacity that we are still unable to run more than about 60 per cent of the normal output of our wells. We have drilled but

eight wells during the past fiscal year; four of these being productive and the other four we were obliged to drill by the terms of our contract under the rules of the Department, and were located upon leases not heretofore tested. Inasmuch as the Cushing field is one of great importance, I will devote my report in giving you the history and tendency of the wells during that period, with a forecast of the future.

There are certain men upon whose judgment as to the future course of oil I have placed considerable reliance. One of these gentlemen was called upon for an after-dinner talk at a banquet given in honor of the Commissioners of the State of Oklahoma. This banquet was held at the Hotel Maire three days ago, on June 12th. The production of the Cushing field is now supposed to be 285,000 barrels per day. The producers generally have great confidence in the stability of that field and are not disposed to adopt the conclusions which the short paper given, points to. The two local news sheets did not even publish them; although the proprietors of both were present and extra copies were to be had for the asking. Upon careful watchfulness of the Cushing field, the speaker had become fully aware that its output was being maintained by the very large wells drilled in the more prolific part of the pool. He estimated the undrilled acreage that now is shown capable of prolific wells and formed his conclusions. There may be extensions north and south but his analysis of the situation seems proof that even with such extensions we may hope to see a great change in public sentiment soon. The following figures are taken down as given, which indicate the output of the wells drilled by the largest producers in that field.

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"McMan Oil Company on February 13, had 117 wells producing 31,344 bbls. On June 5th, 164 wells producing 33,100 bbls.

Shrinkage in production, 18,244 barrels.

New production added from February 13th to June 1st, 66,500 barrels from 47 wells.

The average of wells producing June 5th was 202 barrels each, notwithstanding 21,700 barrels of new production from 21 wells in May.

This Company's production was selected simply because it is a leading company.

B. B. Jones had 22 wells on February 13th producing 22,300 barrels. He added 56,650 barrels new production, and on June 5th had a total of 15,200 barrels.

J. H. Markham, on February 13th, was producing 18,355 barrels and his successors, on June 3rd, were producing 9,000 barrels. The new production added between the two dates was 15,350 barrels.

The above figures were made to ascertain the results from active development work by the leading operators in the largest well district of the Cushing field.

As a sample of those who have been actively operating in the middle Cushing field, I have the figures of the Devonian Oil Company. On the 13th of February their production was 12,913 barrels; on the 3rd of June, 6,400 barrels. Between these dates they completed 8 wells with a new production of 6,970 barrels.

Evidently, the use of glycerine in the older wells has had much to do with the maintenance of production.

I devote this amount of space to the above field because it's like has never heretofore been discovered. The speaker quoted, undertook to prove by facts that before many months, a great change will come about. I would

like to dwell upon the reason why I have been deeply impressed that now is the time to again begin to more fully protect our property and prepare for much better prices.

Respectfully submitted,
WM. OWEN,
President.

During the year 1915 in Oklahoma, Kansas, and Arkansas division of the Mid-Continent field a decidedly inactive period passed, due to war conditions and the surplus of oil in the Cushing pool. These reasons caused a general falling off in credit balances and the market reached the low point of 40c a barrel, which caused almost a cessation of drilling in the older pools where but stripper wells were found. The pipe lines reduced their runs from the older pools to enable them to handle the flood of Cushing oil, which was of high grade and much more desirable than that found in some portions of the State.

There were numerous extensions to the older pools, but they proved of little consequence in furnishing new production. One of the best of this kind to be opened was in the northeastern portion of the Boynton Pool, in western Muskogee County, which furnished wells starting as high as 100 barrels hourly, although the producing area was confined to a small acreage in section 14-14-16. In the Cole Pool, the same county, some good wells were developed, but the territory proved erratic.

Extensions to Cushing were also features, the northern area proving the best, as a deep sand was developed below the regular Bartlesville stratum, which furnished the largest wells. The completion of the second well

in the Blackwell pool, in northern Kay County, also attracted widespread attention. It is the deepest sand proposition in Oklahoma, the pay being found in the 3,300-foot formation.

Four and one-half miles south of the Cushing pool, in what is known as the Fox Pool, in Creek County, Frank Fox and the Gypsy Oil Company opened a new pool,—a Layton sand proposition,—that was producing 4,500 barrels at the close of the year. The Fern Mountain pool, northwest of Muskogee, in the county of the same name, the “freak” of the year was struck. The first well, a fairly good producer, started active work with a rush, resulting in five producers being drilled, while over thirty dry holes were chalked upon the wrong side of the ledger.

Paden, in Okfuskee County, which appeared to be a world-heater, developed but a small gasser. This well probably attracted more attention than any other in a number of years and received widespread publicity. It had a small showing of oil when the 2,700-foot sand was reached, but was shut in owing to the over production of Cushing. It remained so for eight months, and the time for the drilling in caused hundreds of scouts and producers to visit the well, and fabulous prices were paid for leases. The well made approximately 60 barrels daily and was drilled deeper, where it developed into a gas well.

Stone Bluff in southwestern Wagoner County, developed good wells after furnishing a dry hole and a small pumper, and that locality was receiving a good testing at the end of the year. South of this several miles, two small pumpers were finished that may lead to something with further drilling. Between the Beland and Boynton pools, in eastern Muskogee County,

a good pumper was struck in November and there may be chance of connecting the two areas. At Holdenville, Seminole County, a showing of oil in the 3,030-foot sand proved unimportant. North of Bigheart, in the Osage, and west of Chelsea, Nowata County, extensions were found to the old pools and they furnished some large wells. Just south of South Coffeyville a shallow sand pool was opened, but it has covered but a small area at the close of the year. Vera, in southern Washington County, had some good wells in the 1,250-foot sand discovered by A. D. Morton, of Bartlesville, in July. Near Taft, western Muskogee County, Humphries and Company drilled in a gasser during the early part of November that caused some stiff prices to be paid; deeper tests are being made for oil. A gasser in the deepest pay sand in the southern country was found by the Gypsy Oil Company during the closing days of November, near the town of Fox. The gas was developed at 1,845 feet and a deeper search will be made for oil.

Healdton, in southern Carter County, while not a new development, furnished as high as 4,000 barrels daily, after Cushing pool started to decline, and in November it was the leading pool in production in the State.

Kansas at the close of the year was looking better than it had in some time, due to good strikes in the Butler County district. At Augusta, one well was developed in the 2,410-foot sand with an initial flow of 1,500 barrels. At El Dorado, in the same county, and 18 miles north of the Augusta pool, good shallow sand products were finished at 660 feet and a deep sand well flowing 120 barrels daily was found at 2,460 feet, in the same formation as the deep sand wells at Augusta.

Arkansas experienced some excitement in the two closing months of the year, due to a 12,000,000-foot gasser struck at Kibler, in Crawford County. It caused hundreds of thousands of acres to be leased in Crawford and surrounding counties and at the close of the year there were several additional strings running. There have been numerous gas showings found in some portions of the State, but up until the strike in Crawford County, there had been nothing found of any great importance.

A number of large property deals were consummated during 1915 in the Oklahoma field. The largest was that whereby the Roxana Petroleum Company took over the holdings of the Dundee, Allma, and Samoset companies in the Healdton pool, in Carter County. There was 18,500 barrels of production with considerable acreage, the price being \$3,000,000. Next was the Carter Oil Company taking over the John Markham, Jr., Yarhola and Manuel leases in the northern Cushing pool for a consideration reported to be \$2,000,000. At the time of the purchase, the Yarhola lease was making 7,500 barrels daily and the Manuel lease was of unknown quality. It later had an output as high as 12,000 barrels daily.

The buying of this property brought the Carter Oil Company into Oklahoma, and at the close of the year it was one of the largest concerns in the State, being next to the Prairie Oil and Gas Company in the holding of oil in steel storage.

The Roxana Petroleum Company also purchased the holdings of the Devonian Oil Company in the Cushing pool. It took over the Yarhola leases in section 8 and 9-17-7, with 8,500 barrels production, for a consideration of \$1,950,000; there were ten 55,000 barrel

tanks included in the deal. The Santa Fe Railroad, under the name of W. E. Hodges, purchased the Coline Oil Company property in the Healdton pool for \$1,000,000. There was 7,000 barrels daily production and some acreage. In this field, the Corsicana Petroleum Company purchased the Mutual Benefit Company's holdings with 1,100 barrels for \$200,000; it also took over the Adkins *et al.* lease in section 9-4-3. The Kenwance Oil Company took the C. J. Wrightsman property at Healdton with 1,600 barrels and three 55,000 barrel tanks filled; consideration, \$405,000. The Petroleum Company and Mosier secured the Annex Oil Company holdings in the Wicey pool, south of Bixby, Tulsa County, with 1,700 acres, 12 wells, and 900 barrels production for \$225,000. M. H. Mosier and F. M. Aiken purchased one-half interest in the Benoche Fixico lease in section 17-18-7, Cushing pool, from the Carpathia Petroleum Company for \$390,000. At the time the deal was made, there were six producing wells and 8,500 barrels daily production. E. E. Schock, of the Indianhoma Refining Company, paid \$840,000 for five-twelfths interest in the Cortez Oil Company's Sandy Fox lease in section 10-17-7. In the Blackwell pool, the Gypsy Oil Company parted with \$200,000 for the Alberti well,—making 340 barrels and 160 acres from the Spencer Oil Company.

In the Healdton field in the closing month of the year the Carter Oil Company took over the Russell & Skelly holdings on the Ward 120-acre lease, in section 6-4-3, with approximately 4,000 barrels daily from nine wells. They also included three 55,000 barrel tanks.

Active buying of storage oil at Cushing by the Standard Oil Company of Indiana and Carter Oil Com-

pany featured the year. The Carter Company purchased 60 tanks of 55,000-barrel capacity from the Quaker Oil and Gas Company; it took over all the tanks of the White & Sinclair interests, amounting to nearly 40; and from the Gunsburg & Forman interests took over 38; and also buying other tanks in the Cushing pool and building a large number of its own. The Standard Oil Company of Indiana started in late to buy tankage and took over 32 tanks, belonging to W. C. McBride; 740,000 barrels from B. B. Jones; and 40 tanks from the Oklahoma, Katy and Slick Companies. The prices for this storage ranged all the way from \$1 to \$1.40 a barrel. Independent refiners throughout Oklahoma and Kansas also purchased tankage in small lots.

Cushing, the greatest high-grade oil field ever discovered, was the feature of the Oklahoma field during 1915. This wonderful pool caused an almost complete shut-down in the older developments of the State, and, with the European War, was the principal factor in causing the decline of 40 cents in the price of Oklahoma oil. When the flow of Cushing oil started, the pipe line runs in the other pools were decreased and for a while only 40 per cent of the production of each district was run, causing much hardship to the small producers. The great amount of oil developed in the Cushing pool caused all the large lines, as well as the independent purchasing concerns, to turn towards that pool, taking that oil in preference to other found in the State, as it is rich in gasoline, and, therefore, in demand by refineries. As a result, there was continuous activity throughout the year in the construction of lines to transport the oil.

The Bartlesville sand was discovered in December,

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1913, by the Prairie Oil and Gas Company, on the Fred Tucker farm, section 3-17-7. The pool did not reach its height in production until 1915, when it produced in excess of 200,000 barrels daily for the first seven months of the year, reaching at one time nearly 300,000 barrels. Pipe line facilities were inadequate to take care of the production. During the first six months of the year, Cushing produced 44,154,154 barrels against 47,222,250 barrels for the entire period of 1914. From July on there was a steady decrease in the output and for the last six months but 26,550,700 barrels were produced, giving the pool the wonderful total of 70,704,854 barrels during the year.

Millions of dollars had to be invested in steel storage, due to the large production and at the close of the year, Cushing oil storage amounted to over 47,000,000 barrels. Outside of the vast amount of oil that was handled through the various trunk lines and pumped to tank farms, a large quantity was shipped by rail to all parts of the country. Stocks increased from month to month and on April 1, 1915, there was 27,796,650 barrels of oil in storage and at the close of the year 47,500,000 barrels, showing that on an average of 2,400,000 barrels was placed in storage for the remaining eight months of the year. Producers who stored their oil when the market was but 40 cents sold out at large profit several months before the close of the year,—the prices ranging from \$1 to \$1.60.

Although the pioneer portion of the Bartlesville sand,—that near Drumright,—was a wonderful producing area, it was not to be compared with the territory developed in township 18, range 7, where the largest wells in the history of the State were found, many starting off as high as 350 barrels hourly. One

well, the Mid-Continent Petroleum Company's No. 10, Fixico, section 17-18-7, had an output of 10,750 barrels the first day and 10,848 barrels the second day.

On both sides of the Cimarron River, in the northern pool, gusher wells were of daily occurrence and they brought dismay to the hearts of producers who had production in the older pools. The Cushing pool, as developed, is 10 miles in length and by half as many in width, and covers approximately 32,000 acres of land. The entire area is now defined and there is no possibility of extensions, dry holes or small wells having been found in all directions. For a while it was thought that north of the northern extension, a large pool would be developed in township 19, range 7, but outside of a few large wells in section 33, there was nothing found to encourage the operators, with the exception of a Cleveland sand well in section 21-19-7, which proved a freak, four offsets proving barren.

After the producers had developed large wells in the regular Bartlesville sand, at about 50 feet in the pay, on the west side of the river, C. B. Shaffer and others started deeper drilling, and oil was found as deep as 120 feet in the sand, there being small breaks between the oil bearing strata. From the deep Bartlesville sand,—which has been called by some the "Tucker,"—the largest quantity of oil was produced. Due to the small breaks in the formation, some of the producers thought that it was another sand, but it is generally conceded that it is but a continuation of the Bartlesville. Deeper drilling in the entire northern portion of the pool started after this and some wells were drilled as deep as 217 feet in the sand and gusher wells, as high as 7,000 barrels were struck. The thickness of the sand has helped the pool to hold up and it is due to this rea-

son alone that Cushing maintained its stupendous production as long as it did, in the older pool. A few wells were developed in the Tucker sand, and the same can be said of the southern pool, but they were generally small and did not attract much attention.

That Cushing pool broke the Oklahoma market there is not doubt and although the price went as low as 40 cents, there was considerable oil sold below this figure. The first price-cutting trouble started in September, 1914, when oil from the Barney Thlocco lease was sold at 29c on a 1,000,000-barrel contract. After this, price-cutting was a feature and although there were few deals below the price paid for the Thlocco oil, the small producer in the other pools found himself in the background. The general price paid for oil on 500,000 and 1,000,000-barrel contracts was 35 cents. The Clover Leaf Oil Company, which operates a riverbed lease in section 17-18-7, got permission from the receiver of the riverbed property to sell oil as low as 26 cents, and this company, which had considerable trouble with high water, was filling its contract for that price when nearby operators were getting as high as \$1 a barrel.

Cushing is by no means a poor man's locality and there were comparatively few companies and individuals in the entire pool. With a cost of at least \$10.00 to each well, gushers had to be secured, but Cushing developed more than its share and it took some of the wells but a very short time to pay out. For a while, before sufficient storage was provided, thousands of barrels of oil were going to waste daily, as the producers were drilling in as fast as possible. After the Cushing pool started to decline, there was a mad scramble for oil and as high as 45 cents was offered above

the market, on a sliding-scale basis, and very few of the operators contracted at that price. It was thought for a while that, due to the high quality of the Cushing product, the large purchasing concerns would place a premium on the oil; but this was not done and the independents purchased the oil at as low prices as they could, while now they have to pay considerable in advance of the large pipe-lines' prices before they can get the oil.

To give some idea of the big decline in the output, it is shown that in January the total daily production from the Cushing pool was 238,514 barrels daily, or 7,303,934 barrels for the month. In comparing this with the December figures of 101,200 barrels daily and 3,137,200 barrels monthly, it shows a decrease of 137,314 barrels daily, or 4,256,734 barrels monthly. April proved the banner month of the year, as the output reached 288,600 barrels daily or 8,658,000 barrels for the month,—a remarkable production for one pool. During May the output decreased 47,500 barrels daily, but in June it increased 25,570 barrels over the May figures, and in July there was another large slump, and from then on to the close of the year the decrease was steady. In March the daily estimate was 223,120 barrels, but in April the deeper Bartlesville sand was brought to the front, and there was 65,480 barrels added to the daily average.

There is still some activity at Cushing. For a time there were 250 strings running in the development, but now 85 strings will cover all the tools that are at work, the contractors moving to Healdton, Blackwell, Fox pool and other portions of the State. Not all of the tests now drilling at Cushing are for the Bartlesville sand. In the mad rush for the Bartlesville for-

mation some excellent Layton sand producers were passed by, and it is for this formation that most of the drilling is now being done.

Probably the three banner leases in the pool were the Connor lease, section 9-18-7; the Manuel lease, section 4-18-7; and the Fixico lease, section 17-18-7. The former had a production for a long period of approximately 9,000 barrels daily and the Manuel made better than 12,000 barrels daily for some time. The Fixico lease, which developed the largest well in the pool, produced in the neighborhood of 11,000 barrels every day for a time. There were many other leases that made a production as high, but they did not hold up as long as the three mentioned above. The McMan Oil Company owned the Connor; the Carter, the Manuel; and the Mid-Continent Petroleum Company, the Fixico. The McMan Oil Company was the leading producing concern of the year having at one time an output of 40,000 barrels daily, which it held up for several months.

Shooting was not a great success at Cushing, although in many instances the wells were increased for the time being, only later to fall back to their old production, some going even lower than before being shot. Nitroglycerine was used extensively throughout the year. Some of the wells were shot repeatedly, but the explosive seemed to have but little effect on production. At the close of the year, there were only a few wells flowing natural—and those through small tubing.

Following will be found the quantity of oil developed during 1915 in the Cushing pool, showing the daily and monthly production for each month of the year.

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PRODUCTION AT CUSHING FOR 1915

| | Daily | Monthly |
|-----------------|---------|------------------|
| January | 238,514 | 7,393,934 |
| February | 204,000 | 5,712,000 |
| March | 233,120 | 6,911,720 |
| April | 288,600 | 8,658,000 |
| May | 241,000 | 7,471,000 |
| June | 266,750 | 8,002,500 |
| July | 204,000 | 6,324,000 |
| August | 181,250 | 5,618,750 |
| September | 142,000 | 4,260,000 |
| October | 123,250 | 3,820,750 |
| November | 113,000 | 3,390,000 |
| December | 101,200 | 3,137,200 |
| Total | | <hr/> 70,704,854 |

CHAPTER XXI

FINAL DEDUCTIONS

BARTLESVILLE, OKLAHOMA,

JUNE 18, 1916.

TO THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS,
PIT OIL COMPANY,
BRADFORD, PENNSYLVANIA.

GENTLEMEN:

The rapid decline of the Cushing wells and the great increase in the pipe-line capacity caused by the development of that field has brought about a very material change in the anticipated outlook, and gives us the long hoped for change to better prices. One year ago the pipe lines were only taking part of the production, which was being sold at the ridiculously low price of 40c per barrel. For the past few months, the pipe lines are taking all the oil and paying \$1.55 a barrel.

The forecast in my last report proved that my confidence in the prophetic conclusions in the paper quoted were remarkably well based. In eight months from then the Cushing field had declined about 200,000 barrels, *i. e.*, to 78,000 as shown in the report in the *Oil Journal* of February 1st, 1916. An extension of the field south and higher prices which induced rapid drilling of inside localities has increased the production of that field somewhat. The *Oil Journal* placed it at

116,000, June 1st, of this year. There may be a temporary further increase.

At this time they are rapidly developing a new and rather prolific field in Butler County, Kansas, which is included in the Mid-Continent field.

The high prices of the present have stimulated development work. In May there were 1,428 wells completed in Oklahoma and Kansas. During 1915, the average drilled per month was but 874. The result of active work in drilling and putting all wells into the best conditions to yield up their production has failed to maintain the output of the field as a whole, which was 453,000 daily the first of June 1915 and 411,000 the first of this month. With a rapid increase in the consumption of oil and its products, we can now feel that the company is on a firm basis and that our hopes have been realized.

Permit me to suggest an increase in our dividends to make up for the period when we felt obliged to omit them altogether.

During the past year we have completed eighteen wells,—fifteen of which are producers. The Treasurer's financial report will give the net results upon which to base such action as you deem wise.

As to the further dealings with the Secretary of the Interior, and his forces in Washington and Muskogee, it is needless to say that, inasmuch as we have not been the buyers or sellers of property and have taken but a few leases during the times that have been discouraging, I have ceased to report. Permit me to express my conclusions borne of much study and observation as well as by the experience of others. First.—I have never learned of any indications of graft by the Department officials during the almost twelve years

of my experience here. Second.—It does not seem possible for politicians in Washington to comprehend business or to believe that the code of business men is of a superior order to that of their kind in Washington. Third.—They cannot fail to consult with or believe in men of affairs who have by experience established a reputation for honesty, as well as business sagacity.

On my trips to Washington, I have found to exist in high places a feeling of general distrust, which would bring ruin in any business community, if it existed among men of affairs. The oil men trust one another; believe in one another; and, as a rule, consider their word as good as their bond. I am sorry that this rule is not universal, but it is sufficiently so as to be the basis of our business. Is this so among our politicians in Washington? I feel that we have not been treated as fellow citizens of equal rights with them. This is most unfortunate, especially, when we are supposed to be a truly democratic country. I have never known of any producer or attorney, familiar with this very great industry, being brought into the councils of the Department of the Interior so that they, with far superior knowledge of the business, might help iron out the many iniquities that have crept in by reason of the lack of knowledge of the officials and of their lack of consistence. They may think that by talking with men who pose as the only honest men connected with the business, that they are getting good advice.

In conclusion, will add that it is perfectly apparent to any good business man among the producers that if the Department had from the beginning used their best efforts to get the oil taken into the pipe lines as fast as produced and to prevent drilling as fast as

possible during such period as they could not get the oil to markets of the World, the Government's wards, the Indians, would have received many millions more money for their royalty than they have. And the producer would have shared in their prosperity; and this too, with a more uniform, but no greater average price to the consumer. The waste and losses have been very great and the consumer has to pay the bill ultimately. I might go into detail and endeavor to compare the management under the different sets of politicians who have been in authority, but the difference would only be in degrees. They seem to try to do what their own short-sighted knowledge and experience dictate.

I trust that we may be rewarded for our years of persistent efforts.

Respectfully submitted,
WM. OWEN,
President.

BARTLESVILLE, OKLAHOMA.
JUNE 12, 1917.

TO THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS,
PIT OIL COMPANY,
BRADFORD, PENNSYLVANIA.

GENTLEMEN:

You are familiar with the general events which have a bearing on our company during the past twelve months. The price of our oil is now \$1.70 a barrel. Our production during the year has permitted of active work and with a surplus which should cause you to feel proud that we have made no changes in our board plans. One year ago, the Mid-Continent field's production was (*Oil Journal*) 411,000 barrels; it is now (*Oil*

Journal) 383,355 barrels, showing a shrinkage of about 20,000 barrels in two years.

While the production and demand for oil is very far greater than in 1909, the stocks on hand in iron tankage is about the same as in that year. This indicates remarkable possibilities. The oil problem is one that will be of very great interest to follow. We could sell our property at a very tempting figure. I mention the above facts for your consideration which will be governed by your desires. Our association has been very satisfactory and I am willing that it be continued or that we sell, dividing the proceeds. In any case, I will probably continue in this business. At the present time we have 168 producing wells; we having been very busy drilling during the past eighteen months. Like most other producers, our leases are nearly sufficiently drilled. I have not thought it wise to bid on the recently sold Osage leases. The Department has put most stringent regulations as to royalty,—all cash bonds, etc. About 6,000 acres were sold for a bonus of nearly \$2,000,000. The Indian, the Osages, the richest per capita body of people in the world, will have this much more money to squander (this is good plain English) and most of the properties sold will result in a loss to the purchaser. It is not probable that more than 1,000 of the 6,000 acres will prove productive of paying wells; in which case, the cost of the good area would be \$2,000 an acre. I hope you will concur in my views that to purchase at these prices and on a one-sixth royalty and other prerequisites to the Indian, would be altogether too great a gamble for us to enter the game.

I will watch the field and in due time will expect to

secure some more favorable leases not under the Department regulations.

If this Indian country had been managed by the Department in the honest purpose to conserve, it would have been one of the greatest opportunities to have made conservation a great success, especially in the Osage domain, consisting of 2,800,000 acres. When oil was selling for 35 and 40c the Department was still active in putting that land onto the market to be drilled. In a recent address by Van H. Manning, director of the United States Bureau of Mines, he presented the facts of "an increase of 2,350,000 automobiles since 1910." Such a burden thrown on any other industry than that of petroleum would have paralyzed it and prices would have gone beyond what they have yet; as compared with food, steel, copper, or other articles of daily use and commerce, the price of gasoline has not advanced in proportion to others.

The above situation, in addition to the rapid increasing demand for gasoline and other products of oil throughout this country and abroad, would seem to insure these and better prices for crude oil. These are matters to be taken into consideration in shaping our future policy. We can sell our property at what looks to be a high price or we can hold and extend it and probably get larger returns. Oklahoma, alone, produced 105,000,000 barrels in 1916 and it does not look reasonable that this output will be increased. During ten days recently, ten 55,000 barrel iron tanks of oil were destroyed by electrical storms. There was an enormous loss from this cause in 1916. This is another reason why our oil should have been conserved in the ground, earth's natural tankage, instead of robbing Mother Earth by having it produced and sold at 35

and 40c per barrel and largely wasted before being refined and marketed. To have handled this situation so that our early efforts would have netted us reasonable returns on our risks, required the advice and coöperation of the most experienced men in the business. They would have advised securing pipe-line capacity as rapidly as the market would take the oil and withholding leasing by regulations to meet these conditions. Instead of coöperating and urging the building of additional pipe-line capacity, a new regulation was issued from which I quote: "Any permit granted heretofore or under these regulations shall be subject to any change or amendment in or to these regulations hereafter made by the Secretary of the Interior." The Secretary also made it an "express condition" that if he "shall be satisfied that any of the provisions of these regulations, amendments, or changes thereof, hereafter established, have been or are being violated after ten days' notice, to the owner or owners of such pipe lines, he shall have authority to summarily suspend, cancel, or revoke such pipe line."

We are all aware that investments amounting to millions of dollars rest upon stability and security of property. How many railroads would have been built in the Indian Territory if they could have been confiscated upon ten days' notice? Pipe lines are as necessary to the oil producer as the railroads are to the farmer. When railroads violate the law, they may be punished, not exterminated. Why not apply the same rules to pipe lines?

Never before did we have a condition where a vast oil field was under a single control as has been the case in the Indian Territory (Oklahoma), and never before could conservation have been applied to such universal

good to all concerned, especially to the wards of the Nation. I have reviewed the situation somewhat at length that you may more fully understand why for several years we seemed to have almost no returns for our investment, except what was made in Illinois; also we may be able to decide as to our future course of action.

In May, there were 1969 wells completed in the oil fields east of Wyoming and California, of which 460 were dry, and 161 produced gas only.

No doubt by the time this reaches you you will have received an invitation to my wedding, which takes place next week. If you care to hold off the annual meeting until next Tuesday evening, I will be at home and could attend, greatly enjoying going over our affairs together in person.

Respectfully submitted.

WM. OWEN,
President.

CHAPTER XXII

WHAT OIL HATH BROUGHT

DURING the year 1916 the Cushing wells experienced a rapid decline, while there was also a great increase in the pipe-line capacity, caused by the development of that wonderful field. Thus, a very material change in the outlook began to be felt in all circles of the Mid-Continent field. This continued throughout the entire year, and early in 1917,—as early as January,—oil began to go up by leaps and bounds until it reached the present price, which has remained stationary for many months: \$1.70 a barrel.

The total production of Oklahoma and Kansas for 1917 amounted to a little better than 119,000,000 barrels. Of this amount, Oklahoma produced 106,000,000.

And, now that the reader may fully realize just what oil hath wrought in Oklahoma, a State only ten years old at the present writing, we produce a letter written by Billy Owen to his sweetheart, Mary Dart. In this letter, Billy sets forth the wonderful development of the country, the growth of cities and towns; all due to oil and the oil industry. Many names are mentioned; names of men who are household words throughout oil-dom; names which make business take off its hat and bow low; names of men who are fast becoming national, yea, and international figures in the realm of finance.

The East has little,—if any,—conception of the wonderful development of this Middle West, but it will

be well for the East to keep its eye on this section of the land. Kansas turned the tide for Wilson in the November election by jumping over from the Republican column into the Democratic column, with some 17,000 to spare. Mr. Roosevelt had already congratulated the country on the election of Mr. Hughes because New York and some other old rock-ribbed States had returned to the fold; but even so shrewd a man as Mr. Roosevelt is often mistaken; and the great Middle West spoke its mind. As it spoke its mind on political matters, it will and is speaking its mind in the big business of the country; and, when this war is over and conditions return to a normal basis again, the East will find that the West is no longer very dependent upon it in matters of Big Business.

But the letter,—let's read it.

BARTLESVILLE, OKLAHOMA,

JUNE 12, 1917.

DEAREST MARY:

The last annual report and business letter is already in the mail and on its way to Bradford. My desk is being slowly cleaned up, for I am getting ready to start for home and you. I suppose by this time the wedding invitations are issued. The details of the wedding and all arrangements I am leaving in your hands, but let's do it right, regardless of cost. We have waited long and had so many bitter disappointments that I want, if possible, to make up for our long delay by having everything to your liking.

Now that our Company is making thousands of dollars monthly, my own income is so large that it almost scares me. I have competent managers and superin-

tendents and am getting ready to come home for the wedding and the honeymoon.

My business has taken me over this field very much of late, and it may be of interest to you to know how the country has developed since I first came to it.

Let me begin with Muskogee, where the Indian Agent still sits in august majesty, within the confines of the beautiful and costly Government building. On the first floor of this building is housed the local post office. My first impression, upon entering it one day last month, was that I was in the Post Office building of New York City, but I realized that it was really far superior to that old and ancient structure. Evidently, Uncle Sam spared neither money nor time in producing this building. On the second floor and also on the third are housed the various departments of the Interior Department of the U. S. A., where one finds out only what they desire to be known.

The development of Oklahoma has been wonderful. People who have seen its growth as I have, from the beginning, are struck with wonder and admiration at the rapidity of its progress.

In the history of Greece, during its mythical period, we are told of a certain hero by the name of Cadmus, who, having slain a dragon that guarded a spring, took the dragon's teeth and sowed them. These sprang up, armed men; and with these men he overcame the enemies in the land and established the city of Thebes.

The heroes who have made Oklahoma came into this untried region and broke the virgin soil in search of agricultural riches. They delved deep into its surface for its mineral treasures and from their efforts have sprung up, as if by magic, cities, schools, and homes.

But a quarter of a century ago, almost all of the land was as if it had been untouched by the hand of man. Where stands Muskogee, cattle roamed over hill and valley, with a ranch house here and there. In the eastern part of the State and about the agencies, a few farms had been opened up by the Indians, but the country in the main was in its original state.

Muskogee is now a city of 41,000 population, having experienced a gradual growth, and, unlike other cities of the State, has been really removed from the oil centers, but because of the Indian Agents' headquarters there, it is directly the result of the wonderful oil development.

In order to give you just a brief idea of this wonderful city, set out here on the plains, let me tell you some of the things that the city has. It has four-cent gas for factories; pure water; fine soil for farmers near the city; 33 miles of storm sewers; 60 miles of paved streets; 105 miles of good sidewalk, brick or concrete; 72 miles of watermains; motorized fire department; two ten-story steel buildings; three eight-story concrete buildings; one six-story concrete building; three or four five- and four-story buildings; four large modern hotels; eighteen churches for white folks; two high schools; ten grade schools; three modern hospitals; five railroads, and the shops of two of them. Muskogee is but a night's ride from Kansas City, to the north; and a night's ride from Dallas, Texas. The banks of this city have resources totaling some eleven millions of dollars.

A drive over the city convinces one that it is a city destined to endure, for here are substantial business men, building a city on a manufacturing and commercial basis, not alone dependent upon oil production,

but drawing in from all the sources of the State, her building materials. Then, too, here is the wonderful Arkansas River, which the U. S. Government has officially declared to be navigable to Muskogee. The new Rivers and Harbors Bill carries an item of \$209,000,-000 for the improvement of the Arkansas River.

One street in Muskogee attracted my attention more than all the others. Here and there over the entire city are fine streets, wide drives, splendid houses of the finest type, but downtown, off from the main business section, is a street, some four or five blocks in length, which is given over entirely to the colored folk of the town. You know that they have in this State the "Jim-Crow law,"—a law which forbids a colored person to occupy a waiting room with white folks or ride in the same passenger coach with white folks. So separate waiting rooms and coaches are provided for them. Well, on this street are the colored stores, dry-goods stores, groceries, meat-shops; bakeries; picture galleries; moving picture show houses; hardware stores; fish markets; doctors' offices and the like, all owned and operated by colored folks, dealing with the colored population of this city which is very large, say at least one-fourth. It is, indeed, very interesting to see colored wax dummies in the windows of the dry-goods stores, upon which have been draped in artistic fashion all the wonderfully colored dresses and other creations for the women customers.

Now let your mind skip over miles and miles of rolling prairie, as the train takes you to Tulsa; but do not let it stop there just now, for I want you to let me tell you about some other towns, newer than Tulsa, and then I will tell you of the Richest City in the World.

Cushing, the center of the great Cushing oil strike, is a town of about seven or eight thousand population; grown from a farm in the space of five years to a wide awake oil center. Here men and teams are busy hauling out timbers and casing to the various oil wells throughout the district.

Then comes Drumright. Five years ago Drumright was nothing but a wind-swept hill. Now it is a city of 15,000 inhabitants. Five years ago, so it has been told to me, Mr. Drumright, after whom the city is named, lived on one side of the road running up over the hill to the west. A certain man lived on the south side of the same section line, who chopped wood for an indifferent living, hauling it to a town some twelve miles distant, over all kinds of bad roads. Oil was first struck on the Drumright farm, and when the wood-chopper heard of it, he dropped his ax into the chopping block and remarked: "Not another stick will I chop, I'll be rich now," and he is rich—rich beyond the dreams of any poor man. A millionaire? Yes; twice, thrice a millionaire; all in the space of five years. Mr. Drumright sold off part of his land at a fancy price and established the Drumright State Bank. Thus, the town was named, and a bank was in readiness for the rush which so soon came to his new development. Since that day, the town has been growing. It grew so fast that folks had not time to erect good houses. To be sure, the main street, running straight up the hill almost,—it seems,—to skyline, has on either side of it many brick and otherwise substantial buildings. Here are housed all kinds of general stores, ministering to the needs of the population. Here on rainy days can be found thousands of men, drillers, tool-dressers, laborers, all kinds of men in working clothes, off for the day with money

in their pocket. The picture shows open early in the morning on such days and do a thriving business till midnight. The pool halls are packed, scores of men goodnaturedly awaiting their turn to play. Stories as ill smelling as the rank tobacco smoke that fills the air, can be heard on every hand, while one scarcely sees a woman on the streets in such hours.

At the foot of the main street, down near the banks, a street comes in from the south, then jogs east and continues on its way to the north, past the post office. The street coming from the south points directly towards a drug store, standing just west of one of the banks. At a point about three hundred feet south from this drug store, are located some four or five large telephone poles, standing in a cluster.

Now, one day not so very many months ago, when a storm was on and men were idle, the city marshal stood in the drug-store door with a Winchester tucked comfortably under his arm. Down the street from the south came one of the deputy sheriffs of the County with a shot gun tucked under his arm. For some months past bad blood had existed between these two peace officers, and, when the sheriff spied his enemy, the marshal, he jumped behind the cluster of telephone poles and opened fire at the officer in the doorway. Almost simultaneously, with the first shot from the shot gun, the Winchester leaped to the shoulder of the marshal and bullets sped down the street at about sixty miles a minute. Coming around the corner of a small cigar store, some five hundred feet to the south of this street, out of an alley, was the laziest man in town. It is said that he got fully out into the street and when he heard a bullet whistle by, he turned and rounded the building, from whose shadow he had ap-

peared, at a gait estimated at one-half minute faster than nothing. Well, the marshal killed the sheriff. Then he walked calmly down the street, viewed his work and started for Okmulgee, where he gave himself up, not for arrest, but for self-protection. He is now working on one of the drilling rigs near Drumright and is considered a good citizen. Thus the law in this section takes its course, killing whom it may and going on its way.

Here in Drumright, in open violation of the laws of the United States, it is alleged that a bar existed the full length of the main street, a distance of fully three blocks. However, there is nothing of that kind to be seen to-day. Then over the hill, dipping below the skyline to the west a few miles, there did exist for some considerable period of time, the "Hump." Now the "Hump" was a gambling joint of great fame. Here came the men on pay day with money in their pockets, to play all sorts of games. The "Hump" derived its name from the fact that it had been erected on a hump of ground,—an elevation which offered a good view of the surrounding country. On top of the building was a square tower in which sat several,—or always one or two,—lookouts, armed with high-powered rifles. A stranger approaching was under the steady aim of an expert shot, and while under the muzzle of the rifle, was hailed, asked to state his business. If unsatisfactory in his replies, he was ordered to "beat it" back to town as fast as possible.

Here, in this gambling den, men were robbed. If they beat the game, they were held up in the woods on the way back to town and sandbagged, relieved of their earnings, and sent on their way. Here all kinds of desperate men and women gathered to secure their share

of the workman's money. But one day a silent little man, with courage in his heart and brains under his scalp, gained admission to this den, and after several trips, becoming acquainted with the surroundings and the people who operated the games, he pulled his automatic and arrested the gang, driving them to town like sheep before a shepherd. He was a United States Marshal; and what many officers could not do, this silent man accomplished single-handed. The building was afterward torn down, moved into Drumright, re-erected, and is used, we trust, for some legitimate business.

A merchant dealing in men's furnishings told me last January, when I was down there on business, that the next pay-day after the destruction of the "Hump" came just before Christmas, and that he personally cashed upwards of twenty thousand dollars' worth of checks, selling more goods that day than all of the preceding weeks put together. This merchant told me that a banker of that city estimated that the closing of that drinking and gambling joint meant to the merchants of Drumright at least one hundred thousand dollars' worth of added legitimate business.

Walking down the street that January day, I read this sign: "Revival meeting at Baptist Church, one block south. God-Lovin, Sin-Fitin Scottie preaches. Beats the Show." Yes, and I suppose it does beat a show, and certainly does no more harm than the show.

From the top of the hill I counted 40 Casing Head Gasoline plants, and was informed that day that they had all been established since September 1, 1916. Here also are two refineries of some considerable capacity. But the oil situation is not as encouraging as it was, and I predict that in twenty years this field will

be but a memory in the mind of man, while some equally new and exciting field will occupy the center of the stage of oildom.

Coming up on the train from Drumright, one passes through Oilton, another boom, shack town. But here an effort to establish a substantial city is being made. A city water works is being built and a sewer system being extended throughout the town limits. Paved streets are beginning to be built, and thus, will follow some substantial buildings.

Then comes Jennings,—named, I suppose, after the famous bank-robber, Al Jennings, now an evangelist, having “beaten back” from his jail sentence to a life of usefulness. Jennings is a small town, but a railroad junction; but since I passed through there, a fine oil well has been brought in with others following. So, I suppose, a rush is on there and the town is growing.

Now we come to Tulsa, the magic city of the plains; the richest city in the entire world, per capita. My dear, you, or no one else back East, can fully realize what this little New York is until you see it for yourself. In all the annals of the history of mankind, nothing like it has ever been known. Twelve years ago a friend of mine, a Mr. Beal, went down to Tulsa to consider buying the telephone exchange of that place. When he got off the train, and walked over the broken wooden sidewalks, saw the pigs and cows making a pasture of the streets, he got back on the train without ever even talking business or letting his man know he had been there. It was a god-forsaken frontier trading post, with shack stores and a few huts in which people tried to live. Now, to-day, a short dozen years from that time, one sees a city of about 75,000 population, growing at the rate of five thousand souls a year, for

the past number of years; and it is predicted that in 1920 this city will have a substantial population of 100,000.


Tulsa is the city where Harry Sinclair does big business and controls a large bank, of which his brother, E. W. Sinclair, is the President. It has been said that Harry Sinclair just a few years ago was down and out, but now he is one of the richest men in the land. Oil hath wrought it,—OIL! The Exchange National Bank has resources of \$20,000,000, and is the largest bank in the State. Then there is the Central National Bank, with resources of about \$15,000,000. Then, the First National Bank with \$4,000,000 and other banks totaling something like another five or ten millions of dollars. Nor is this all in the realm of banks, for it must be remembered that Kansas City has become an oil center, not because much oil is found near Kansas City, but because that great city has become a center of exchange in money circles, and many millions of dollars made in oil industry find their way into the banks of Kansas City.

I stood in the lobby of the Tulsa Hotel, the largest hotel in the city, the other night when the price of oil was being posted. The lobby is very large, and in it were some five or six hundred oil operators. The telegraph operator posted the sheet,—oil had gone to \$1.70 per barrel, the highest ever in this field; and pandemonium broke loose. Cheers deafened the ears; men wept on each other's necks for sheer joy; shouts and laughter rose in discordant notes and floated out into the street; then a mob, hearing the racket, surged into the entrances, choking them; but, fighting and shouting, they tried to get in, while the men inside were trying to get out to spread the news. The picture

shows were packed, but the noise reached even them, and out the people rumbled, like mad, wondering if it were a fire, a bank robbery, or what. Then they heard the news, and a fresh tumult of noise rose up the chasms between tall buildings; the noise was deafening, but who could blame them? Riches, riches, riches for rich and poor alike, and early the next day, swift-moving motor-cars scouted over every mile of available territory, seeking to buy leases. The price of leases doubled and rose as if on wings. Money flowed like water. Many men were made suddenly rich beyond their fondest dreams.

For instance, the Magnolia Petroleum Company, with headquarters in Dallas, purchased on January 3rd all the property, including all oil on hand, tanks, farms, leases, and other concessions of the McMan Oil Company, located in the Mid-Continent field, for a consideration of \$35,000,000. It sounds like a Wall Street deal, but it was made out here in the magic city of the United States. The production of the McMan Company that passed to the Magnolia is stated to have been 25,000 barrels a day, with 2,000,000 barrels of oil that was held in storage, mostly in the Cushing pool. The acreage was some 80,000 acres and the payment was \$7,000,000 in stock and the balance in notes, dated with the last to be paid in July first, 1920.

About this time, Sinclair brought into the Mid-Continent field a special train of ten Pullman sleepers, with all necessary equipment. The men, making up the Sinclair party, came from all over the United States. A list of some one hundred prominent bankers made up the guests. They represented many of the strongest banking concerns of New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, and Kansas City. The importance



of this tour over the oil fields cannot be overestimated and spells much for the future of oil.

Let me tell you what these bankers and investors saw when they drove over Tulsa. Over miles and miles of the finest paved streets in the world, they rolled in easy-riding, high powered motor-cars, past miles and miles of fine homes; large houses with ample grounds, every one of them like great, wonderful country clubs, standing midst the shrubbery and trees in comfortable repose. They saw some 85 new buildings that had been erected in 1916 for business purposes; and 734 new residences, besides a number of new schools and churches. They were informed that the building permits issued for the year of 1916 totaled \$4,161,293 as against \$1,547,164 for 1915. They were informed that the present year, 1917, no one could forecast, as every available lot had been sold and the clerks were busy handing out permits right and left. In fact, my friend Reiger, of the Exchange National Bank, told me that he was paying \$45 per month for a flat of four small rooms and bath, without heat or light. So scarce are living apartments and homes in Tulsa that the newcomer has scarcely where to lay his head. I slept in the basement of the new Hotel Ketchum for two weary nights, before they could possibly assign me to a comfortable room at an uncomfortable price.

Mr. Sinclair's guests were told by Roscoe Adams, manager of the Tulsa Clearing House, that the total clearing of the eight banks, which composed the association at that time, were running an average of slightly over \$600,000 a week or \$100,000 for each business day. He told them by way of a review that the year 1912 showed a gain of approximately 20 per cent over this record, and the total exchanges of the

calendar year were \$38,485,639. The following year, he said, brought about a gain of 57.2 per cent over 1912, or a total business of \$60,511,840. For the year 1915,—when the European War began and oil dropped to 35c a barrel,—the usual increase was overcome, but, while cities throughout the country were reporting astounding decreases, Tulsa failed only by 4.6 per cent to equal her record for the previous year. The year 1916 showed a total of exchanges amounting to \$190,164,701,—an increase of 148.3 per cent over 1915.

One hardly dares speculate on what the present year may bring forth. The month of January contributed \$25,832,553.05, which must be understood to mean that in one month in the present year transactions were made through the clearing house to an amount equal to more than 80 per cent of the clearing of 1911.

Stories of city growth and prosperity oftentimes flow from the gullible pen of the imaginative writer and so long as he confines himself, as I have done, to general terms and avoids actual figures and comparisons, he encounters no challenge, regardless of the merit or lack of merit of his subject. So, here let me say that the story of Tulsa as I am telling it to you,—her growth, her achievements, her prowess, and her prosperity,—need not be handled in any such elusive manner; rather, the bare records themselves beggar embellishment.

Let me give you the post-office receipts of this magic city for 1915 and 1916. The post office is housed in a long, dismal building, wholly inadequate for the big business it is doing. A fine new Government building in keeping with the city's other buildings is now being

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built. But here are the figures: for 1915, \$150,248.59, and for 1916, \$211,035.02.

On deposit at the close of the year's business in 1916 in the nine banks of this city were some \$38,697,-826.38. Add to this all the wealth in buildings and homes, in stores, in streets, and public utilities, the wealth of refineries, pipe lines, railroads, street cars, motor cars, oil wells, storage tanks, manufacturing plants, shops, offices, and hotels, and one sees that this is indeed a magic city, springing up from the plains, like a mushroom, overnight.

So it is easy to believe, is it not? Tulsa, with a population conservatively given as 60,000, has 32 churches; a Y. M. C. A., with 2,500 members and only eight years old; a \$150,000 Y. W. C. A.; 167 school rooms, 9,216 children of school age; 32 hotels; 4,000 electric light consumers; 8,700 telephones; 3,420 automobiles; 431 oil and gas companies; 12 refining companies; 8 refineries; 8 tank manufactories; 6 pipe line companies; a three hundred thousand dollar high school building; 40 manufacturing plants; 60 miles of paved streets; 6 parks; more than 300 miles of sidewalks; ten-story office buildings; ten-story hotel; 3 metropolitan daily newspapers; league baseball club and park; splendid hospitals; public library; musical and art clubs. And it is not hard to realize that Tulsa is recognized as the Oil Capital of the world; the home of many, many oil millionaires; the nerve center of the Mid-continent field; the industrial hub of the industrial southwest; the headquarters of pipe lines and refineries; a city of culture and refinement and education; the home of the largest bank of the State; the fastest growing city in America, size considered; the financial center of Eastern Oklahoma; a city of splendid schools, stately churches

and magnificent homes; indeed, a city of peace, plenty, and content. And,—yet let memory wave her magic wand!—twelve years ago a straggling village of doubtful future! Behold what Oil Hath Wrought!

Let me tell you also, my dear, about the Indians' share in what oil hath wrought. I have written you much during the past years about the Indians, and perhaps this bit of added information will not be amiss. The Osages are enjoying the greatest period of prosperity since they were moved from Kansas onto the reservation which bears their name. Each member of the tribe is receiving about \$3,000 per annum and is likely to receive more. Even if there is no more leasing done, which is of course unlikely, there is so much development in progress on old leases, so much activity in the way of gasoline from gas plants, as to make it obvious to the casual observer that there is going to be a lot more oil money to divide.

Not only that, but several of the larger leases are being developed on a large scale and wells are showing in all directions from the north line of the Osage as far south as the Sinclair deep well.

Not only that, but the Osages are likely to win out in having a lot more of their acreage put on the market. They have asked Congress and have asked the Department to bring about the immediate leasing of the unleased part of the Osage and the chances are that the committee, investigating conditions over there, will make a favorable report to Congress, as each and every witness signified his intention to take all the coin he could get; and in this are no different from their white brethren.

So I think it is well for us oil people to keep in close touch with the situation and look after likely looking

territory. To this end our company is putting a scout in the field now. It is bound to be leased sooner or later; and the man who is posted is going to get all the best of it.

Next, I want to tell you about the Augusta field, near Wichita, Kansas. Augusta is not, strictly speaking, in the class with the pools I have herein described to you, but all this territory is in the Mid-Continent field, and is worthy of consideration. This town is about 190 miles west of the Missouri line, and some miles north of the Oklahoma line, situated about 15 miles east of Wichita. Some two years or more ago, an oil well was drilled in south of the town, and the boom was on. Hundreds of men flocked there, and wells were drilled in almost every day. Now, riding through that section on the Frisco train, one can count hundreds of derricks north and south from the track.

Much money has been made in this field. The field extends to the northeast to El Dorado. Here many farmers of ordinary ability have become suddenly very rich. El Dorado,—a substantial county seat town of about 3,000 population, in the space of three years has grown to be about 10,000 population. Riots followed the inflow of a rough element and enlarged population. In one case, a colored man committed some imaginary deed of offense against a newly rich man and he was mobbed; then the mob wrecked a boot black parlor, a colored restaurant, and other colored shops. It is too bad that such affairs follow the big movements of population, but they do. Even at Augusta they had a riot that threatened the very life of the town itself.

It seems that the bootlegger, who is ever diligent about his unlawful business, had been thriving in this

oil field. The town marshal, a country native, had been on his job for some years while Augusta was still a sleepy country town. Now, thousands of people throng the streets. Automobiles, used so much by oil men, line both curbs of the main street at all hours of the day and night. Now, the town provided for a fine if tail lights on cars were not kept burning. On the Ford cars, with oil lamps, this was almost impossible, and the marshal did a land-office business arresting Ford owners.

The population in general revolted against this sort of policing; and one night a mob gathered. One man, astride a big white horse, carrying a lantern suspended at the end of a long pole, which stuck out at least ten feet behind his horse, rode through the main street to the cheers by the mob. The marshal arrested him, supposedly because he was mocking the local law. Immediately after the arrest, a mob, estimated at several thousand, stormed the jail; released all prisoners, and drove the marshal up to his house, into it, through it into the fields, and off in the general direction of Wichita. He sent his resignation by wire the next day, and since that hour peace has been maintained.

Wichita is a city of about 65,000 and is making large claims to becoming an oil center. It is true that the good hotels, city accommodations, and good roads make it easy for the operators to live here and do business in Augusta. Refining companies are starting up here and much oil is being pumped through pipe lines to these stations. The first million dollar deal ever pulled off in Wichita was directly the result of the oil industry; and the city is growing day by day. New hotels and office buildings are being erected and large prices are being paid for real estate. South of Wichita,

one comes to Winfield and Arkansas City, both towns of about 10,000 population and both claiming to be oil towns. Indeed, some few wells have been located near either city, and who knows but in the future great oil pools may be discovered in this general locality.

Let me tell you of one or two instances where large sums of money have been made suddenly. I can only give you one or two such stories, but there are thousands of like ones to be heard on almost any corner of a busy oil town. Then, of course, you must remember also that there are thousands of people who have lost their all in speculation on leases and "wild-cat" drilling operations. Of these we hear little, if anything. They drop out, or they go at it again, making their success and forgetting their failures.

A gentleman told me the story of a man who lived in Kansas City. He owned a house or two up there of questionable value because of the slump in real estate values some few years ago. One day, discouraged and hard up, he met two men from Oklahoma, who offered him in trade for his houses, 160 acres of Oklahoma land. He traded; then some weeks later went to view his land. As he stood looking over the rough land, that was his, in the center of a vast unsettled acreage of wild grass country, he grew very angry and vowed if he ever met up with those swindlers again, he would have it out with them. Recently, this man was seen in the lobby of the Baltimore Hotel, Kansas City, clothed in soft raiment and fine linen, with diamonds bedecking his bosom and fingers. Asked how it came that he appeared so rich, he replied, "I have a right to live here and dress well. That land of mine in Oklahoma is a gold mine. I got a flat price of \$80,000 for one-eighth of it where they struck oil and I

have a standing offer of \$150,000 for the rest. So what seemed his misfortune has turned into a golden stream of luck.

Here is a story I copied from the *Houston Telegram*, under date of March 9, 1915.

Three years ago, M. S. Mussellem walked down the gang plank from the steerage of an emigrant ship and landed on Ellis Island. He had ten dollars in Syrian money in his pocket and a railroad ticket to Bartlesville, Oklahoma. To-day Mussellem is worth more than \$2,500,000. He travels in his six-cylinder automobile and is one of the big figures in the field.

It all happened because this man bought 72 acres of land, for a truck patch, lying along the Cimarron River. He bought his land without seeing it, as he paid only \$360.50 for the 72 acres and was assured that it was a fine piece of land. This later proved true; but when he went to look at it, he saw it was only a pile of rocks and sand bars. He thought he was "stung" and tried to get his money back. Now it is producing 30,000 barrels of oil per day and is worth \$2,000,000.

Two years ago twelve men, citizens of Ardmore, Oklahoma,—with the exception of John Ringling, millionaire showman,—organized the Coline Oil Company. They invested \$175 each. They have now sold out to the Santa Fe Railway Company for \$1,000,000. This gives each stockholder \$83,353.33 on an investment of \$175.

J. B. Cicero, a successful operator in the Humble field, recently disposed of his entire holdings for a cash consideration of \$218,750.

Margarette Gillette, a twelve-year-old schoolgirl at Cedar Bayou, is the sole owner of the acre of land upon which the newest Goose Creek gusher has been

drilled. This little girl is destined to become very rich. The land was left her by the will of an aunt, who divided her property and willed single-acre tracts to several nephews and nieces. It was a lucky "Friday, the 13th," October, 1916, that brought to this child the knowledge that a 5,000 barrel gusher had been drilled on her acre. Thus, her income from the customary one-eighth royalty totals some \$500 per day.

Never before in the history of this world have so many people made fortunes from small investments and possibly never again will such opportunities exist. In every direction throughout this Mid-Continent field, one can see derricks, tanks, tank cars, pump stations, pipe lines, refineries; and day and night comes the constant "chug chug" from the engines as they furnish power to the hundreds of drills which are forcing their way through the earth, each apparently trying to outrival its competitors in reaching the much treasured "liquid gold," which has built cities and towns in this great country. Indeed, one might point at the cities I have mentioned and say: "Behold, the cities that 'liquid gold' hath built."

And now, my dear, I want you to have another look at Bartlesville, where we are to live after our marriage. I love this town because it is so much a part of me. Here I started and here I failed; here too, I secured another hold with the help of White and my other associates; and we have now succeeded; and, even in spite of adverse circumstances with regard to Government regulations, we are now in a position to make much money.

Bartlesville to-day is a city of about 18,000 people. I have watched it grow from a frontier trading post. Its population has doubled in the past 8 years and is

still growing. Here are wide, partially-shaded streets. The trees are growing, but as not many of them have been planted more than five or six years, they are still small. Here are fine brick and stone business houses; miles of paved streets and miles of fine sidewalks. Also, motor fire department, city waterworks, and commission form of government. We have a small library, but the books are well chosen from time to time. There is an interesting incident connected with the building of this library, which I must tell you. A young man came here some years ago and opened an architect's office. He had a hard time of it and many discouragements; but he stuck to it, landing a job now and then; thus, making it go. He drew the plans for the Library, and, after some fussing, they were accepted. Because he was poor, folks did not pay much attention to him. In the midst of all his other troubles, his wife, to whom he was devotedly attached, died. Through all this trial and tribulation, Dr. Alexander, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, a splendid young man, stuck to him and was a friend in need,—therefore, a friend indeed. To-day, this architect is a rich man. He owned an interest in a lease that produced a good well. After selling his share, he re-invested again in other lands and properties, and to-day is one of the richest men of the magic city, Tulsa. He has not forgotten his minister friend nor his helpful words and much thoughtfulness; and to-day is erecting a handsome Sunday-school addition to the Presbyterian Church at a cost of some \$25,000 as a memorial to his late wife; and who knows, but what it is also a memorial to his struggles and trials?

Just a block from this church is my church, the Methodist, where, in the lonely hours of years gone by, I received the inspiration to keep going and to live

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true. How much good churches and wise ministers mean to a community few really know, unless, like myself, with others they have leaned very hard upon its supporting staff. Just across the street from this fine brick building the new Y. M. C. A. is being erected. It was rather a fight to get so splendid a building in this city, but after Frank Phillips came across, in his big-hearted way, with the first five thousand dollars, it went smoothly. Phillips is another product of the oil industry, coming to Bartlesville about the time I did, with little, if any, money; but by strict honesty and hard work, won out. To-day he heads the Bartlesville National Bank, which has deposits of over \$2,000,000.

I am inclosing you a picture of our house, which is now completed; and we will get much joy out of furnishing it, I am sure.

With best wishes to your family and Miss Bennett, especially; and with a strong man's love for his heart's desire, I am

Yours,

BILLY.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE WEDDING

Is there anything more soulfully, gloriously wonderful than a perfect day in June? A day in June, after early morning thunder-showers have shot through the air, clearing it of all poison and leaving drops of water, shining like diamonds, on all the petals of the roses! A day in June, when the smooth, green lawns, closely cut, seem like a great velvety carpet, spread for the feet of all little children! A day in June when the birds hold high carnival away up in the topmost branches of wide spreading maple trees; when cows stand knee-deep in the meadow, while the brook sings its way down under the wagon bridge! A day in June when that day happens to be one's wedding day!

It was such a day as this when Billy left his old home and swung out for a good, long morning walk over the hills and valleys, away from the highways which men travel, down through the meadows, pausing here and there to pick a wild-flower, all penciled with lines of mystery, and bright with mystical colors. His head was high, while his step had quickened into a stride. This was the day of days. The years since he left his home to seek his place in the great business world has been full of activity, full of disappointments, hardships, heartaches; and now had come success.

"Somehow," he mused, "success comes all unawares; only the other day, it seems, I was in that little, ill-

smelling room, where the odor of boiled cabbage and suds from steaming clothes mingled and rose with sickening smell to my nose. Yet, that was, in reality, some years ago. To-day I am rich and well and strong. How thankful I am that with my money comes the joy of a clean life. Not that I have not been tempted, but that I have succeeded in keeping clean, in spite of temptation. I feel like a giant."

And, to let off some of his steam, he vaulted a fence into a pasture, scaring a long-legged colt, which paced away as though he objected to the stranger in his preserve.

Coming out onto the main road leading back to Bradford, Billy overtook one of his boyhood friends and as they walked into town together, Billy told him about his experiences out in the West. In turn, this friend told Billy his troubles.

"The world has not dealt fairly with me," said he, "I'm discouraged and heartsick of the whole business. Here I go and buy a farm and work all day and most the night, but everything goes wrong."

"That's too bad! Where are you going now?"

"Oh, I'm going into the post office and get the mail. There ain't likely to be any, but then I go in every day to see. After that, I go around and play checkers with the boys."

"Oh," remarked Billy, "you play checkers and go after mail, even though expecting none. Pray tell me, what about your corn? Don't you need to plow it?"

"Yes, but then I can't work all the time. I ain't rich like folks say you are; and I must have some fun. I get up early and milk, and then finish the chores, and when I plow corn all the afternoon and chores again, I feel like it's a day."

"But, my dear friend, even though I have considerable money now, I had to dig for it. I worked day and night, and for weeks at a time I hardly had time to read the papers. One cannot get ahead by wishing nor by loafing. But so-long! Wish you well."

And, with that, Billy turned into the Presbyterian church, the church of Mary's choice, where the decorations for the wedding were being placed.

As Billy's broad back disappeared within the church, his friend of former days remarked to a group of men who had stopped to look:

"Gosh, ain't he lucky! Rich as all get out, and nothing to do?"

"Yes," remarked one of the others, "and now he don't hardly look at none of us, just because he is rich. Going to the wedding, any of you? No! I guess not. None but the upper crust will be invited to that swell affair."

As Billy entered the church, he found the florist he had hired from Pittsburg engaged, with a number of assistants, placing the plants and flowers all about the pulpit platform and organ loft. Many hundreds of cut flowers stood about in paper jars, while some ten or twelve dozen potted ferns and palms were massed here and there. Palms and ferns lined the edge of the pulpit, while behind them, in concealed vases, were dozens of bridal roses, mixed all through with the delicate pink bridesmaid. Over the pipes of the organ hung ropes of smilax, from which peeped sprays of the lily of the valley. Just at the center of the pulpit platform was erected a pergola, completely entwined with smilax and roses, underneath which was spread a rich, thick rug, on which was placed a kneeling-cushion. As Billy viewed the decorations, his heart beat fast, and

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his face flushed red, for was it not all for Mary,—his beloved?

Just then, his name was spoken.

"How do you do, Mr. Owen? Don't you remember me? I'm Miss Bennett."

"Oh, yes, Miss Bennett. Well, you see, Miss Bennett, I did not know you very well, and I've been away so long." Then it dawned on Billy that this was the lady in whom Mr. Dart was interested.

"Mr. Owen," continued Miss Bennett, "I'm sure you can keep a secret, can't you?" On being assured that he could keep a secret, she went on: "Mr. Dart and I are thinking of being married."

"Indeed! This is surprising," said Billy; but secretly he whispered to himself: "What a God-send for me, it will take the Dart family off my hands."

"Yes," smiled on Miss Bennett, "yes, Billy. You don't mind if I call you Billy,—now that we are so nearly related, do you?"

"Not in the least," replied Billy.

"Well then, Billy, I wonder,—that is, Mr. Dart wonders,—if you would object if we used the same decorations for our wedding? They are so wonderful. Nothing like them was ever seen in Bradford before, and we just thought that as soon as all the folks left the church we would stay and be married; and then hurry down to the house and surprise everybody. What do you think of that?"

"Why, that will be just splendid, Miss Bennett! And won't you come with me right now down to the jeweler's and let me make you a present for your wedding day? Is this not a most wonderful day on which to be married?"

So, side by side, Billy, the successful man of business

and Miss Bennett, the designing lady, who had waited and waited for any chance to get married, and had planned from the day of Mrs. Dart's death to marry Mr. Dart, became one in thought as they contemplated their separate futures.

Arriving at the store, Billy instructed the smiling clerk to give Miss Bennett whatsoever she should pick out, and not to mention the gift until after closing time that night. Whereupon, Miss Bennett picked out a gold wrist-watch, for, she said:

"I have always wanted a wrist-watch; all the girls are wearing them."

She left the store, parting from Billy, after bestowing upon him her sweetest smile.

For Mary, alone in her room with her wonderful wedding clothes, this day of days was sacred. Great tears of joy sparkled on her cheeks as she picked up each fluffy garment, all trimmed with wonderful lace, and carressed it, laying it back on the bed; and, turning every now and then to look for the hundredth time at her wedding gown, a white satin, all covered with wonderful trimming. Then, too, she was supervising the wedding meal, which the neighbors were preparing in the kitchen, and which was to be served in style in the large living-room by a colored girl in black dress and white apron.

So busy was she with her thoughts and duties that she had not observed that her father had failed to work that day as usual, and that he kept pretty close to his room, where had been delivered packages from the "Gents' Furnishing Store."

In the afternoon she drove in town with her sister Alice, that she might see the church before the wed-

ding; and when she saw it, she was moved to fresh tears of joy at its beauty.

"Billy,—dear Billy," thought she, "you have been so kind and good, and waited so long; and now you spend so much money on me. I must be very, very good to make up to you for all of this."

As Billy and his partner, Mr. George White, Treasurer of the Pit Oil Company, stood under the back gallery, waiting for the proper time to advance toward the pulpit, late guests, arriving, noticed how serious the bridegroom looked in his evening clothes, and, yet, how strong were his features,—features lined with thought, showing him in repose as a strong man who has conquered by waiting and working.

Billy, as he looked over the heads of the guests, felt as if he were moving in a dream. Consciously or subconsciously, he had waited for this moment for thirteen years, but now that it had come, it found him totally unprepared and unnerved. Before Mary appeared at the pastor's study door, leaning on her father's arm, he had a few minutes during which his eye roved idly over the considerable gathering of friends. In the front pew on the right sat his dear old mother, dressed in black silk with a black lace cap on her snow-white head. Beside her sat Uncle John in evening clothes, high collar, and white bow-tie, holding his weary old head erect above a broad expanse of stiff shirt bosom, like an old soldier, game to the last, even though it killed him. In the corresponding seat on the other side were the Darts, with Alice at the head of the pew, while directly behind them sat Miss Bennett, in a wonderful creation of blue satin under a big picture hat to match. Directly behind

them were rows of intimate friends of the long ago yesterdays of his life, while again on the right side sat the other members of the Pit Oil Company with their wives, all richly dressed and looking prosperous. Far back in the church was the old sexton in his fading Prince Albert coat,—the one he had worn on occasions of “state” for lo! these many years. Seeing him, Billy leaned over to White and said:

“George, give old man Biggs one hundred dollars as a wedding gift from me and charge to my account with the company. My,—I nearly forgot all about him! What a faithful old customer he has been! He looks just the same to-day as he did thirteen years ago, when I left home.”

As the organ began to play softly the notes of the “Wedding March,” Billy felt very nervous and he made a desperate effort to compose himself, when he looked and from the study door to the left of the pulpit he saw Mary, leaning on her father’s arm, carrying a lily of the valley bridal shower. Her veil was caught together at the forehead with a cluster of diamonds, the bridegroom’s gift to the bride. Her cheeks were as red as the American beauty roses standing beside the door, from which she had emerged. She lifted her head just once, sweeping a look over the assembled guests and letting her eyes rest in fond approval for a moment on Billy as he approached down the right aisle with George White, the best man.

“‘Dearly beloved, we are gathered together here in the sight of God and in the presence of this company to join together this Man and this Woman in holy Matrimony,’” spoke forth the aged minister in trembling voice.

There was something in this that sent a tremble

through Billy. It was getting down to the facts; and here he stood in the solemn hush of this old church at this sacred hour taking over the responsibility of this delicate woman's life. Then the same voice, lowered till it became awesome, addressed itself personally to them:

"I require and charge you both, as ye will answer at the dreadful day of judgment, when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed, that if either of you know any impediment why ye may not be lawfully joined together in matrimony, ye do now confess it. For be ye well assured that if any persons are joined together otherwise than God's Word allows, their union is not blessed by Him."

During the pause that followed, in which the minister seemed to look expectantly about the church, as if waiting for some one to forbid the ceremony, Billy had a foolish sinking of the heart. It was a relief when no interruption came and the solemn voice went on. It was the more solemn in using the first names, which seemed, after all these years, to isolate the Man and the Woman from the world and all its conventions, like a new Adam and a new Eve at the beginning of a new creation.

"William, 'wilt thou have this Woman to be thy wedded wife . . . forsaking all others, cleave thee only unto her . . . ?"

"Mary Danford, 'wilt thou have this Man to be thy wedded husband . . . forsaking all others, cleave thee only unto him . . . ?"

"I, William, take thee, Mary Danford, to be my wedded wife to have and to hold from this day forward . . . as long as we both shall live."

"I, Mary Danford, take thee, William, to be my

wedded husband, to have and to hold from this day forward . . . as long as we both shall live."

When, after the bestowal of the ring, the Man and the Woman, kneeling side by side, repeated the Lord's prayer after the minister, the aged pastor laid a hand on either head and prayed:


"Dear Heavenly Father, these children of Thine have grown up here in our midst. As children of my very own they seem. One is brave and good; the other is sweet and pure. Keep them, O God, always near Thy heart that they may walk with Thee in faith unto the end. Amen."

Again the organ crashed forth, and Billy, with Mary leaning on his arm, went slowly down the aisle. In the vestibule there was a confusion of congratulations, kissing, crying, and hand shaking. The bridegroom made the traditional mistakes of almost embracing his tottering Uncle John, while saluting his mother with a grave handshake, thus creating the traditional amusement. Then the carriages were filled; and the party started for the Dart home and the wedding breakfast, but none missed Mr. Dart or Miss Bennett from the crowd.

As their carriage turned out of the graveled drive under the church porch, the old sexton, Biggs, closed the door and whispered through the open window:

"God bless you, Mr. Billy; God bless Miss Mary too." And he turned away, wiping a tear from his aged eye, for had not he been godfather, as it were, to dozens of young couples before?

The wedding took place at six p. m. and, as the sun in the western heaven was still above the sky-line, it shone through the window over the gallery. This represented the Last Supper. In its center was a large



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cup, over which clustered purple grapes in silent testimony of the fruit Christ used and blessed when He, with the disciples, sat before the wooden table and broke the black peasant bread together in covenant of fellowship. The aged minister now stood beneath the pergola, where he had just united Billy and Mary in marriage, and his eyes were resting fondly on the window over the gallery. The fading sunlight, colored by the bits of glass, cast a golden beam over his face, silvering his white hair with a hallowed touch. As he meditated on the supreme sacrifice made by the Savior for the sins of the world, he was thinking:

"How wonderful is life, after all! We give and we take; we work, play, sleep, weep, fight, and forgive; but every normal man desires to do his best and be well thought of by others. To accomplish this, he is willing to make all sorts of sacrifices. Here is this young man, whom I have just united in marriage to that fine young woman. He left his home, controlled his emotions and his love, and sought to succeed before asking this girl to share her life with his. Now, he has made good; and the way he came to his success was in reality the way of the cross. Yes, that is the way of all worthy success."

"Dr. White,—Dr. White, oh, Dr. White!"

And Dr. White roused himself from his meditations to face Miss Bennett, all smiling in her gown of blue satin, under the big picture hat to match, standing side by side with Mr. Dart, a member of his session, and known as a man of hard work, successful in the dairy business, and of sound judgment. He could not help wondering what brought this couple to him in this way. Were they not at the wedding, and had not all of the guests departed for the Dart home, save himself; and

he had declined because he must have a care as to his diet, and wedding feasts were usually rich.

"Well, Miss Bennett, why do you and Mr. Dart delay your attendance at the wedding festivities?"

"Dr. White, we desire to be married."

"My word! Married? Oh, yes; I beg your pardon, Mr. Dart." Suddenly remembering that this man was a member of his session and that he himself was growing old, and, should he displease these people, he might lose his pulpit; and another would hardly be open to him at his advanced age. So he continued: "Married! Well, well, well! have you the license?—Yes?—Then we must have a witness or two. Oh, Mr. Biggs, just step over to the Manse and ask Mrs. White to return with you, and then you stay also and witness this marriage."

As this couple stood before him, Dr. White could not help noticing the happy, smiling, victorious look upon the bride's face, while upon the face of his Elder, there was a look of utter weariness and resignation, as if to say: "It is the best thing I can do for my family; and it is honorable, at least."

After the words had been spoken that made them one, they hurried out of the church and were conveyed in a motor car swiftly, to the Dart home, arriving just as the guests were being seated at a long table in the living-room. Mr. Dart was seated at the head of the table, and had seen to it that Miss Bennett's place card had been put beside his own, to the right. On his left sat his daughter, Mrs. William Owen, while next her sat Billy. Just as they were seated, Mr. Dart addressed the guests:

"Ladies and gentlemen, there have been two wed-

dings this evening." A look of surprise spread over the faces of the guests and they looked at one another, asking the unspoken question, "Who is it?" Mr. Dart continued: "I have the honor to present to you, ladies and gentlemen, Mrs. Dart, recently Miss Bennett."

Here the new Mrs. Dart arose and, smiling her biggest smile, bowed low, while the guests clapped their hands and offered congratulations.

About ten o'clock that night Billy walked down the garden path with his mother, to help her into the carriage that had called for her. The shadows crept up the road, silently and without warning; and the roses were all hushed to sleep, while the June night, so full of mysterious voices, chanted its anthems of summer.

Mrs. Owen had slipped her arm in Billy's and seemed to be leaning on her son for support, but it was not physical support she needed, rather was it spiritual. Billy felt the pressure of her hand upon his arm, but was too full of silent joy and wonder to speak. As he handed her into the carriage, he stooped and kissed her on both cheeks, saying:

"God bless the best and sweetest mother a man ever had, and keep her, for many years to come, well and strong. And, Mother, you must come to visit us soon and spend the later days of your life in my home."

"Yes, Billy; I hope so. But Uncle John must be taken care of, and we owe much to him. Indeed, you owe him more than you can realize. Good-by, my boy. Be good and kind to Mary, and love her much."

"Well, well, well, Billy! I'll be durned if you ain't just about the finest chap on earth! Been and made yourself rich, got the world by the neck, pulled off the biggest society event ever heard tell of in Bradford, and married the girl of your choice. I tell you, 'tain't

every young man that does all these things; but then, 'tain't every young man who works hard and keeps his eye on the goal. Most of them get off the track several times, and once off, it is mighty hard to get back on again. Well," continued Uncle John, just as he was about to get into the carriage, "here's them notes of yours. Oh, yes, you forgot to pay them all right, but then I knew I could collect them, that's why I did not try. If I had been afraid, I would have forced collection perhaps, but then, you take them now as a wedding present, and in that envelope is a certificate of transfer for all the bank stock I hold in the Bradford State Bank. Yes, I'm too old and slow for that young upstart, the new president, and you can have it. Some day, when you are back, you better have a look in the bank and see that they run it right. What about my own income? Say, boy, don't you worry none about your Uncle John; and you'll be surprised when I die to see what I leave you,—yes, leave you, for any little Owens who may drop into your house to pay you a lengthy visit. Well, driver, let's go. Good-by, Billy; remember 'One makes love faster than he makes money,' and now, that you have the money, make love, boy,—make love."

As the carriage rolled down the dusty road Billy stood beneath the stars with a large envelope in his hand, joy in his heart, and tears in his eyes.

Once seated in her stateroom in the train, Mary recovered her spirits, which had been somewhat depressed; for the last moments in her old home were filled with tender memories. Methods of travel being relatively new to her, she took much interest in the details of her personal surroundings and her departure

from Bradford; for, indeed, this was the very first time in all of her life she had ever been in a Pullman. Billy found her light-hearted, much to his pleasure, and his heart thumped against his ribs as if it were trying to get out of its prison cell.

The fact was borne in on him as the train rattled westward through the starlit June night, that he was married. Married! He was proud; he was happy; he was married. He realized that something had happened to him. His years had been so full of activity and he had lived among strangers so long that he had to pinch himself to really be convinced that he was really himself, and that this radiant young woman opposite him, with whom he was traveling, was really his wife. Life, as he had known it, had been all activity; moments of excitement—brief, intense periods,—each one of which had come to an end, to be followed by something equally intense, but equally active. He was prepared to admit that in these various situations, whether of business or manual labor, the fleeting moment of intense activity had been the best. The knowledge that there was perhaps no longer need of him to be up and off as of yore rather depressed him, and he determined to remain active in business whether or no.

As for Mary, she took possession of him completely. She did it with a gentle, winning grace that made service the highest kind of privilege. When he pulled her dressing-bag from the rack overhead, as he had to do a good many times during the first two hours of married life on the train,—now for a book, now for a cushion, now for a bottle of cologne,—the smile, with which she rewarded him was more than compensation for all the bother involved. It was that sort of service to which he was willing to vow himself in bondage. He

was eager to fetch and carry and be her slave in material things; and his cup of joy would be full to overflowing, if only, in the inner life in certain personal elements, so essential to complete married happiness, she would bid him enter and refresh himself.

In Chicago they spent several delightful days,—days radiant with the delayed joys of their lives, for the years of patient (and often impatient) waiting made their honeymoon all the richer and all the more worth while. It is thus anticipation always enriches the event.

Sitting one evening, when the sun was hanging low over the water's edge, on the beach by the lake, Billy, impressed by Mary's silence, turned to look at her. All the colors of the water and the firmament seemed to be reflected in her eyes. As she sat with hands lying idly in her lap and her gaze fixed on the stupendous, ever transmuting vision of the lake, she was like a creature bathed in radiance and rainbows. Even he couldn't help thinking of that other Mary—as she might have sat after the angel had gone away. He went to her. He would have kissed her had he dared to disturb her reverie, all unconscious of the crowd over on the drive near by. When he spoke, his words sounded woefully commonplace in his own ears, though the smile with which she greeted him and listened seemed to show that there was music in them to hers.

"Look here, sweetheart, we're on our way to Bartlesville, where the company's business will demand some of my attention. Let's stop at Kansas City on our way and pick out the furnishings for the house. I have the inside plans with me in my grip and the decorator was from Kansas City. We can secure him to assist us. Then, while I am attending to important business at

home, you can be supervising the making of our home."

And so it happened that they went to Kansas City, and thus, to Bartlesville and happiness.

Then began for Billy another and longer period of happiness. Being real domestic happiness, it had the added charm of novelty. With a home of his own, a wife of his own, and a baby coming, he began to feel his value as a citizen,—as a man. He took his place in the procession of the human race. He ceased to be merely a money getter, leading an existence, rootless, unattached, and rather irresponsible. He fitted into the scheme of things now as descendant, as ancestor, as recipient, and transmitter of the great human heirlooms. In the office, at the club, and in other reunions of responsible men, he began to feel the importance that is not self-importance, which comes to younger men on being admitted to the council of the elders.

As he said to Dr. Coe, his pastor, one evening when the Coe family called, and he and his pastor were alone in the den:

"It's worth while, Doctor,—it's worth while working and waiting and hoping, if only one's dreams come true, as mine have. I'm comfortably rich, but honorably so; and now that my business is in first-class shape, I desire to continue making money, not so much for myself, but for my friends and the good I can do; and to help you, my dear pastor, in the needs you meet, that you, in the higher service of a surrendered life, may be able to accomplish much because of my coöperation. I cannot preach a sermon on love of one's fellow-men, but I can give my money to the cause."



